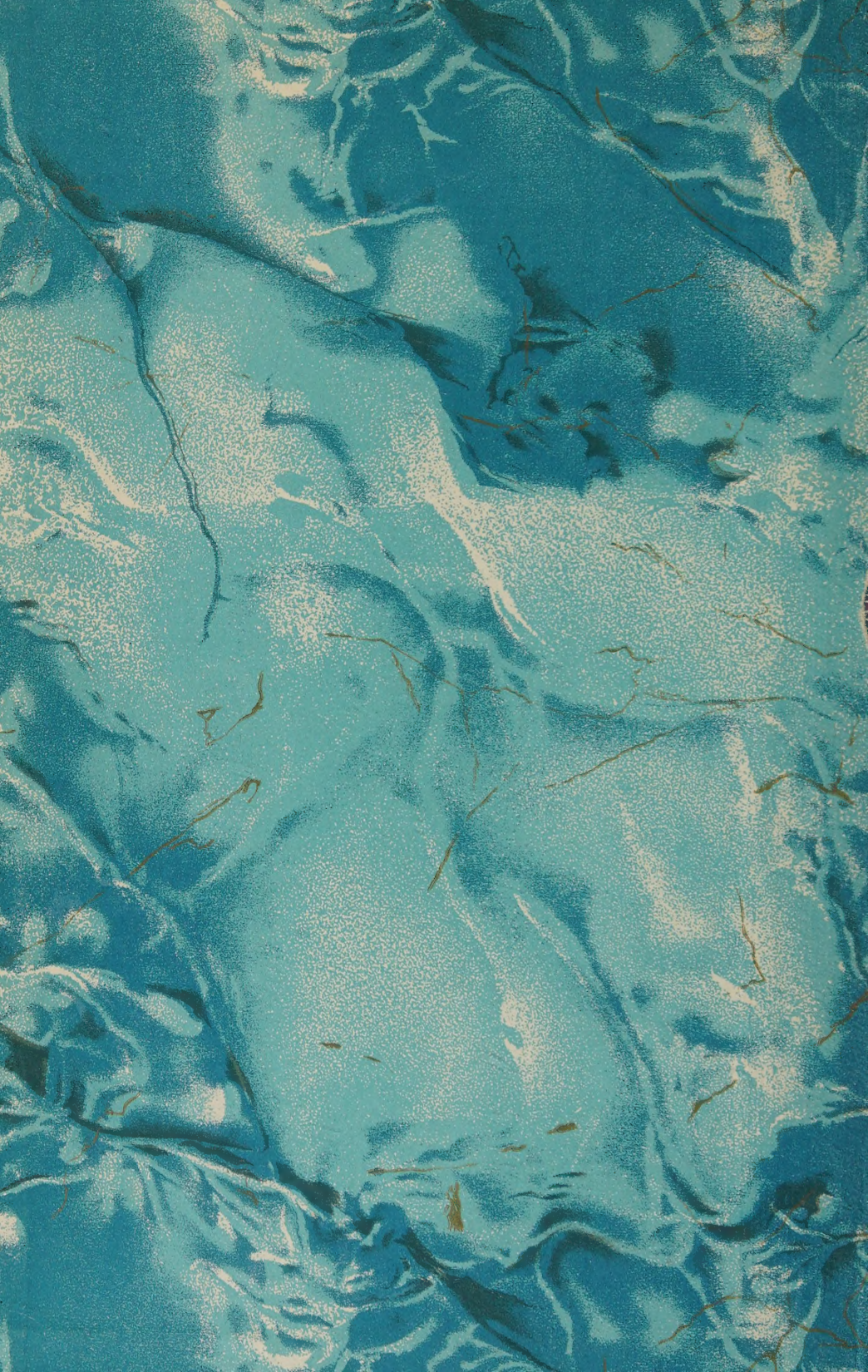
In Harvest Fields by Sunset Shores





FATHERS' LIBRARY
S. H. NOVITIATE
LOS GATOS
CAL.

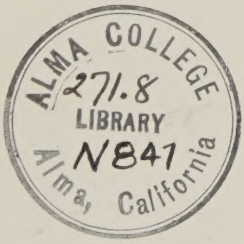
142

IN HARVEST FIELDS BY SUNSET SHORES

THE WORK OF
THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME
ON
THE PACIFIC COAST

By
A MEMBER OF THE
CONGREGATION

DIAMOND JUBILEE EDITION
1851-1926



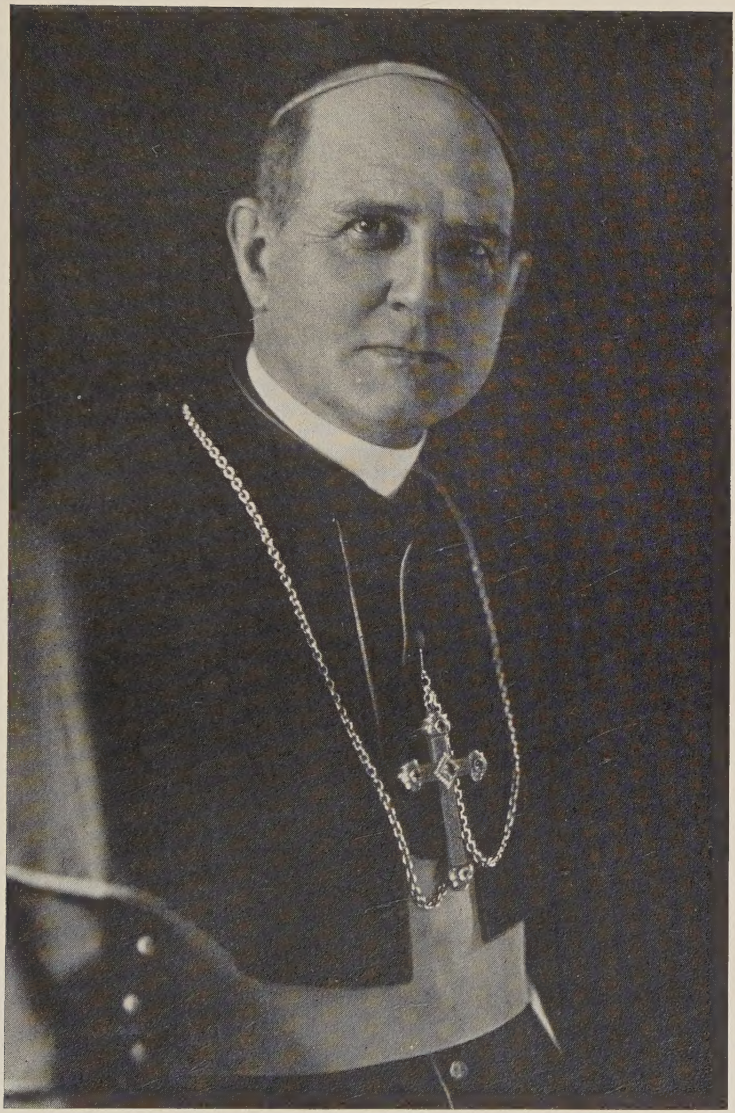
SAN FRANCISCO
GILMARTIN COMPANY
1926

2608

Imprimatur

✠ Eduardus J. Hanna

Archiepiscopus Sancti Francisci



THE MOST REVEREND E. J. HANNA, D. D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/inharvestfieldsb0000edua

FOREWORD

THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP EDWARD J. HANNA, D. D.

FOR five and seventy years, the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur have labored in California; for five and seventy years, these clients of Mary have carried to the hearts of our people the message of knowledge, of culture, of religion, and of love, which has been their inheritance from their venerable and saintly Foundress. Verily their names are written in gold on the page of our pioneer history. Their great task fulfilled so quietly, so unobtrusively, is unknown to the vast multitude of Catholics who in later years have filled our valleys and our hillsides. Their mighty work done for Christ so heroically might be lost to future generations of Catholics, and great indeed would be the loss. It is therefore with great thankfulness we welcome on this occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Notre Dame in California, a history, all too brief, of the work of the Order on the Pacific Coast (1844-1926) and we can only hope and pray that the knowledge of the labors in Christ's harvests performed by the Institute of Notre Dame may bring a new sense of appreciation to the faithful of California, and a new courage for even greater conquests to the children of Blessed Julia.

Whilst with great gratitude I commend this new evidence of culture and of historic scholarship on the part of

the Sisters, I take this occasion to put on record the lasting debt of gratitude which the Archbishop owes to the generations of noble women who in the archdiocese of St. Francis have builded unto Christ a temple of piety and learning which is the glory of the Past, and the bright hope of the trying days to come.

✠ Edward J. Hanna.

July 10, 1926.

Dedication

To Our Children

Past, Present, and Future

This Story of Alma Mater

In Her

Diamond Year

1926

Is Lovingly Dedicated

Whenever the terms "saint," "miracle," "vision," "revelation" are herein employed, this is done in accord with the decree of Pope Urban VIII.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Though the compiler of this volume feels bound to express appreciative gratitude to all who have aided in the out-put of this story of Notre Dame, special thanks are due to the Rev. Dennis J. Kavanagh, S.J., of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, who courteously and generously placed the benefits of his broad experience in publishing at her disposal, and throughout the evolution of the work assisted with valuable criticisms and suggestions.

CONTENTS

			Page
Foreword by Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D. D.			iii
Author's Preface			xi

PART I

The Ideal—Notre Dame de Namur

Prologue—The Inspiration			1
Chapter			
I.	"Qu'il est Bon le Bon Dieu"	*Blessed Mère Julie*	13
II.	Noblesse Oblige	*Mère Blin de Bourdon*	22

PART II

Where Rolls the Oregon

I.	"The Macedonian Cry"	*Plea of Père De Smet*	37
II.	The Missionaries	*Ecce Nos Reliquimus Omnia*	43
III.	The Voyage	*"Seven Long Months of Weary Sailing"*	52
IV.	Blazing the Trail	*St. Paul's, Willamette*	69
V.	The First Sowing	*Oregon City*	99
VI.	Euntes Ibant et Flebant	*Departure from Oregon*	119

PART III

Eldorado—The Land of Promise

I.	Man Proposes but God Disposes	*Call to California*	135
II.	Go You Also into My Vineyard	*The Third Colony*	144
III.	Nisi Dominus Aedificaverit Domum	*Foundation at San Jose*	150
IV.	"God Is Rich"	*Early Days in Pueblo San Jose*	163
V.	In the Valley of Heart's Desire	*The Builders and the Building*	172
VI.	The Exiles of Guatemala	*Who Loveth Father and Mother More than Me*	187
VII.	Like to a Grain of Mustard Seed	*The Early Foundations—1856-1888*	199
VIII.	Sister Mary Cornelia	*Golden Jubilee, 1886—Crossing the Bar, 1892*	217

CONTENTS—*Continued*

PART IV

AND IT BECOMETH A GREAT TREE

Chapter		Page
I.	THE GIFT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF LOUISE *Sister Mary Bernardine, Provincial*	225
II.	INCREASE AND MULTIPLY *The Later Foundations—1894-1906*	232
III.	MISERERE *Earthquake in California*	247
IV.	MAGNIFICAT *Beatification of Mère Julie*	255
V.	NAMUR TO CALIFORNIA *First Visit of a Mother General*	259
VI.	SISTER MARY BERNARDINE *Golden Jubilee, 1912—Death, 1913*	264
VII.	SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL *"God Sent His Singers upon Earth"*	269

PART V

EXCELSIOR—ONWARD, NOTRE DAME!

I.	THE IRIS OF THE YEARS *Seventh and Last Decade in San Jose*	281
II.	OLD ORDER CHANGETH *Dismantling of the Pioneer Home*	291
III.	YIELDING PLACE TO NEW . . *Notre Dame, Belmont*	297
IV.	SURVEY OF 1926 *And God Fulfills Himself in Many Ways*	301

EPILOGUE

THE DIAMOND CROWN *Her Children Shall Rise Up and Call Her Blessed*		313
APPENDIX		319

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
The Most Reverend E. J. Hanna, D. D.	Frontispiece
Bird's-eye View College Notre Dame, San Jose, Calif.	1
Sister Mary Cornelia	32
Most Rev. Archbishop Blanchet	40
San Jose in 1856	56
Primitive Car Service	64
College of Notre Dame, Marysville, Calif.	96
Notre Dame Academy, Santa Clara, Calif.	128
Academy of Notre Dame, Alameda, Calif.	144
Court Yard, Convent Notre Dame, Guatemala	148
Sister Mary Bernardine	156
Moreland Notre Dame Academy, Watsonville, Calif.	176
Notre Dame Villa, Saratoga, Calif.	192
Statue of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame Villa	212
Convent at Salinas, Calif.	220
O'Connor Notre Dame Institute	232
Notre Dame Academy, Santa Barbara, Calif.	240
Berchmans Hall, College Notre Dame, Belmont	256
Sharon Lake, College Notre Dame, Belmont, Calif.	272
Diamond Jubilee Altar	288
Architect's Drawing College Notre Dame, Belmont, Calif.	292
"The Old in the New"	300

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE story of a religious body is essentially dramatic—a combination of tragedy and comedy characteristic of all life-reflections. It presents a cross-section of human life, in a rarefied atmosphere mayhap, but essentially vital. All human possibilities mingle with some human limitations to give it charm. The purpose of such a work is to show forth persons in varying environments, to trace movements, to inform, not primarily to *edify*. However, edification essentially follows emphasis on a high endeavor, as admiration, noble achievement. Interest wakes rather from portrayal of characters and sketching of scenes than from accumulation of statistics which, however valuable in themselves, are not attractive reading.

Thus, in this all inadequate history of the Congregation of Notre Dame on the Pacific Coast during eighty and more years, we have endeavored rather to set before our readers persons and places in the sequence of interest than to pile up impressive data.

We feel that the story of the noble pioneers of education who laid deep the firm foundations of religious pedagogy in the State of California, and even the efforts of those who followed in their footsteps, can not fail to be of interest, not only to their pupils past and present, not only to the Catholic public, but to all who are concerned with the moral training of the youth of California, yea, even of America, for, though the activities of Notre Dame in the West have been confined to California, the work has been interstate, nigh cosmopolitan. The record should have a general appeal.

There should not be a dull page in the entire history. Where the narrative flags, it will be the fault, not of the

matter but of the narrator—the human limitation. Again, the personal equation will be at fault if any disappointment be felt at a certain inadequacy in treatment, for the sense of proportion in a history is to some extent a subjective thing.

To those who love humanity, to those to whom high service is inspiration, to those who seek the things that are above the sordid levels of mere temporal prosperity, the book, however faulty in the mental-make, must appeal. To those who knew and loved the actors in this high drama, the account will have all the charm of personal contact. The dear-loved faces will rise like star-gleams from the dark of years agone—the light of other days. *In se,* the story has all the fascination of a romance, all the intrinsic value of reliable history; what it loses in the presentation belongs to the inevitable.

The history of Notre Dame in California is contemporary with the history of the state. The commonwealth was but a yearling when the old school took up its work in the primitive capital, San Jose. While maintaining the principles of morality as old as humanity, of solidity characteristic of the Congregation, it has striven ever to keep steady pace with the material progress of pedagogy.

With devoted affection this book is offered to the pupils of years past and present; with confidence it is laid before the reading public as a record of high purpose, continuing to fulfillment in the sacrifice of lives to the service of God and humanity.

College of Notre Dame,
Belmont, California,
Year of Diamond Jubilee, 1926.

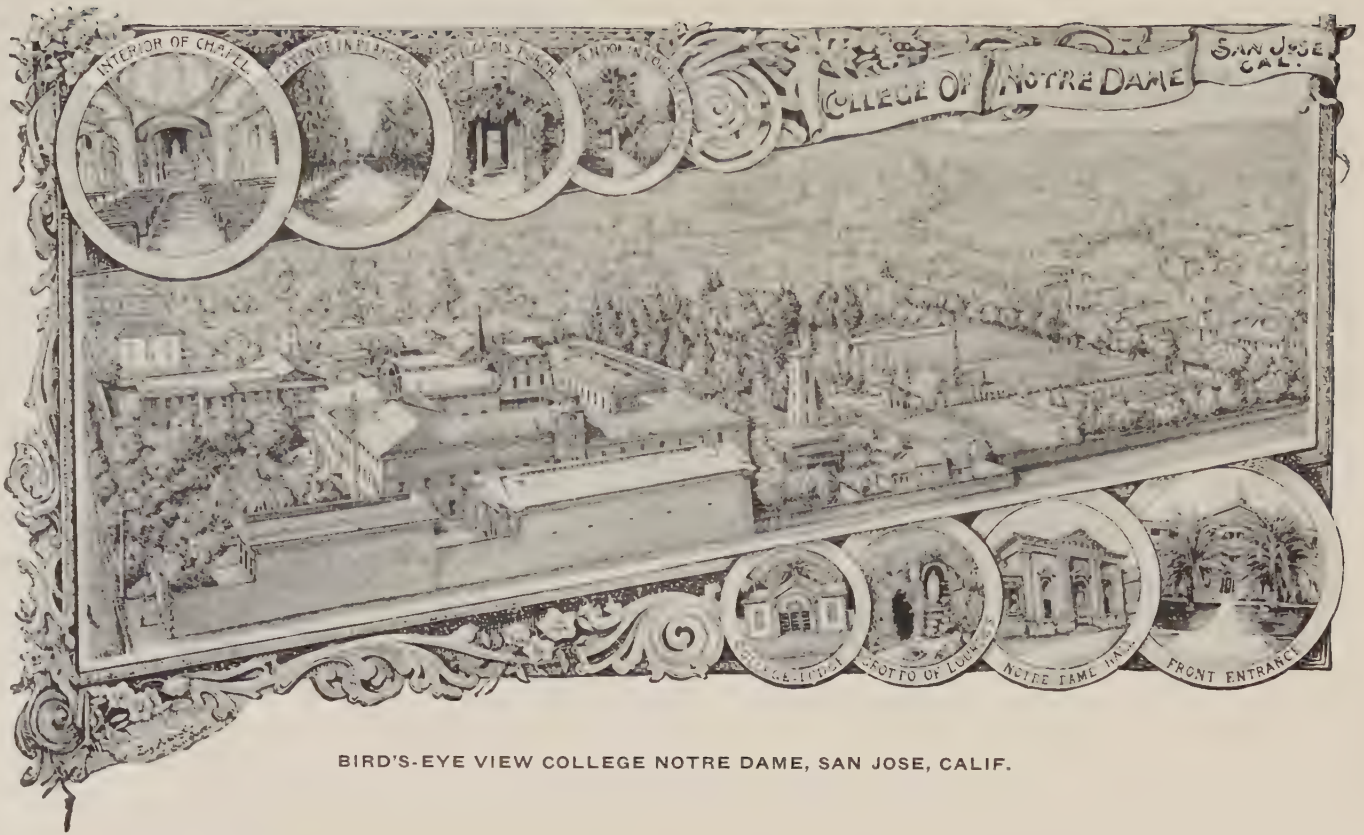
PART ONE

~

The Ideal—Notre Dame de Namur

~

Prologue—The Inspiration



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW COLLEGE NOTRE DAME, SAN JOSE, CALIF.

PROLOGUE

The Inspiration



HEN a group assembles to do a great work for God and Country, there is ever back of the movement as dominating factor, a man or a woman who crystallizes in the *self* the highest ideals of the Age, who gathers up in a forceful personality the best of past and present, who meets the future with that unerring sense which we, for lack of better term, call *vision*. This we observe particularly in the establishment of religious Orders. Nor do we wonder at the rare intuition possessed by these souls chosen of God to work His will in the world, since we know they are ever guided by the Holy Spirit. Yet, with due allowance for the all-pervading elements of the supernatural, the individual, the personal human force, must always be an important consideration. Thus, in viewing the accomplishment of a religious body, we must see the man or woman back of the activity, the man or the woman with his or her distinctive human traits, his or her possibilities or limitations, his or her potentialities for achievement or liabilities to failure; all this must be taken into account.

Therefore, to understand the work of the Order of Notre Dame for over eighty years on the Pacific Coast, we must go back to the closing years of the 18th century. There we must note the beginnings of the Congregation, its inception in *the heart of a woman who knew how to believe and how to love*. To do this, we will view rapidly as in a magic cinema the steps of Julie toward the goal; we will watch the slow unfolding of the Divine plan, silent,

inevitable as the breaking forth of the peach bloom on the dark gnarled bough, the law of life in leaf and flower, and in the heart of man.

AFTER SCHOOL

"Come, come, I must have many little souls to teach them to love the Good God."* The bell-like voice of a child rings clear on the sunny air of an October afternoon. Like flowers loosened from their stems, over the green flats that skirt the Flanders highway, come the children in blue kirtles, red jackets and broad white caps. Framed in the low doorway of his school-house, Master Guilbert watches his pupils rioting merrily toward the ivied wall that separates the churchyard from the straight white road. But now a hush falls on the noisy group, as, one by one, they sink into the soft grass where the trees throw long shadows athwart the wall, and the cross pointing the summit of the Gothic tower enfolds them in its symbolic shade. Seated on a low stone bench is a little girl of not more than six such autumns, a frail child with pallid cheeks and large dark eyes, eyes that flash a mysterious inner flame, such lights as gleam on the Lady-altar in the gloom of stately cathedrals where only angels watch. In her hand is the Little Catechism; she is expounding the day's lesson—truths that lie beyond the ken of an Augustine, clear as crystal to the faith of a little child. Uncle Thibault steals forward on tip-toe; but the group, intent on the words of Julie, hear him not. She is telling them how the Good God loves them and how they must love the Good God. The old man in the shadow of the elm trunk listens; as he listens, tears fall from his faded eyes, and he murmurs, "Out of the mouths of babes hast Thou perfected praise."

*The Good God—*Le Bon Dieu*—was her favorite expression.

"I must have many souls to teach them to love the Good God." So does the heart cry of Julie echo down the years. So did the Divine flame burn in the soul of the child as it did in that of the woman, Julie Billiart, the Peasant Saint whom we love to contemplate the gleeful child in the sunny fields of Cuvilly.

Ad Te De Luce Vigilo

Gray dawn mists mantle the wooded slopes above the quiet plain in which lies Cuvilly. The village children are wandering in dreamland, nor have the industrious farm-folk yet stirred abroad. At the altar rail in the silent church, kneels a child with rapt face and shining eyes as the vibrant tones of the *Domine non sum dignus* pulsate through the empty nave. The child Julie, by the intuitive wisdom of the curé, M. Dangicourt, has been permitted to approach the Holy Table at the then early age of nine. Owing, however, to the blighting influence of Jansenism, which has infected even this sturdy population together with the greater part of France, this privilege could not be made public. Thus, like the holy women on Easter morn "before it was yet light," she steals to the dark church, where He who is "The Resurrection and the Life" makes His tabernacle, even as it were His sepulchre. There she drinks deep of the Fountain of Living Waters; there does she become one with the Crucified who is to imprint on her the marks of His sacred wounds as the seal of salvation and sanctification. What lessons she learned from the Eternal Wisdom in those hours of prayer and secret communion we have not been told; but we see the fruition of this sacred rendezvous in the beauty and holiness of that young life, dedicated wholly to love of God and loving service of her neighbor. There flowered the inspiration of zealous missionaryship that was to bear

such marvelous fruitage in her future labors and in those of her generous and devoted children even to the undreamed-of shores of the Sunset-Sea.

FIELDS WHITE FOR THE HARVEST

The shadow of the Cross fell early on the life of Julie Billiart, and that shadow deepened till its close. Far different is the picture that now rises from the Past as we view the saint of Cuvilly; far different is it, yet does it connect in beautiful unity with that of the sunny churchyard where the prattling children sit hushed under the spell of the child-apostle. Again it is the sunny autumn; but from humble plenty the Billiart household is reduced to poverty. Julie is obliged to labor with her hands for the support of her stricken family. The fields lie yellow in the Picardy sunlight. The noon hour *Angelus* has rung from the belfry of St. Eloi, and the laborers are taking their midday rest and refreshment. Julie, grown to young womanhood, is in their midst; the smile has not faded from her bright face, nor the light from her lustrous eyes; the promise of childhood has flowered in the gracious woman. Suddenly a hush falls on the noisy gathering; Julie stands with the Little Catechism in her hand; she begins her daily exposition of the eternal truths. Her words, quickened by the inner fire of burning love and quenchless zeal, inspire her listeners with awe, and wake in their breasts (stultified mayhap by dreary toil, by hardship, and by want) faith, and hope, and love, even as these had stirred the simple souls of the children loosed from school so many years agone. A new life expands over their narrow horizon, and they look beyond the strait bounds of toilsome time to a limitless eternity. Their sordid existence takes on a new aspect as they realize afresh the love of Christ for them each, indi-

vidually, the love of Christ the King who for love of them became a toiler among the poor, that they might learn the true valuations of time and the things of time, and look with hope to the things to come.

So does Julie continue to draw souls to "love the Good God"; so does she continue her humble apostleship before the wider fields are opened to her zeal. Gladly would her hearers have assembled even on the Sabbath to listen to her consoling lessons, but that day Julie reserves for the quiet of her family circle, and the solace of her own tried soul in secret prayer.

If They Have Persecuted Me

Evil days have fallen on fair France. The tide of the Terror has rolled from gay Paris even to the far distant hamlets of the Oise that have lain in peaceful seclusion since the brand-breakings of The First Hundred Years' War. The innocent have paid the penalty of the guilty. Christ has been dethroned and His priests driven from the altars. Julie can not escape the punishment consequent on the stigma of fidelity to the Church. When the good curé of Cuvilly was forced from his parish, and an unhappy schismatic intruded into the pastorate of the simple flock, Julie refused all religious intercourse with the wretched man, though she exhorted the people to pray for him. Her example was not without its fruits, and to her influence is ascribed the faith that animated the poor country folk and held them firm in the trying times that preceded the re-opening of the churches; but for this boon Julie must pay toll. Cuvilly was no longer safe for *la dévote;* her friends determined to conduct her to a place of security, and none too soon were the precautions taken. Our next view of the saint is dramatic.

Behold a mob of misguided fanatics, wretches blinded by ill-treatment and by worse counsels, miscreants maddened by evil passions and thirsting for the blood of a victim, wildly shouting about the shelter of the peasant-woman confessor, demanding with oaths and imprecations that the priest-shielder be given up immediately to their fury, that they may burn her on a pile of faggots made from the wreckage of the way-side calvary, that the crippled body of the saint, and the effigy of the Christ, be the fuel of their demon-hate of all things holy.

And lo, through the midst of that savage horde, a laden haycart slowly makes its way, unsuspected and unmolested. Under that pile of hay, stricken by paralysis, unable to move hand or foot, her ears tingling to the blasphemies of the infuriated rabble, lies Julie, who would gladly have offered herself as victim to silence the oaths and imprecations of those unfortunate wretches, but who helpless, chained by the impotency of her shattered nerves, for she is now bedridden by an incurable disease brought on by over-work and family misfortunes, is compelled to listen to the maddened hordes calling down vengeance on their souls which she longs to bring to her Good God. Fain from the faggot pile would she have preached to them, as she had instructed her neighbors in the sunlit harvest fields.

But God has His plans. The lowly cart passes securely through the raging mob, bringing the poor paralytic to a place of temporary safety. This, however, is not the sole flight of the pious fugitive from the "Champions of Liberty." It is pathetically related that she was wont to say in gentle complaint and loving protest: "My God, can You not find a little corner in Your paradise for me, for whom there seems to be no place on earth." Yet had her Master said before her, *"The foxes have their dens and the birds*

of the air their nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head," and she, the faithful disciple, must follow Him, aye even to Calvary and the Cross.

In Hoc Signo Vinces

The Cross has ever marked the work of God. It was set as the seal on the Institute of Julie; Notre Dame had its birth beneath the Cross, as the Prayer of the Church in the Office of Blessed Julie elucidates:

"O God Who by an unconquerable love of the Cross has vouchsafed to enrich Thy Church by a new family for the instruction of the daughters of the poor," etc.[1]

Cuvilly with its childhood memories and girlhood associations has been left behind. Julie is dwelling in Compiègne, still chained to her bed of pain and helplessness, separated by the tyranny of the "Friends of Liberty" and the "Champions of Equality" from all spiritual consolations. How oft to her tried spirit must have come memories sweet and tender of the silent dawn-hours in the little church of St. Eloi, and the audiences with the Sacramental King of Glory! At this period, even the consolation of speaking of the Truths of Religion is taken from her, for she has lost her speech and is unable to articulate, save when by a sort of miracle she recovers control sufficient to make her confession to the curé, Abbé de la Marche, who at the peril of his life ministers to the few faithful at Compiègne. Prayer, however, is her strength and her consolation; she finds in conformity to God's will the solace of all her misfortunes, the solution of every vexing problem. She frequently spent hours rapt in mystic communication with her Creator, oblivious to all things ma-

[1]Collect of the Mass of Blessed Julie Billiart.

terial. In one of these ecstasies a marvelous vision was vouchsafed her.

It is evening; as Julie lies on her straw pallet, she seems to see before her one of those many way-side calvaries that dot the cross-roads of every province in France, half embowered in fragrant woodbine and shaded by venerable trees, the favorite *rendezvous* of pious villagers before the sad days of infidel "Liberty's" reign. About this cross, in the gathering gloom, she seems to see figures grouping themselves, women clothed in an unfamiliar religious garb. As the light flashes from the figure of the Crucified, she beholds the face of each stand out clear and individual against the background of night's darkness, and in her soul, as in her ears, she hears a voice proclaim distinctly,

"Behold these are the children I will give you in an Order stamped with the impress of My Cross."

Thus came to the Mother the daughters of her soul. Thus to Julie was given the vision of her work. And all the while she was a helpless cripple, almost a pauper, dependent for her very subsistence on the alms of charitable patronesses. Still, with a faith akin to that of Abraham, she hoped against hope, and calmly waited "the moment of the Good God," and the harvest of souls she was to bring to Him. As to Mary, Queen of Notre Dame, children were born to her at the foot of the Cross. It is related that long years afterwards she would often say to an aspirant to her Institute, "I saw you at Compiègne."

LUMEN AD REVELATIONEM GENTIUM

Several years have passed and Julie has gathered about her a group of permanent disciples, a group small but courageous. It is Candlemas Day; in the humble house of the rue Neuve at Amiens, the Sisters of Notre Dame

have pronounced their first Vows, the religious vow of chastity, to which they added that of devoting themselves to the Christian education of girls. A light is thrown on the project by a note of the co-foundress, Mère Blin de Bourdon, "They further proposed to train religious teachers who should go wherever their services were asked for."

The Sisters are gathered about their Mother in the common work-room; Julie in the familiar evening "instruction" is speaking to them of the mystery of the Day. Suddenly, as if inspired, she intones the Canticle of Simeon which is taken up by the community. At the words

"Lumen ad revelationem gentium"

the voice of Julie broke; she stood fixed with her eyes fastened on the crucifix, rapt in ecstasy. Then, as they gaze in awe, she is lifted from the ground in a divine transport, her spirit flooded with light, as from the vision beatific.

Is it too bold an assumption that in this hour when the Foundress was given the vision of her Institute, she saw her daughters bearing the cross to every region of the earth, to the centers of culture and civilization or to savage lands, to the Indians of Oregon, the blacks of Africa, the benighted natives of the Orient, now robbed of the heritage of Xavier? Faith tells us the conclusion is not unwarranted. Not yet was it clear to the cripple how this was to be done to her, but the light had flashed upon her inner sense, and she knew that God had given her the nations of the earth for her inheritance, and that her quenchless desire for many souls to be brought to the Good God was to have a miraculous fulfillment.

This is the sacred light that flashes from the brow of Notre Dame of California in her Diamond Year of Jubi-

lee. Lit by this gleam, animated by this spirit, came the brave daughters of Julie Billiart to the peoples the most degraded and despised—the benighted natives of the North Pacific Coast. But a little over four decades had passed since the vision had been vouchsafed the helpless invalid, when her children were to plant the Cross above the rude shack-convent of St. Paul's in the Oregon wilderness. *Lumen ad revelationem gentium et gloria plebis tuae Israel.*

IN TE DOMINE SPERAVI

Julie had begun her work, but she still lay on her couch or reclined in her chair, a helpless invalid. God was yet to manifest His power in her fragile frame and to give her the almost miraculous strength that was to sustain her in the heavy labors of founding fifteen houses of her Order in the years that remained of her earthly pilgrimage. Her obedience and the faith of a holy priest worked this marvel. This confessor, the Rev. Pierre Enfantin, in the month of June, in the great year of Jubilee promulgated by Pope Pius VII (1804), initiated a novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. His intention was the cure of Julie. The faith of the one, and the obedience of the other, were rewarded; on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Mère Julie had the use of her limbs restored to her, but the wonder was kept a secret from the Sisters till the end of the novena. The picture drawn is striking.

The Sisters have left the chapel, and have assembled for their frugal breakfast; in an adjoining room are several little orphan charges. Suddenly one of the children cries out piercingly, "Look, look, our Mother is coming down the stairs!" Amazed and astounded, the Sisters can only stand in a stupor, as firm-stepping, erect, full of energy and vigor, as if re-created, Julie advances into their

midst and intones the *Te Deum*. The joyful strains are taken up by the Sisters, who follow their restored Mother to the chapel to render thanks to the Good God.

Thus is the spread of the Institute of Notre Dame made possible. Loosed from the chains of physical infirmity, the spirit of Julie leaps to embrace the world in fact as she had in desire. Then began that long series of journeys and missionary trips that ended only with her last journey to eternity. Animated by the same love-kindled zeal that made the child cry out,

"I must have souls,"

she labored in the perfecting of her organization by the formation to its ideals of her spiritual daughters, those who were to pass the torch from hand to hand adown the years, lighting the dark places of the earth by prayer and zeal, and sacrifice, carrying the gospel of love and peace to those who yet "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." Thus unwearyingly she wrought the work of her Institute, that Institute which a holy Cardinal defined as "a breath of the apostolic spirit fallen on the heart of a woman who knew how to believe and how to love." It is more; it is a spark of the Divine fire fallen on the heart of a woman who knew how to inflame other hearts with the love that burned in her own, to make of them likewise apostles, to send them forth in faith, and hope, and love, aflame with her sacred thirst for souls. In the heart of every Sister of Notre Dame lives the emotion that is vocalized by the cry of the child Julie, *"I want many souls to teach them to love the Good God."* Such is the inspiration that has made possible the Diamond Jubilee of Notre Dame in California. Such is the spirit that noble pioneer band bore from the cradle-home of the Order, Notre Dame de Namur.

CHAPTER I

"Qu'il est Bon le Bon Dieu"

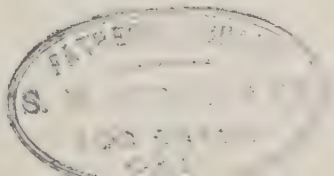
Blessed Mère Julie

THE specific differences between the Saints of God was aptly put in a panegyric on Blessed Julie Billiart by Rev. Francis Lyons, C.S.P.; who remarked that the spirit of the two great classes of saints might be summarized in the following words from the Psalms: *Miserere mei,* and *Lætatus sum,* the one exemplifying the self-centered, the other the self-oblivious—both types of high spirituality. To the latter, he declared the Foundress of Notre Dame belongs, and no one familiar with her life will contravene. She was the incarnation of selflessness. Withal, she possessed a striking personality. The individuality of the saints of God is a delightful phase of spiritual science. Trite but true is

> Star differs from star in glory,
> Saint differs from saint in story,

for they must essentially differ in what makes their life-story, the intangible *selfness* that marks each an individual, a natural, as a supernatural, creation. And as we can better fathom the work of a man or a woman when we are acquainted with his inner self, we will strive to gain some idea of the real *self* of Blessed Mère Julie, her living out that jubilant *Lætatus sum.*

Certain of the saints resemble the figures in the paintings of Fra Angelico, surrounded by an unearthly loveliness suggestive of something wholly above this mortal sphere; others, on the contrary, like the forms in Del Sarto's creations, have a strong mortal semblance and a



glorified mortal beauty; they are, in very truth, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. To this latter type belongs Mother Julia. Saint as she is, she is distinctly human. Since the traits of her character stand out as decidedly as the lineaments of her face in the portrait so well known to us, she is a character easy to present. In her authentic portrait, her face has not been idealized. It meets us in all its simple, open kindliness, its radiant peace, its smiling charm, not a beautiful face as Art would pronounce, but withal, possessing a beauty that transcends the range of Art. It is not strange after all that physical beauty should so work on us that we demand that our representations of the saints conform to the ideal of human loveliness, since the outer fairness but symbolizes that within. Still we deem it fortunate that we have the real, and not the idealized Mère Julie. And we have likewise the actual personality of the Foundress, faithfully detailed by her admiring but truthful chroniclers, the co-foundress and the first members of the Order, who drew their inspiration from her.

What impresses us at first sight is the virility of Mère Julie's virtue; her words and her writings have a vigor that is almost masculine; they savor in nothing of the emotional so common to pious women. Enthusiasm there is in plenty, fire, ardor, passion in its purest form; but she is more an Ignatius, a Xavier, more at times a Philip Neri, than any woman who has yet been raised to the altar, if we except St. Theresa whom she in many respects resembles. Her type of virtue is *masculine;* this she inculcates. "We must have masculine souls, souls who fear temptation no more than the buzzing of a fly." In this she was eminently suited to form missionary souls for whom self-sacrifice and fortitude is a prime essential. She is indeed a valiant woman, and her valor is the inspiration

of her valiant daughters who have blazed the trail for Truth through the trackless forest of pagan lands, be they the Oregon, or the African wilderness.

Yet were the essential qualities of Blessed Julie womanly; by a strange paradox her virtue was masculine, but womanly. Strong as she was, she was wonderfully tender. Mayhap only the strong can be truly tender, without fear of tenderness degenerating into weakness. Her counsels, as her conversations, breathe a marvelous gentleness, a sweet human love, a playful voicing of that love at times, but always giving evidence that every child of hers is enshrined in her deep heart, and that mother-love reaches out to every individual in each of her communities. The needs and the cravings, the powers, and the shortcomings of each, she knows perfectly. Doubtless it is this special personal love, this healthy *human* love, that gave her such an ascendency over her children. She loved God; she loved Christ with all the ardor of her ardent spirit, and in Christ she loved all; but she did not love in the lump; she specialized. In this specializing of affection, she resembles the great warm-hearted St. Paul. Is it not the wonderful revelation of the special, *personal* love of Christ for each created soul that wins our returning love? Is it not this that has spurred men and women in all ages to do great things for God? From this personal love of God and of man sprang her other characteristic virtues, for in the saints all traits are virtues. One which marks her strongly is her zeal. Truly she might say, "The zeal of Thy house has devoured me." It was her zeal that made the Congregation, that made her a Foundress, a position from which humility would have shrunk. Every incident inspires her ardor. None more attractive than the meeting near nightfall, in one of her numerous journeys,

on a lonely country road, two young officers of Napoleon's army. Glad of their protecting company, she naively writes that she strove to accommodate her pace to theirs (no easy matter for one of her years and physique), and she relates how her soul burned within her as she listened to their loyal and enthusiastic praise of their idolized emperor, thinking within herself how eager she should be to extend the Kingdom of God. This application of the spiritual to the material, this employment of symbolism, is a marked mannerism of Mère Julie; but it carries with it nothing repellant, because it is not conventional but the simple, natural outpouring of her sincere soul.

Should we seek, however, the dominant trait of our Blessed, we find the selection difficult; her zeal is equalled by her modest lowliness, her humility is hardly to be separated from her simplicity or sincerity; her faith, her confidence, her burning love of suffering, have been officially singled out by the Church for our veneration. Each of her characteristics is affected by her individuality; all are distinctively hers. However, if we are to make a choice, we may safely select her simplicity. That often misunderstood term has a peculiar meaning with her, and is rather hard to define. She herself depicts it for us in exquisite symbols,—the sunflower turning ever to the light, the crystal flashing in one gleam its seven-fold ray. She wishes it to be the eminent virtue of her daughters, the characteristic of a Sister of Notre Dame. Simplicity is the cream, as it were, of sincerity, absolute singleness of purpose, the "one to one" of the gentle Brother Giles, that single eye that makes the whole body lightsome. It is the bloom of humility. Self-oblivion has to many modern minds more attractiveness than has self-abasement, which is frequently misinterpreted, and so despised by our self-assertive age.

The humility of Mère Julie springs from her simplicity; from the same root, springs her fortitude. The clarion call of the Foundress of Notre Dame is *"Courage."* It is her cry in deepest desolation, *"Courage et confiance."* This courage is inspirational; it is contagious. She hoped all from God, and from God alone. She exacted this implicit confidence and courage from others. An incident or two will illustrate.

The superior in charge of a struggling new foundation had planted with potatoes the narrow flagged court where the Sisters had been wont to take their short recreations. Practical Mère Julie, on visiting the house, promptly ordered the plants torn up and the stones replaced that the community might have its due relaxation; at the same time, she reproached the superior for her lack of trust in Divine Providence. At another time, she writes to the Sister in charge of the house at Mont Didier:

"Let us not trouble ourselves about who will feed us. Our Good Father is in heaven. Suppose you find that you have but enough food for two. The Good God will feed the third, or He will put her somewhere else."

This confidence we sometimes find approved by miracle. It is this that renders the Blessed undaunted in the face of the fiercest opposition. That she, once a bed-ridden cripple, an uneducated peasant, without finances or worldly influence, should presume to found an Order, and an Order devoted to education, is remarkable enough, but that she should persist in the attempt when thwarted by all that should have aided her, when controverted by highest ecclesiastical superiors, denounced by influential clergymen, mistrusted and opposed by some of her own religious daughters, even suspected by her confessor and spiritual director—she the humblest of women—that in this tempest of disapproval she should preserve perfect calm,

supreme confidence, unaltered equanimity, should invariably follow out her plan as the manifest design of God and remain fully convinced that He would work out His will in the way He had shown it to her, is verily a problem when we consider her utter self-abasement, her unswerving obedience, and her distrust of her own illumination. This firmness mingled with docility shows the depths of her humility and the height of her confidence, and proves that the truly lowly of spirit alone have fortitude in its superlative degree.

The tests to which Mère Julie sometimes put her children are characteristic. Their details might be taken as a page from some medieval monastic chronicle, or from that pleasant little treatise, "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." The missionary journeys on that primitive, though once royal mount, the convent donkey; the lunching at a fruit stall in full gaze of the Ghent fair goers; the moonlight expedition to buy hay for the coach horse (which after all had to be fed with bread from the scanty rations of the *Nouveau Bois* community), the pulling of Sister Angele by a stick along the slippery edge of a frozen pond; the bursting of the violet calico pelisses in the streets of Amiens, all these have a quaint flavor that sets them far back from our self-conscious present—all are indicative of the naive simplicity, the playful wit, the gracious charm, the irresistible winsomeness of Julie, with her supernatural faith and her irrepressible fun. In this we see her natural qualities, the basis of her supernatural virtues. Her keen wit; her fine sense of humor; her warm affection; her attractive vivacity; her sweet amiability; her unselfishness and generosity; her innate refinement and her poise that placed her at ease in the presence of the prince, as of the peasant; her cordiality; her dominant energy, added to her remarkable organizing ability and perfect self-mastery, all

combine to render her the radiant, forceful personality she stands before us as, the human woman raised only by supernatural virtue above our common kind. That she was a woman of strikingly independent mind may seem a startling statement, but we must consider the two forms of mental independence, that of conceit, and that of inner conviction. The second type is eminently characteristic of Blessed Julie. Once her conscience voiced the rectitude of an act, nothing could shake her determination. This steadfastness is far removed from that narrow stubbornness which holds to a point merely to preserve self-complacency intact, or to enforce personal authority. Like all broad-minded people, she was open to conviction, but she realized that as Foundress special lights and graces were given her that were not to be bestowed on others. And while she evinced due submission to all lawful authority, she never pushed obedience so far as to let it interfere with the purpose that God made plain to her. The most obedient are the most independent. This may seem a paradox, but it is a maxim that is almost a platitude.

This independence of mind is shown in the organization of her Congregation, for the Order of Notre Dame was revolutionary in its character. It differed in three respects from any religious organization of women. It was ungraded, that is, it has but one class of religious. It was not bound to the Office of the Church. It was not cloistered. These were wide departures from the conventional rules, but the far-seeing gaze of Blessed Julie pierced the future, and formed an organization that would meet the needs, not only of the age, but of time; not only of France, but of the world. In the retrospect her wisdom is evident. Europe, with its traditional caste system, shaken but not destroyed by the cataclysm of world-war; America with its impatient democracy; Africa with its embryo, as the

Orient with its effete civilization, are fertile soil for her harvest. Radical as the non-cloister and non-office departure was, more revolutionary was that of the one-grade religious. Though traceable to the primitive Roman congregations, where patrician dame and foreign slave mingled in Christian equality, the scheme was remarkable in a French woman, and particularly astonishing at that time. Some might explain it in the ideals of the French Revolution, but this solution is erroneous, for the fundamentals of the French Revolution on its better side had not yet been disseminated, nor had its higher ideals been assimilated; they were yet floating germs of mingling good and evil; (more of evil than of good were they then producing). There was indeed in the woman who thus rode rough-shod over social custom and precedent, a decision and an independence of character that is more than remarkable—that is heaven-inspired. To treat exhaustively the character of Mère Julie were an impossible task. We have but glanced at a few of her striking manifestations of personality, and in so doing we give the key to the work of her Order. In some ways the most impressive feature in Mère Julie's system is its modernity, its distinctiveness, its decided break with the trammels of tradition, while preserving the best of the Past. As we have before noted, her work was germinal; it was capable of growth; evolution was native to it. Perfect in the ideal, each development was on the lines of potential perfection, using the term always in the relative, never in the absolute sense. We have dwelt on the topic even at some length, for its insistence always emphasizes the fact that the work of Notre Dame was eminently suited to America, the Land of Opportunity.

We have dwelt, too, considering our main theme at some length on the dominant characteristics of the Blessed

Foundress but with the idea in view that to understand the spirit that animated the founders of Notre Dame in California we must understand its inspiration. To know the daughters, we must know the Mother. To appreciate the apostles of faith and truth we must realize their heritage. All this can be but faintly suggested; it is best summed up in the words of the venerated Cardinal—

"A breath of the apostolic spirit fallen on the heart of a woman who knew how to believe and how to love."

This was the spirit that fired the souls of those seven women who sailed from the harbor of Antwerp on that dark December day, nigh eighty-five years ago, to bring the glad tidings of salvation to the degraded savages of Oregon.

CHAPTER II

Noblesse Oblige

Mère Blin de Bourdon



HILE the spiritual element, the soul, as it were, of the Institute, was given it by Blessed Julie, the body, so to speak, was largely the creation of the co-foundress, her devoted disciple and efficient associate in the enterprise. Seldom in the working out of a project have two such apparently contrast-characters been yoked in purpose. Yet is the contrast rather on the surface. In many ways these women, so widely separated by social distinctions, with their consequent divergence, are very much alike. Both are characterized by a virile Faith, tested in the fires of persecution, and by its companion virtue, absolute confidence in Divine Providence; by a courage not often found in all-enduring woman at her noblest. Courage and confidence, the blossom of Faith, this trinity of virtues marks alike the Mother and the daughter, and gives a spiritual resemblance to characters in several respects dissimilar. It explains how the work of Blessed Julie could be perpetuated in such wise that there is no break in the even flow of the life of the Congregation at the death of the Foundress, even at a critical period in the history of the organization, when perils without and within were threatening its very existence. Nor is it wholly on the moral side we find similarities in the peasant woman and the lady of rank; psychologically they have resemblances. Mère Julie might well have called her spiritual daughter "the other half of her soul." Their common ideals formed the basis of a rare friend-

ship. This heart-intercourse with the Saint of Cuvilly moulded the naturally impetuous personality of the viscountess, already spiritualized by suffering, softened her ardent aspirations, set before her in a more vivid light the ideal of the Crucified, to Whom each had been assimilated in the dark and painful days of the Terror. Yet was Mère Blin no novice in virtue when she came under the gentle spell of the poor persecuted *dévote* at Amiens. She had learned the secret of life in the Book of the Cross. She had evaluated time by the measure of eternity. The tendencies which might have set a limitation to the full designs of God in her regard had been disciplined by the stern but kindly hand of suffering. Like Julie she had been tried in the crucible of tribulation, and had come forth purified for the work of God. Through their gracious friendship, as through a shimmering veil, we are able to trace the resemblances and mark the differences between these souls chosen of God for the upbuilding of the Institute of Notre Dame.

The biographer of Mère Blin gives the key-note to her character in the opening lines of her life-story—

"I will go there because I want to."

A child of six years she was then living at Gézaincourt with her grandmother, Baroness de Fouquesolles, who was also her godmother; she had been forbidden a certain terrace in the park of the *chateau*. Prohibition meant allurement, and allurement meant determination. Back she went, again and again, to the forbidden spot with the persistent *"I will go there because I want to,"* each time receiving the allotted punishment, till conquered by loving persuasion, for she was ever ready to subdue her strong will to "please the Child Jesus." This victory over natural imperiousness, verging on stubbornness, for the love of

Christ, explains her greatness, for frequently it is not the gentle yielding soul that does best the work of God, but such as must conquer self before conquering the external forces that militate against perfect accomplishment of His will.

This Mère Blin de Bourdon, known as Mother St. Joseph, comes very close to the theme of this volume, for when she was Superior General, she received into the bosom of the Institute, on September 1, 1834, one who was to be the foundress of Notre Dame in California, Marie Antoinette Caroline Neujean, known in religion as Sister Marie Cornelie, received her as a gift from heaven. Who can say that the saintly woman, then the head as well as the heart of the now firmly established Institute, was not given a vision of the future in which this favored child was to carry the torch of faith, lit by the ardor of Blessed Julie's spirit, to those souls yet in darkness and in the shadow of death. From the hands of this holy Mother did the eager neophyte receive the sacred livery of the Habit of Notre Dame, with the name, now become a household word in this Land of the Sunset, a land dimly known, if even dreamed of by the happy novice on that auspicious day. Under the same gentle authority, did Sister Marie Cornelie pronounce the blessed vows that bound her to Christ forever, and from her did she receive her first "obedience," a mistresship at Jumet. It is but natural therefore that we should love to linger over the pages of the life-story of this strong-souled woman. The fact that the foundress of the Order of Notre Dame in California was trained in her spiritual school, was brought into daily contact with her forceful personality, was thus brought into close personal touch with her who was co-foundress of the Institute, and to a certain degree the second foundress of the Order, shows us how

our pioneer history reaches to the very inception of the Congregation, and draws its spirit from the fountainhead. The sources go back even to the primitive. It is related in the life of Sister Marie Cornelie that when a child in arms she was presented to Blessed Julie, who frequently had business negotiations with Monsieur Nuejean. Was it by prophetic insight that the fond mother laid her baby girl in the arms of the venerable Foundress, or one of those happy coincidences, the real import of which is seen only in after years? These events link our Notre Dame of California to the very first activities of the Order.

For the work of an institute devoted to education, Mère Blin was eminently fitted. Whereas Mère Julie was an uneducated peasant, a laboring woman with only a highly developed spirituality to offset the limitations of her psychological background, the inheritance of Mère Blin was of the highest order, scion of a noble line, indulged daughter of a refined and wealthy household, the Blin de Bourdon, heiress sole to the splendid estate of her maternal grandmother, the Baroness of Gézaincourt. Her education, the best that Benedictine and Ursuline pedagogy, then the highest in standards, could boast, was supplemented by the culture and grace of high breeding and social intercourse with the best that stately France could offer. All might be said in the statement that Francoise was the intimate friend of the beautiful, ill-fated Princess Elizabeth, martyr sister of Louis XVI. The somewhat rarefied atmosphere of the *chateau* alternated with the splendor of the town *hotel* in her early environment, each leaving its best impress upon her personality. Thus her life passed, hardly shadowed, till the fatal hour when the Terror loosed its madness on the land. Dragged from the sick bedside of her aged grand-

mother by a frantic mob in the name of Liberty, she was imprisoned in the confiscated Carmelite monastery to wait sentence of death on the guillotine. The desire of her youth to give herself to God in this contemplative Order woke anew in her after her almost miraculous release on the fall of Robespierre, just a few hours after she had read the name of her father, her brother, and herself on the list of the *proscribed.*

It was at this period that she met Julie Billiart, then a fugitive from the hatred of the revolutionists, a pauper paralytic who had secured through the charity of a patroness, Madame Baudoin, a temporary refuge at the hotel Blin in Amiens. The resultant friendship was not a sudden outburst; rather was it a slow but steady development, for we learn that the first impression on the part of Francoise was almost a repulsion. Only study of that saintly soul, radiating from that crippled form, brought the noblewoman under the spell of the peasant.

We learn from "the annals" that Julie immediately recognized in the viscountess the foremost figure in the group beneath the Cross at Compiègne. Yet she brought no pressure to bear on Marie Francoise; she even encouraged her in her project of joining the Carmelites. Thus do the saints await the times of God.

Mère Blin, however, was destined to bear half the heavy burden of the foundation of the Institute, and when the hour of God's manifestation came, she bravely did her part. She was, as Mère Julie fondly called her, the "eldest daughter," the first companion, the leader in that little group that first gathered about the Blessed in the Amiens household, and she is the only one who remained faithful, for it befell Julie, as many other founders of congregations, to lose those who were first allied to the movement, a bitter and painful experience.

When the Institute is established, Mère Blin sinks into the position of an humble disciple; none save the very first members of the congregation knew her noble origin. Never at any time did she permit the just title of co-foundress to be bestowed on her. Though the assistant and vicar of the Mother General, she never seeks to dominate; she, as it were, holds back her own forceful personality, and lives only in the personality of Blessed Julie, so that they might seem one heart in two bodies. The reason for this sublimation is two-fold, the supernatural faith of Francoise, and her warm affection for Julie. She realized that God gives to those whom He chooses to found religious congregations, graces which He does not bestow on others; in submitting to Julie, she submitted to God's Spirit who enlightened her, not indeed in the sense of apostolic enlightenment, but in a modified form, springing from the conviction that God must guide those who hope all from Him alone in a work that He has inspired. Fortifying this supernatural intuition, is the human emotion, the tender admiring love she has for her cherished spiritual Mother, love, not blind, but penetrating the husk of externalities to the truth of the worth within.

In the crucial period of the exile of the Foundress and her adherents from France, Mère Blin stands forth in her true greatness, in all the strength of her inhibited potentialities. Scorning personal pre-eminence, braving public opinion, disregarding, though not defying, the assumption of mistaken ecclesiastical authority and the blandishments as well as the rebukes of a well-meaning, but narrow-visioned metropolitan influenced by the instigations of conceited dependents, heeding not the protests of her own family, whose pride and interests were naturally bound up with the Amiens foundation and the houses on French soil, she stands firm in her adherence to Julie, and, un-

daunted in spirit as calm in soul, leaves with her, home, friends, family, and native land, to begin anew the work of God on foreign soil.

The events that lead to this crisis are complicated and can be satisfactorily understood only after reading the detailed history of the Order. Suffice it to say, that a young ecclesiastic had insinuated himself into such confidence with the kindly but short-sighted Bishop of Amiens as to be appointed by him "confessor and spiritual superior" to the Order. Of a conceited turn of mind and a meddlesome disposition he immediately began the *reform* of the congregation by abolishing the office of Mother General, restricting the Institute to the Amiens diocese, and intruding an immature-minded young nun, for whom he created a ridiculously false "self-image" into the superiorship of the mother-house. Lacking balance of years and experience, as Mère Julie mildly put it, "he was not the right man for the affair." In striking at the generalship, and in limiting the field to one diocese, he struck at the very roots of the Congregation and destroyed the possibility of unity and expansion. He seems to have ridden rough-shod over the ignorant peasant woman Julie, but he was somewhat awed by the prestige of the viscountess whom he would fain have brought over to his plans. In her, however, he found an unsurmountable obstacle. Her straightforwardness thwarted his diplomacy at every step; her fidelity to Julie foiled his every attempt at conciliation. Well might he complain, "as long as Mère Blin is in the house I can do nothing." Nor could he. Thus he managed to rid himself of her. This *coup d'etât* was carried by having Mère Blin appointed superior of a new foundation, that at Namur, Belgium. At the same time, Julie was given an indefinite "leave of absence" at Bordeaux. However, as the biographer

cleverly observes, "he found it easier to do without the person of Mère Blin than her property," of which nevertheless he secured some control by persuading her to give him power of attorney over her fortune which he would have made safe for the house at Amiens. With the supreme disinterestedness of the saints, the Foundresses submitted to this high-handed procedure and unwarranted assumption of authority in finances.

A storm of opposition raged over the departure of Mère Blin and her severing of relations with the French foundations to follow the exiled Julie. She was accused of being the dupe of a rebellious visionary, the accomplice of an ambitious, scheming woman. In this conflict, the heritage of ancestors who had broken lances on the fighting grounds of France stood her well in the cruelest of contentions, the fiercest of battles, determined opposition to the actually good and virtuous in their blinded onslaught on God's ordaining. The final refusal of Mère Blin to settle her property solely on the house at the Foubourg Noyon had brought matters to the concluding catastrophe which sent Julie and those faithful to her out of France forever. Namur, name of blessing, becomes the new cradle of the Order. Thus was a vital principle of the Institute maintained; thus was Notre Dame of California made possible, in the adherence of the Foundresses to their primitive plan, to the mission that had been confided to them, when the nations of the earth were given them for inheritance. Without this independence, the Congregation would have been the sport of local ecclesiastical prejudice or favor; it would have been confined to the precarious limits of a single diocese in a little corner of France, and the glory of Cornelie, Aloysia and Catherine would never have covered the slopes by Sunset Sea, and radiated free and far in the womanhood of the Great West.

Despite later honorable amends of the repentant metropolitan, the Sisters of Notre Dame never returned to France. Julie had seen this symbolized in vision as she left the gates of Amiens, following the cross-laden Savior. Even now we can not read the story of these wrongs without an indignation which we might well deem "virtuous." What must have been the pain in the deep heart of the noble scion of the Bourdons, and in the soul of the gentle gracious Julie! By patience purified, Francoise emerges resplendent from this trial with new intensity of faith and love for Julie's Good God. Thus Namur became the home of the congregation and the ideal of the members of the Institute. In all the Notre Dame world, *Namur* is a name to conjure with; it crystallizes the spirit of Blessed Julie. All that was said and done at Namur was sacred to our pioneer Sisters; it was their dearest hope to make each house of Notre Dame as much as possible a replica of Namur. This is eminently true of San Jose, the cradle house of California, as we shall see further on in the history. The historic town at the meeting of the Sambre and Meuse was generous to the Order, and the Order has been grateful. The seal of Namur and all it symbolizes is the signet of the Institute.

On the death of Mère Julie, Mère Blin assumed the government. She was eminently fitted to carry the burden of the generalate at this critical period. To her fell the task of rendering the Institute an educational factor in the Church. To her from the outset had been intrusted the training of the religious teachers. It is related that sometimes Mère Julie half playfully would interrupt the order of classes by calling out at the door of the improvised study-room, "Quick, quick, my daughters, come, we must go and pick the caterpillars from the cabbages," an interruption seemingly importunate and foolish, but we

may believe the foolishness of the Foundress was highest wisdom. So thought Mère Blin, as without a quiver of emotion, though doubtless inly irritated, she with her pupils forsook the desk for the truck patch. No one realized better than Mère Julie the need of trained teachers, proficient not only in the things of the spirit, but of the mind.

Even after her election to the generalate, it is striking how Mère Blin sinks her individuality into the personality of Julie; as loyal to her memory as she had been to her in life, she keeps her ideal as the vital force, and her personality as a living presence before the Sisters. Yet she wisely preserves the balance so as not to disturb order by the entire effacing of her own needed authority, a precaution the more essential that no formal document was then regulating the daily life of the communities, which had hitherto been guided by the practices of the Blessed Foundress. "She knew," says her biographer, "how to temper firmness with sweetness; it became evident that her rule would be as firm and strong as it was wise and gentle."

Thus to Mère Blin was given the task of the actual organization of the Congregation; she systematized the practices of Blessed Julie, and worked out the application of the fundamentals of the Foundress in the spiritual and educational life of the religious. Under her supervision, the regulations of the Order were codified in a body of Rules approved later by the Church, and the methods of teaching were standardized. This important work was done in a time very critical for the Catholic Church in Belgium, that is, during the domination of William of Orange in the Low Countries, a rule characterized by a despotic anti-religious regime.

The penetration of Mère Blin brought the Congregation safely through the crisis. One innovation is interesting

and indicative. While preserving the essential independence of her organization from governmental control, she permitted a state examination of her teaching Sisters. At all times, she did all in her power to improve the capacity of the members selected for the work of the school; to that she bent her energies, and on that she centered her forces, knowing that the training of the teachers was the necessary complement of their religious formation. She worked unceasingly for the improvement of the schools, "studying and comparing methods in order to secure thoroughness and efficiency, and while full of initiative and resource, she submitted all new plans to the acid test of experiment."

This gives the key-note to Notre Dame education, to the ideals of that education which seventy-five years ago, the pioneer Sisters of Notre Dame began in California, *solidity*. Prudent as progressive, they were not beaten about by every wind of pedagogical doctrine, but remained firm to the anchorage of stability in progress. They, too, submitted all innovations to "the acid test of experiment," and the result has been the building up of a womanhood of which the Nation, as the State, may be proud.

In all that contributed to upset her equilibrium, Mère Blin remained unalterably calm and self-possessed. Petty exactions, as open persecution, left no trace on her imperturbable serenity. Even at the darkest hour, when the harassing government ordered all the French religious from the Netherlands, and she was threatened with the loss of the very nerve, bone and marrow, even the life-blood of the religious body, when the question rose of leaving Belgian soil as they had formerly left France, when urged by her devoted nephew, Viscount Blin, then Prefect of the Department of *Pas de Calais,* to return thither, she held the balance in firm poised hand, waiting



SISTER MARY CORNELIA

God's manifestation. In this hour of persecution, when many of the Sisters, who had left home and country for God's work, were wandering from convent to convent under ban of expulsion, she wrote half gayly, half pathetically, in homely terms,

"We are like mice; when one hole is stopped, we run to another. We are like earthworms; when we are cut into bits the parts unite again."

In spite of the crippling conditions, she progressed, steadily guarding the religious spirit, but pushing on the material and educational advance. Under the favoring influences of the restored Belgian King, this effort culminated in a success as splendid as the struggle against adverse circumstances had been severe. With it, the work of Mère Blin was completed; the strong foundations on which others might build had been laid.

As we have remarked, the work of Julie was germinal. It left room for all possible expansion. This extension was begun by Mère Blin. She enlarged the curriculum to include subjects other than the primitive "Three R's" even in face of the respectful remonstrance of certain less clear-sighted subordinates. This first enlargement was an indication of the widening of the field of education undertaken by the Sisters of Notre Dame. Their work was to include, but was not to be confined to the poorer classes for whom they had first labored. It was to embrace the guidance of youth in every stratum of the social order, even as the Church in its ministry distinguishes not between the lowly and those of high estate. Julie had met the needs of her time in the education of the children of the masses, deprived of their Catholic heritage by the tyranny of the Terror. Mère Blin met the needs of hers in an era of Reconstruction. From the outset, the "boarding school" with the fee-paying day students had been a factor, since with no established endowment, and with no certain

revenue, the sole means of aiding those who could secure no education save *gratis* was by the organization of schools for the paying class, though love of the poor and desire to work among them must be the characteristic mark of a Sister of Notre Dame. A survey of present day conditions will show the wisdom of the latitude left by Julie, and the advantage taken of it by her successor. In her educational programme, Mère Blin laid the foundations, not only of the academy, but of the normal school and college. Vision had been granted her, as it had been granted the Blessed Mother Foundress, to each in her time and place; in accord with the exigencies of her times had each acted.

Thus was built Notre Dame de Namur on the strong foundations of the Cross. Thus built, it stands the ideal of the Congregation. As the heart of every Catholic pilgrim yearns to Rome, to Namur turns the soul of every Sister of Notre Dame. To understand the spirit and the strength of those valiant women who have laid the deep and broad foundations of the Order on Pacific shores, we must have secured the retrospect that these opening chapters of the volume attempt. Imbued with these ideals, trained in this school, holding to their hearts these sacred traditions, came the first Sisters of Notre Dame to California. They, too, were women of great faith and of hope as high as the heavens, and this faith and hope came from their love, for "the greatest of these is charity." The virtues of Julie and Francoise were reflected in the clear crystal of their pure souls,—burning zeal, unquestioning self-sacrifice, unshaken confidence, lowliness of spirit, and height of aspiration. To those to whom has been given the privilege of association with them has been accorded a rare grace, "a light to the revelation of the gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel."

PART TWO

Where Rolls the Oregon

CHAPTER I

"The Macedonian Cry"

Plea of Père De Smet



One autumn afternoon, a clerical visitor knocked at the door of the newly established convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame on Sixth St., Cincinnati. Little did the gracious Superior, Sister Louise, realize the full import of the event, and the far-reaching effects of her courtesy, as she escorted the guest through the academy and parochial school. That visitor was the famed Father Peter De Smet S. J., justly styled The Apostle of the Rocky Mountains.

The kindly reception and the excellent work of the schools favorably impressed the zealous missionary. It was his dearest wish to establish a sisterhood among the Indians of Oregon, and this heart-hope he communicated to the venerable Superior. She and her valiant little band would fain have given him immediate assistance; but for even the scant harvest of the then frontier town the laborers were few and over-taxed, and bore the burden of rapid future development; they could but promise their earnest suffrages for the evangelization of the poor savages of the Rockies. However, Father De Smet did not forget the Sisters of Notre Dame and his afternoon in the cradle-home of their Institute in the United States.

The inception of this plan of enlisting religious women in the work is found in a letter of Father (afterwards Archbishop) Blanchet addressed to Père De Smet, under date of September 28, 1841:

"In my opinion, this (Willamette) is the place where the religious foundations of this part of the country should be laid; a college, a convent and schools are an absolute necessity."

A few months later, personal investigation was made in a conference of the missionaries at St. Paul's, Oregon. Father De Smet formulated his plans immediately; if he failed in his application to St. Louis, he would make a second voyage to Europe to recruit laborers. He moved rapidly. At Madison Fork, Aug. 15, 1842, he celebrated his first Mass for the Flathead Indians of Oregon. On Aug. 15, 1844, the first Mass for the Sisters of Notre Dame was celebrated on the shores of the Columbia River.

He made this voyage in 1843. His visit was an ovation. Rome honored him, and Belgium was justly proud of her hero son. It was chiefly here in his native Country that he sought laborers. *"Da mihi Belgas,"* he echoed the cry of Xavier. Nor did the noble land fail him. Then did he remember the little community of Belgian nuns on the banks of the Ohio, and he sought their mother-house at Namur with a plea for help.

Peter De Smet was not unknown at Namur. His published Letters had made his name a household word among the communities. His modest but powerful personality won all hearts; his enthusiasm was contagious. When he addressed the assembled community in behalf of his benighted savages, there were few indeed of his hearers who would not gladly have set out immediately for the Oregon wilderness. However, great projects must be undertaken prudently, and, though there was scarcely a religious who would not eagerly have given her *"Venio"* to that call of the saintly missionary, though not a soul but was fired by his burning words and the vivid pictures he drew of the abject condition of those heathen hordes hungering for God's truth, the matter must not be de-

cided hastily. Mother Constantine, then General, promised to take it under consideration; her zeal emulated that of the saintly Mother Ignace who had first sent Sisters to America; she was a woman whose interests in the cause of God were as wide as the world. Despite her personal inclinations, and the generous enthusiasm of the nuns, she gave the project all due consideration, and she decided in the affirmative only when the undertaking appeared to her to be the manifest will of God.

Some opposition to the enterprise was at first offered by the Bishop of Namur, who then was spiritual superior of the Congregation. Bishop Dehesselle prudently feared the sending of religious women among the barbarian tribes of a yet unexplored wilderness, but adjustments were made, and finally his consent was won. Meantime, prayers were offered in all the houses, and circulars descriptive of the great undertaking were sent out from Namur.

That those responsible for the movement should hesitate was natural. It was savoring of temerity, from the human standpoint, to send a handful of women thousands of miles from their home-land into a region, not only as yet a perilous wilderness, but infested by savage hordes, to separate them, not only from refinements and comforts of civilization, but perhaps from the very necessities of life. Still nothing daunted the enthusiastic zeal of the Sisters. Stimulation was not needed; rather was selection the problem. This selection devolved on the General, and in it she paused at no sacrifice; with magnanimity and generosity that appears heroic, she gave the flower of her flock to the sacrifice. Naught was too good for the poor Indian neophytes.

As the chronicle simply states, "she made choice of subjects whom she knew to be capable of the work in those unknown regions."

"Unknown" they certainly were. "Oregon" comprised at this time the whole region north of the forty-second parallel of latitude between the Rockies and the Pacific Ocean, disputed territory between Great Britain and the United States. Magnificent as it is even now under the steady encroachments of commercialism, its sublimity in its primal state defies description. However, the difficulties of settlement were proportioned to its native grandeur, virgin forests dense to imperviousness; rivers as swift and treacherous as majestic; mighty mountains, pine-belted and snow-crowned, yet unscaled by the foot of civilized man; a cliff-bound coast lining a blue sky-like sea that offered few safe anchorages. It was in many respects the *"terra incognita"*.

Nevertheless the pioneers of trade and industry had penetrated thither under the protection of the powerful Hudson Bay Co., the activities of which reach back to "the spacious times of great Elizabeth". Fort Vancouver faced the stormy wilderness with undaunted brow. Astoria was setting the pace for the coming thriving centers of the North. Wherever the purveyors of industry or commerce hied, either preceding them, or fast in their wake, came the bearers of the Good Tidings, the missionaries of the Catholic Church. For years had the valiant sons of Ignatius, in the face of every hardship, wandered the passes of the Rockies in quest of the benighted savages, more and more degraded by contact with the civilized "whites".

Unfortunately other less disinterested "missionaries" sought the fertile soil of Oregon as the field of their enterprise, the history of some of whom is less pleasant reading. It was partly to offset this influence on his converts that Father De Smet redoubled his zeal and strove to increase his forces. That his efforts against this none too



MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP BLANCHET

edifying propaganda were somewhat successful, is indicated in a letter of August, 1844, written to the Mother General of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

"The same boat that is taking us to Vancouver is taking the ministers to the Sandwich Islands, whence they will return to the United States."

But we anticipate. As we have said, selection of the pioneers for the Pacific Coast devolved on Mother Constantine; it was made from the entire Province, and seven were fixed upon. Though seven were chosen for the enterprise, six only set out. One, brave in heart, but timid by nature, with a tendency to spiritual introspection verging on scruples, recoiled at the last moment and was released from the burden. Not disheartened, though humanly disappointed by this departure, the faith of the missionaries interpreted this as a manifestation of God's will and a token of His Fatherly kindness. No shrinking souls might dare that venture. The circumstances surrounding the withdrawal of the seventh were such as to almost justify the pious belief that Providence had actually intervened. Those on whom fell the happy lot were Sisters Loyola, Marie Cornelie, Mary Catherine, Mary Aloysia, Norbertine, and Mary Albine, names familiar indeed to our readers, nay associated with sweet and tender memories that come like the suggestive fragrance of distant flowers through moonlit vistas. Full of love for Him for whom erstwhile they had left what was dearest to them, they now broke the ties that bound them to home and friends, and native land, and bravely faced the untried future, the new life they had chosen of perfect death to *self,* that they might bring life to those who lay deep in the shadow of death. Mayhap philanthrophy will laud them; skeptics will scorn them; the intellectual will deem them dreamers, fanatics; but "beyond these voices there is peace", and

we hark the call, as of abyss to abyss, of the hundreds, nay thousands of hearts that their heroism has inspired, of souls that they have strengthened to all good, where in our Sunset Land their children rise up and call them blessed. Which verdict will echo when the last silence falls? With the heritage of Julie and Francoise, straight from the heart of Notre Dame, they come to us, giving us of their abundance with unstinting hand, as the fruit of their toil through these eighty-four years will testify.

CHAPTER II

The Missionaries

Ecce Nos Reliquimus Omnia



ccompanied by the tender Mother, whose heart was wrung by the coming separation, the Sisters set out from the *maison mère* in early December. Personal experience with the country west of the Mississippi had shown Father De Smet the impracticability of transporting religious women in the caravans. He therefore determined to double the Horn and enter Oregon by the Columbia River. The vessel chosen for the voyage was an Antwerp, two-masted ship, *The Indefatigable,* equipped, it was supposed, as perfectly as possible in accord with the provisions of the times. The captain was skillful, the crew trustworthy.

At the Brussels convent, a happy surprise awaited them. At the invitation of the Jesuit rector, the Papal Nuncio came to give them his benediction. To each Sister, he kindly presented an autographed print of some sacred mystery. One, preserved in the museum of the provincial house, shows the Child Jesus carrying the instruments of His Sacred Passion. This was presented to Sister Mary Catherine, who declares, "The very sight of that picture, which I carried with the greatest confidence sustained my courage on many occasions." Fitting symbol it was for missionaries setting forth to labor for the most abandoned of those souls won by the Redemption of the Cross.

This Papal Nuncio was none other than the affable and brilliant young Archbishop Joachim Vincent Pecci, known to later history as Pope Leo XIII. He was then

tactfully repairing the breaches made by the Liberals in the bulwarks of Belgian Faith. He was later to hold the world under the spell of his giant intellect and of his heart as capacious as humanity. The biographer of Pope Leo XIII (Jubilee edition) relates that Leopold I often engaged with the young Count Pecci in an intellectual bout from which the monarch always came off worsted, and with the words "Verily, Monsignor, you are as clever a politician as you are an excellent churchman." This glorious Pope is endeared to Notre Dame by many ties; his last act was the glorification of its Patroness, Mary Immaculate, and he did much for the Cause of the Blessed Foundress, to whom he was tenderly devoted.

On December 12, anchor was raised. The *Indefatigable* sailed out of the harbor of Antwerp for the long, perilous voyage of seven weary months, carrying the little band of devoted women far from all that was dearest. The day was propitious, Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, of the manifestation of the Mother of Mercy to the poor Indian neophyte on the bleak hill-top of Tepeyac. It was symbolic. To the wretched Indians of Oregon, they were to bring the vision of Heaven's bright Queen.

We may briefly review the *personnel* of that little group as they wave a tearful but brave farewell to the Mother standing on the Antwerp quay. We will meet them all again at the journey's end and in the great work of the province which they are to found. Yet we may, to some extent, anticipate this meeting in delineating their characters.

Sister Loyola is leader of the band. Choice of her as such manifested rare discernment on the part of the Mother General. Gifted with an indomitable will, and extraordinary power of initiative, a courage almost superhuman, an ability for organization on a high scale, a

zeal as wide as humanity, she was peculiarly fitted for magnanimous enterprises. It was said of her, "She is more than woman." Truly, she could "toil terribly". She never spared herself. Nor was she inclined to spare others; that was her limitation. Again, absolutely confident of Divine Providence, she was impatient of diffidence. She was daring but not imprudent. To her intrepidity the hard and heavy task of beginning owes its success, as to her successor's calm and gentle wisdom the further progress was due. Of this successor, the chronicle says:

"As they were going so far and as communication would be slow and difficult, Sister Loyola was given as assistant Sister Marie Cornelie, who possessed the highest esteem of her superiors and had shown herself by her humility and fidelity capable of maintaining the spirit of our holy Institute. She was thus united to Sister Loyola as two pillars resting on the same base."

Sister Mary Cornelia, as she is later known, we have seen, placed by her Mother in the arms of the Blessed Foundress. Mayhap the proud mother breathed a prayer that the little one might be some day clothed in the sacred livery of Notre Dame. Mayhap, as we have already suggested, the Blessed was given an intuition of the destiny of this frail rosebud of humanity. Might she not have exclaimed as the kin of Zachary, "What think you this child will be?" and have answered with her *Benedictus?*

"And thou, child, shall go before the face of the Lord . . . to give knowledge of salvation to His people . . . to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death and to direct our feet in the way of peace."

As the burden of the Oregon Foundation was to rest on Sister Loyola, so that of organizing the Province of California was to devolve on Sister Mary Cornelia. She, too, was eminently fitted for her task. The symbolism of the two pillars resting on one base is a naive presentation of the unity between these widely differing personalities.

It was preserved, we may think, by the sublimation of Sister Mary Cornelia, who in all things deferred to her forceful Superior, and who never allowed her individual inclinations to thwart the purpose of her lawful leader. As Sister Loyola excelled in gifts of mind, Sister Mary Cornelia in gifts of heart. Her acknowledged qualities of leadership were of an entirely different nature. She led by love; she triumphed by tenderness. Strong, sometimes even to sternness, she was as sweet as she was strong, as affable and amiable as she was firm. Unyielding in principle, she bent readily to appeal to sympathy. Of far less virile physique than her Superior, her supreme spirit of sacrifice in her indomitable will, made her keep even pace with, and even out-run all the demands of the strong-bodied and keen-minded Sister Loyola, whose potentialities appeared inexhaustible, and whose physical strength rendered her less sensible to the physical weakness of more refined natures. Self-effacement may be declared the outstanding feature of Sister Mary Cornelia during her period of subordination. She well exemplifies the saying of a Kempis:

"No one can safely command save he who has learned to obey."

A third member of the little colony bears a name revered next to that of the well beloved Superior. Sister Mary Aloysia was a woman of profound faith, high intellectual attainment, physical attractiveness, and charming personality, for all these qualities combined in a winsomeness that has gone down in happy tradition in the annals of the pioneer school, in which she was for many years "first teacher". It might be said that she was indeed a child of Notre Dame, since she had in her tender years been confided by her bereaved father to the care of the Sisters. She looked to two Mother Generals, both founders

of the American Missions, as the instructors of her youth. From early age, she had given evidence of extraordinary talent combined with solid virtue, characteristics that her wise instructors fostered with due concern. When a brilliant future beckoned her, she harkened to the low clear call and entered the novitiate at Namur, where she, too, was affectionately received by the cofoundress, Mother St. Joseph. She begged the privilege of the Oregon Mission, and was granted it at great sacrifice to the community at Namur. She proved worthy of the high trust. We shall behold this refined and delicate woman enduring hardships and sufferings at which the strongest might recoil, giving sweet service in ministration from which any but an heroic soul would shrink in disgust and dismay, pressing on the path of sacrifice even to the point of death, and there begging for life that she might still labor and suffer for the wretched progeny of savagery to which she had pledged her beautiful being.

Sister Mary Catherine, chronicler of the voyage, thus naively introduces herself:

> The house of Outre Meuse, Liege, shared in the good work by giving it Sister Mary Catherine, who for some time had felt a desire for the American Mission. The Superiors knowing that in a small community a *bouche trou* (jack-of-all trades) would be useful, yielded to her reiterated solicitations."

This Sister Mary Catherine, familiarly known as "Sister Mary", was a remarkable character. Of a singularly robust constitution, she outlived all her companions, departing to her eternal Home, only in 1903, at the ripe age of ninety years. She rendered long and splendid service to the province of California, in the administration of which she was a prominent factor. Of excellent organizing abilities, financial acumen, broad views on temporal affairs, and, withal, a deep sympathy and a strong spirit

of faith, she was later entrusted with the material interests of the province, for she was not only financial factotum for San Jose, but for the secondary houses that were sent out from there, all of which looked to her for direction. The beginnings of prosperity are due to her sound financial sense.

Business is not a beautiful thing, nor is facility in finance common to a high spiritual nature. Still such ability may be cultivated when not a natural quality. In Sister Mary, it was the product of nature, and of grace which can raise the sordid to splendor through high purpose. We say much when we say that with practically no benefactions, save some very small donations at the outset, the province house was able to carry the burden, often a heavy one, with no appeal to public aid. It is much to say this achievement was due to the sound financial sense of the first administrator.

To the memoirs of Sister Mary, we are due, to a great extent, for the early history of the Order on the Coast. Her mental endowment, which was also the basis of her commercial ability, gave her a sense of proportion not common in annalists; it was the source of the keen interest that is waked by her memoirs. Hers was an exceptional advantage educationally that she was trained with her brothers by the same tutor. At a period when woman's education was largely ornamental, she kept pace with the intellectual advance of the boys even in Latin, rather an innovation at the time, though not astounding in a day of the facile tripping of the feminine tongue on *Gallia est omnis.*

The two remaining members of the group are less known to the present. Theirs are the short and simple annals of the poor. Sister Norbertine had evinced a capacity for agriculture in the garden at Ghent. To her

were to be entrusted the farming activities, no small factor, as we shall see, in a semi-civilized community. Sister Mary Albine, "gifted with rare meekness and charity", and possessing a taste for needle work, is destined to supervise this department of manual training among the young Indian maids, whose wardrobe, we warrant, will be something different from the exquisite *lingeries* to which her deft fingers have been accustomed.

Such is the little colony we behold standing by the rail of *The Indefatigable* as she plows into the Scheld, leaving picturesque Antwerp veiled in fogs and tears. Tears! Yes, for they were human; they loved, and they suffered. Is it not this very humanness that gives them charm?

By a happy coincidence, their first stopping place was to be Valparaiso, Chili. The meeting of ships on the wide seas was more dramatic before the days of radio. Week after week, as they were hailed by passing vessels,—

"Whither bound?"

the crew sent back the musical cry, *Valparaiso.*

Thus, day after day, as they traversed the pathless wastes of ocean, were they reminded that they were but pilgrims on earth, that their destination was Paradise, the Vale of Paradise, the Vision of Uncreated Beauty.

However, they were not to start as soon as they anticipated. We have said that seven missionaries were destined for the Far West. We have seen but six. Sister Reine, at her earnest solicitations, had been permitted to join the colony; she embarked, but she was not destined to sail. By adverse winds, by dense fogs, by an untoward calm, the ship was detained in the Scheld for thirty days. This gave rise to dissatisfaction aboard and tried the temper of the crew severely. Sailor-fashion, they gave vent in rough terms to their annoyance. The language of one disaffected Fleming so shocked this poor Sister, who

was the only one who understood his tongue, that she fell into a melancholy, and lost heart in her glorious enterprise. Her mental trouble cast a gloom over her zealous companions.

Off Flessingue, the Cape Farewell of Europe, they had struck on a sand bar owing to poor economy of the captain, who refused the services of a pilot. This was indicative of many mishaps to come. The adverse circumstances had, however, given them a delightful surprise, for Mother Constantine had sped to her belated children with a heart-cargo of affection and courage. Even before they left the port of Antwerp, a letter had been delivered to them; it was from this devoted Mother and breathes a beautiful tenderness characteristic of this strong woman:

"You see I forestall you. You will not be six months without receiving a letter from me. I am above all happy in thinking of the agreeable surprise this will give you. Scarcely had I reached the house when I returned to the wharf where I had the consolation of seeing you for the last time. This consolation would have been greater had I the assurance that you saw me. My body was on shore, but my heart was in your midst. How joyful would it be, my dear children, to accompany you. Ah, be well assured that I shall never leave you. I shall go to meet you on *The Indefatigable,* and I shall never be fatigued in following you."

Unexpectedly the Mother was to see her children again. The condition of Sister Reine became alarming, so much so that word of her condition was sent to Namur. A mental collapse was imminent. Mother Constantine accordingly hastened to Ostend and brought the sorely-tried Sister back to the *maison mère.*

No sooner done than the winds changed, blew up briskly; anchors were raised, and the blue outlines of the Netherlands grew fainter and fainter till they were lost in the boundless circle of sea and sky. The little colony was alone on the wide, wide sea; yet not alone, for they were in the arms of God, in the Heart of the Christ for whom they

were leaving all, and under the protection of Mary Queen of Notre Dame, Star of the Sea. In spirit, too, they were yet with the Sisterhood of Namur, the home-circle of the mother-house they loved so well.

So sailed they forth, *indefatigable* in the pursuit of the wandering sheep of the fold, unwearying in zest for service in sacrifice. So came Notre Dame to California.

CHAPTER III

The Voyage

"Seven Long Months of Weary Sailing"

To the graceful pen of Sister Mary Aloysia, who kept a careful diary of the events of 1843-1844, we are indebted for the interesting account of the voyage to Oregon. The matter with other material is extant entire in a little book published at Brussels in 1847, entitled *Notice sur la territoire et sur a la mission de l' Oregon suivie du quelques lettres des Soeurs de Notre Dame.* Oddly enough, this little publication may be found in the Library of Congress at Washington, where the compiler of this history had the thrilling experience of reading it. How queer the humble volume must feel in the august company that graces the marble halls of that acme of American Art! Little did the Sister who wrote her *diary* by the sputtering cabin candle of the storm-lashed ship imagine that her simple record would find so magnificent a shelving.

Those who cross the ocean on the floating palaces of the present will find it difficult to reconstruct the "liners" of the early 40's. Unspeakable were conditions at their best; but, in spite of all precautions, conditions on *The Indefatigable* were not of the best. To quote:

> "The inconveniences were innumerable. Four Sisters were crowded in a cabin with two very narrow berths. One had to stretch her mattress on the floor to give her companions breathing space. There were thirteen cabin passengers; these with the captain and first mate dined at table with scarcely space for eight."

The first night aboard is thus described:

"After night prayers, we withdrew to our cabin. It is needless to say what our emotions were at the close of this first day. We cast ourselves into the Heart of Jesus and tried to sleep. The ship was at yet sailing over placid waters, but what were the emotions of our hearts!"

Nevertheless sleep came at last to weary eyes. At dawn they awoke with prayer and mutual greetings. Meditation with Mass and Holy Communion, for there were five priests aboard, gave them courage and consolation. These Masses were celebrated in the dining room on an improvised altar, the piano of Sister Mary Aloysia. During the services, the Sisters sang their favorite *cantiques,* simple hymns that mayhap for the first time echoed over those watery wastes. Breakfast over, Rev. Father Accolti recited the prayers of the Itinerary, after which they went on deck to enjoy the air. This day is representative of many, long, weary, monotonous, save when rendered terrifying by tempestous gales, on the dreary voyage.

Father De Smet writes thus optimistically in his *diary:*

"All's well aboard. We have a trustworthy skipper and a good crew. The Sisters are calm and hopeful. We live here a community life; every one is occupied. Father Vercruysse gives French lessons to the Italians. I am teaching all my band English."*

The following hours were spent in study of the English and of the Indian language, spiritual "exercises", or some domestic occupation, one of which is rather unique.

Before leaving the Netherlands, Father De Smet had gone ashore at some little port and purchased a goat for, as he had observed, the "black coffee" was distasteful to some of the Sisters. The milking process was amusing, since no Sister was an adept in this art, and *Nannie* was not accustomed to novice hands. One held the poor creature by her horns; another steadied the bucket; a third

*Life of Father De Smet Lavelle Ch. IX, p. 158.

attempted to secure the "lactiferous spoils." We do not read that any of the courteous Fathers gallantly came to their rescue. On one occasion, the milker almost lost her life, for she was dashed to the rail by a huge breaker, and saved from a watery grave only by the quick action of a sailor. Of the goat, they write:

"The animal was of great service to us and we took it with us to Oregon, where the Indians would assemble around it in great wonder, prudent enough, at the same time, not to approach too near, for it had large horns which it used vigorously in its defense against strangers, though to us it was as gentle as a lamb."

Poor *Nannie* had a goat's life, for she shared the hardships of the voyage. Before the shores of Oregon had been sighted, black coffee had reappeared.

The beautiful festivals of the Christmas-tide had been spent in the Scheld, waiting the turn of the wind. Describing them, the chronicler says:

"It was the eve of Christmas. We arranged a little altar as best we could and rehearsed hymns appropriate to the feast. The Rev. Fathers had brought from Rome a beautiful statue of the Child Jesus which we placed on the altar. The five priests celebrated Mass and the Sisters sang their very best in the joyful canticles of the liturgy."

How much we may read between the lines of this brief insert!

The second separation from the beloved Mother renewed the pangs of parting. At dinner we may well imagine the dainties went untasted. The captain with rough good-will strove to raise their drooping spirits. "Ladies," he admonished, "we are now on the open sea, and soon Neptune will claim tribute from you. The best way to ward off his attack is to eat well and take plenty of fresh air on deck."

Much as his attentions were appreciated, his exhortation went for naught, since some had already felt the

qualms of approaching "sea-sickness". One by one the passengers left the deck regions and long before two bells, all were *below.*

On the night of January ninth, off the coast of France a furious storm struck. For several days the majority of the passengers were confined to cabins. The ship so tossed and pitched that sleep was impossible. The silence of the sea was unpleasantly broken by their groans. *(We infer this to be the masculine element.)* This was only the first of many terrific tempests that beat upon that frail bark, battered and broken and at the mercy of the merciless seas, beyond the control of captain and crew, but upheld by Him who holds the earth and the seas in the hollow of His hand.

"No sooner had we put to sea," goes on the chronicle, "than we experienced the bad management of the provider. An odor of decomposition pervaded the vessel; to his annoyance, the captain was obliged to order the meat and fish thrown overboard. Even the fowl that had been cooped in the hold had died. Rats appeared in such numbers that they tormented the passengers day and night. They scampered across the dinner table and ran over the beds."

A passenger is said to have counted at one time a dozen on the table, and as many under it. To imagine the disgust and horror of the situation, one has but to contrast it with the atmosphere of a Belgian convent where indeed cleanliness is next to godliness. The vermin pest was of such enormity that 1400 rats were killed in the fumigation of the vessel at Valparaiso. The menace was greater, for it was there discovered that the rodents had, in the absence of food, madly gnawed a side support beam to the thickness of a sheet of paper. Only a miracle had saved the ship from wreck.

The condition of the table supplied from such a larder can be better imagined than described. Bread was an unknown luxury during the entire seven months; the biscuits

that substituted bore evidence of the teeth of the vermin. The salt meat had begun to putrefy when the equator was being crossed for the first time.

Withal, the Sisters keep up heart. Carefully they note each event of interest in their diary—a spouting whale; the towers of Calais; the Isle of Wight; the giant lighthouse at Point Lizard; the island of Madeira; forms of unfamiliar fish; a beautiful dolphin cast on deck; a shark; a beam embedded with barnacles. At one time they meet with a shoal of fish styled by the sailors "old women", which have a curious habit; as soon as one of the mass is hurt, the whole school precipitates itself in a blind impact. This was easy fishing, and the spoils served the table for several days. A boat of survivors from the wrecked *La Felicite* bound for Marseilles and run aground on the coast of Africa gave them an opportunity of forwarding the first installment of their diary to Namur. An entry of January 23 describes the unique spectacle of their first "wash": "You should have seen the deck," writes the chronicler. Several entries record rough seas and consequent inability to have the happiness of Holy Mass, a severe privation. The phenomena of nature have for the voyagers a vital interest. New scenes and new experiences have in them an element of wonder that delights, and helps to lessen the tedium of the journey. We find a very touching passage in the Life of Father De Smet already quoted:

> "Often on a calm clear night, I sit on deck gazing for hours at the stars and musing on sweet memories. The Belt of Orion, commonly called *The Three Kings,* recalls my two brothers and my sister. In looking at Berenice's Hair, I imagine myself in the midst of the children of the family. I see and hear them. They climb my knee; their little arms are around my neck; you know how dearly I love them."

Such unexpected revelations show the intensity of affection lying in the depths of a manly spirit; they manifest



SAN JOSE IN 1856. SEE APPENDIX.

that, contrary to the false ascetics of certain "spiritual-writers", there is no contradiction between love of God and love of home and family, and evidence that to be saintly one need not be cold-hearted. There is some such manifestation of human pain in the entries of the Sisters, and we can not doubt that they, too, suffered the pangs of home-sickness under the silence of the stars. They write:

"We take great delight in contemplating the stars. The calmness of the sea has a peculiar charm that captivates the heart; there is such a sense of peace brooding over the vast depths. How often memory carries us back to the dear home where you are with our beloved Sisters. At such moments we renew our sacrifice with no less joy and courage than that with which we first made it under the Divine inspiration."

The lovely Feast of Candlemas is duly honored by the Litany of Our Lady and other hymns in her honor. On February 13, a Dutch prison ship bound for Batavia swept by them to the sound of music, leaving a train of mournful thoughts in its wake. On St. Valentine's Day, about seven in the evening, they reached the equator. This event always brings some well-earned sport to the sailors. As the travelers came up from the dining room, they heard the crew cheering lustily for "The Fire of Neptune". In the distant darkness a column of fire rose heavenward—(it was nothing more than a barrel of dried peas which the sailors had set afloat)—and a solemn voice was heard from the topmast:

"Captain, have you any passengers aboard?"

"I have twelve," answers the skipper good naturedly.

"Do they intend to pass the line?"

"Yes."

"Well, tomorrow Neptune in person will administer baptism which is indispensable to all who cross the line."

At ten p. m., the signal to retire, a huge ball of light flamed out from the top-mast.

At ten next morning, to the cry, "Neptune, Neptune", the captain and the Rev. Clergy went on deck. Shortly after, the Sisters were invited to meet this august personage and his court.

"Had you seen him," runs the narrative, "you would have taken him for his brother Pluto, clothed in rags, a wig covering his head and a coarse flax beard on his face. He carried a huge wooden compass with which he mimicked the captain taking longitude. At his right stood his wife, as ludicrously attired as himself; his guards, armed with reeds and sticks, surrounded him, with their faces smeared with tar and presenting a terrifying front."

"The monarch of the sea promised the skipper a prosperous voyage. He then turned to Father De Smet and begged to be allowed to shave him. The good missionary was rather reluctant, but the captain assured him that all would be conducted with propriety, though for the amusement of the crew; he therefore consented, and the other priests submitted to the operation. To crown the farce, Neptune commanded that baptism be administered. Immediately they were soaked by a deluge of water from on high and were glad to escape to the rear of the deck where they might view the performance without further inconvenience."

A good supper was then served the jolly tars, who enjoyed it as much as they had their boisterous fun. After the repast, Rev. Father De Smet addressed the crew, thanking them for the entertainment they had afforded.

On the day that they pass the south Shetland Isles, there is a brooding sense of terror; a suspicious looking craft was fast in the wake of *The Indefatigable*. The skipper armed the crew and primed the cannon, for the bark appeared to be of a piratical character. Father De Smet came to the cabin to exhort the nuns to pray, but they, as the narrator says, "were perfectly calm, for we were under the protection of God, and that very day had made a vow to St. Joseph, the conditions of which we were to fulfill as soon as we landed at Valparaiso."

Toward evening the danger disappeared, for *The Indefatigable* had by this time far out-distanced her troublesome pursuer.

The next peril came from the floating icebergs of the South Seas; the diary notes that these masses of ice rose mountain-like above the surface of the sea, but the voyagers do not seem to have realized the imminent danger of collision. They were about to double the Cape, and had passed the bleak shores of St. Ildephonse and San Diego, when the fiercest tempest of the voyage overtook them. Of it Father De Smet writes:

"From the 22nd to the 30th of March, we experienced a furious hurricane which tore even the furled sails into ribbons and drove the boat about at the whim of the wind. Mountains of water towered above us. The Captain averred that it was the severest storm that he had ever encountered in his thirty years at sea. The hatches were battened down one entire week, and we hardly dared creep on deck to gaze for an instant on the terrible spectacle. Death stared us in the face."

Sister Mary Aloysia writes, "Those eight days would have been days of agony had not God been our hope."

This danger passed on March 31st. April brought another terrific hurricane which nigh drove the ship on the desolate rocky shores of Patagonia, only half a mile distant. All but the Sisters remained on deck waiting the last hour. Suddenly the despairing cry of the captain rent the horrid turmoil.

"We are lost; all is over."

"But," as the intrepid Apostle of the Rockies notes, "God seemed to say, 'I am watching over you.' " The good priest visited the nuns and offered to hear their confessions; he found them terrified, but calm. As Sister Mary Aloysia writes, Divine Providence not only saved them from perils, but freed them from fear. In addressing the Mother General relative to this incident Père De Smet says:

"All with the exception of the Sisters stood motionless on deck, their eyes fixed on the rocks that bristle on the barbarous coast of Patagonia. We waited in solemn silence the accomplishment of God's will in our re-

gard. At that moment, I descended to warn the Sisters of the danger. They were occupied in imploring the Blessed Virgin to protect us. Doubtless you expect a recital of lamentations, cries, and groans, I have nothing of the kind to tell. I offered them the help of my ministry; they answered smilingly with that serenity, that unchangeable tranquility felt only by a pure heart inflamed with love for God, 'Father, nothing troubles us. The Lord may dispose of us as He pleases.'"

Sister Mary Cornelia, owing to an attack of illness, had gone to bed early. When waked by her companions and informed of the impending danger, she only turned on her pillow like a tired, trustful child with, "Oh, please let me sleep". Truly one who could face death with such calm must have lived under the eye of God in constant fidelity.

At the moment that Father De Smet came on deck, the wind veered, sweeping the vessel in a contrary direction. A quarter of an hour would have dashed them on the treacherous shoals; a quarter of an hour brought them clear of the beetling rocks. Next morning, one of the clergy asked Sister Mary if she really felt no fear. The stout-hearted Sister Mary was not to be daunted by wind or wave.

"Father," she replied, "our Superiors did not send us to be the food of fishes but to teach the savages of Oregon." Such is the faith that moves mountains.

At last the beautiful coast and harbor of Valparaiso met their sea-weary gaze, the city rising, terrace on terrace, with flowered gardens and picturesque dwellings of Spanish type, a soothing contrast to the frightful shores of the desert southlands. While lying in port awaiting the return of Father De Smet, who had gone to the city to secure them lodgings, the Sisters were surprised to experience a violent concussion. Looking to the shore, they were astounded to see people on the quays and streets fall on their knees and extend their arms in the form of a cross. That was their first earthquake. They were to experience

several more before they left the beautiful city. One took place during the night, and all, as they had been directed, rushed out in their conventional night attire, save Sister Norbertine, who took due time to array herself properly in her religious garb, and who was much astounded to behold her companions *dishabille*. Luckily for her, the shock was slight and single; had it been repeated, she might have been buried in the debris of the lodging.

While waiting sailing orders, the Sisters made a Retreat, as they write, "to fortify our souls and reanimate our courage." The Jesuits were very anxious for the Sisters to make a settlement in Rio Janeiro, since the harvest of souls was great, and the good nuns of Picpus with whom they were sojourning were suffering from dearth of subjects. The same plea met them at Santiago and Lima. Everywhere there was a crying need of religious women to train the youth of the land. But their faces were set to Oregon.

A letter dated May 20, 1844, gives us a picture of the reception accorded the travelers at Lima:

"We left Valparaiso under the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on Friday, May 2nd. On the 4th, a favorable wind brought us to Callao, where we cast anchor, blessing the good God for our happy voyage. Towards four in the afternoon, Rev. Fathers De Smet and Gomila went to Lima to find lodgings for their companions and for us. During their absence, we had an opportunity of admiring the beautiful city of Lima, with its picturesque suburbs. When it was rumored in the town that the vessel had on board the Fathers of the Society of Jesus and a colony of nuns, lively emotion was caused in the populace, who crowded to the port, some weeping, others raising their hands to heaven. A few ladies addressed us, and Father De Smet, acting as their interpreter, told us that they wished to confide their children to our care. In fact, the concourse was so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty we reached the conveyances that were awaiting us. About five in the evening we entered Lima. We were surprised at the mixed character of the population. Spanish, Negroes, Indians, crowded about us on all sides. One venerable old man approached the carriage of the Rev. Fathers, saying with strong

emotion: 'The Good God has heard my ardent desires. You are the first Jesuits that have arrived here since the Suppression. How we wish that you might remain here! Praised be God; behold the accomplishment of my lifelong desires!'

He pressed the Fathers to take lodgings in his home, but they gratefully declined, preferring to take up their abode in what had formerly been their own college. As for us, it was with difficulty we reached the convent of the Carmelites so closely did the ladies press about us with demonstrations of esteem and respect, thanking God for our arrival and offering us their little ones. Although we did not understand their expressions, we were profoundly touched by their emotions. Rev. Father Gomila told us that they hoped to retain us in their city. You can appreciate our feelings, for you know by experience what a heart-suffering it is not to be able to do all the good one desires; in fact, one would wish to multiply one's self for the salvation of the souls.

The good Jesuits were as much affected as we. They declared an establishment of our Order would do immense good in this place, and the Most Reverend Archbishop, to whom we had the honor of paying our respects, was of the same opinion, the more so, as, though there are at Lima twenty-five religious communities, not one of them is engaged in the work of teaching, and the children are absolutely destitute of instruction. Would that we were twelve instead of six! O, my good Mother, let us pray the Divine Master to send laborers into His vineyard. We began a novena to St. Rose for that intention.

We were obliged to accept the pressing invitation of Señora Rivodera to visit her hacienda, or country seat. She also took us to visit several of the churches, of which there are sixty in all, including chapels of communities. All are splendid and magnificent edifices, with gilded walls adorned with rich paintings; we saw several altars of massive gold and silver. We visited the church of St. Rose of Lima, the chapel where her relics repose, and her little cell, not more than five feet and not high enough for one to stand erect. Deep was our emotion when we found ourselves in the hallowed spot where this great saint received so many favors, and we did not leave it before we had addressed many fervent prayers to this favored servant of God. The riches of this church seem boundless; the holy relics are enshrined in massive silver and the entire place shines with gold and silver. The incidents of the life of the Patroness are depicted on the walls.

Mr. Bosch, the Belgian Consul, and his wife paid us a visit; the latter kindly sent us provisions for the remainder of our voyage. Do you not admire the care of Divine Providence for us? We should consider ourselves guilty of the basest ingratitude if we allowed any feeling of diffidence to enter our minds for an instant.

This afternoon we leave the capital of Peru, fervently praying that one day our Sisters may establish themselves there. I will finish my ac-

count at Vancouver, where we hope to arrive before you receive this letter, but, my dear Mother, when shall we receive a letter from you and our dearly beloved Sisters? Great as the sacrifice is, it does not arouse in us any regret; on the contrary, we assure you, the farther we advance, the more we thank our Lord for the enviable mission He has given us."

Following the sojourn at Valparaiso, Father De Smet writes the Mother General one of his characteristic letters, full of enthusiastic appreciation of his little colony of nuns:

He declares that "modesty will have prevented them from saying anything in praise of their conduct which has been as truly edifying on land as on sea." "I hesitate," he adds, "to speak of their noble conduct, as you know better than I the firmness of character and solidity of virtue in each . . . It is to your prayers and those of the Sisters, whose memory they love to recall, that we attribute our deliverance from the dangers that threatened us in the terrible storm we encountered. Continue to pray that the Lord may lead us safely to Oregon. The hope of that region rests with your Sisters."

At the beautiful Pentecost season, the travelers left Lima, to the great regret of the pious populace. Here they parted from the zealous Father Gomila, who set out thence to the South African Missions. The captain of *The Indefatigable* calculated on making Vancouver in twenty-five days, but he reckoned without the wind-powers. The sea was calm, so calm that they had the privilege of almost daily Mass; but almost twice the scheduled time passed and the shores of Oregon were not yet in view.

The devotions of the Month of Mary were held on shipboard; on the temporary piano altar was set a beautiful copy of Murillo's Mother of God. Around this humble shrine the missionaries gathered in love and devotion, with pious canticles and fervent prayers to the Heavenly Queen, The Foamy Ocean's Star. We may say in passing that this little picture is still treasured in California under the name of "The Foundation Madonna"; the last house founded has always the privilege of retaining it. The Month of The Sacred Heart was celebrated in like man-

ner, and during it the promised novena of thanksgiving was made to St. Joseph in gratitude for their preservation from pirates. On June 5th, the equator was crossed for the second time, and on the following day, Feast of Corpus Christi, the hours were passed in loving adoration (in spirit) at the beautifully adorned altar in the far-off Belgian convent home. On the Feast of The Sacred Heart, June 15, the usual five Masses were celebrated with more than usual devotion, and the day spent in spiritual joy, closing at twilight with a few long-restrained tears. To dry the flow, a practical discourse on "Sadness" (doubtless a la Père Rodrigues) was delivered by Father Vercruysse. We may suppose it had due effect, for we hear of no further evidences of nostalgia. On July 5th, the Tropic of Cancer was crossed in very rough weather. Everyone was becoming uneasy about provisions; supplies were giving out; only salt meat and biscuits remained. Rations, never too good, were cut down. The sailors grumbled. Worst of all, the captain fell ill; he was already a victim of tuberculosis developed to consumption. The Sisters were undaunted. "God, who has cared for us thus far, will continue His protection," they said, but they added pathetically, "Ah, in Belgium they have ceased to pray. They believe that we have arrived at our destination, and we are tossed on the sea, beaten by contrary winds, and by waves that threaten constantly to engulf us."

On July 17th, the Sisters began to pack their trunks and to prepare their stores for landing, since it was expected that within two days at most they would enter the Columbia River, but alas, a wild northeaster drove the vessel far in a contrary direction. The journal goes on:

"A mournful silence prevailed. Contrary winds kept us out at sea, and the provisions were almost exhausted. We were eating the last ham, already in such state of decomposition that the odor was insupportable.



PRIMITIVE CAR SERVICE, ALAMEDA AVE., SAN JOSE, CALIF.

There remained but a little water; the provisions laid in at Lima were consumed. With deep feelings of gratitude we recalled the kindness of that hospitable city. Heaven seemed deaf to our supplications. 'Ah,' we said, 'prayers have ceased for us in Belgium.' . . . We shall never forget the Feast of St. Ann. The Rev. Jesuit Fathers and we resolved to make a vow to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the conditions of which we would fulfill as soon as we made a foundation. The formula was drawn up by Rev. Father De Smet, who recited it in the name of all."

The conditions of this vow were: abstinence on the first Saturday after their safe landing, as on the eve of the Assumption and the Nativity of Our Lady, the Purification and the Annunciation. On these festivals, each priest was to celebrate Mass, and the Sisters to receive Holy Communion in honor of the Immaculate Heart, as well as to recite the Rosary and the Litanies in honor of Mary Immaculate. These pious exercises were to be continued for three years. Still, as if to test their faith, Heaven seemed deaf to their supplication. Father De Smet refers to this:

"We conceived the happy idea of making a vow and sought refuge in Mary's Immaculate Heart."

"The fury of the storm lashed the sea into mountainous waves that rose twenty-five feet above the vessel. Destruction seemed imminent. We all made good confessions and confidently placed our lives in God's hands. Toward evening, I went on deck and saw a sight that rejoiced my heart. Floating on the water was a seaweed called 'Adam's Needle', which indicated the proximity of land. Gradually the wind subsided and once more we took heart. . . . On July 28th, the shores of Oregon loomed before us. . . . What emotion at the sight of that vast country where for lack of missionaries thousands of men are born, grow to manhood and die in the darkness of infidelity! But now, through our efforts, the greater number, if not all, shall know the truth."

The Sisters are not less enthusiastic.

"I can not depict to you, my dear Mother," they write to Mère Constantine, "the emotion your children felt at the sight of that land so ardently desired, the object of so many prayers and vows."

At ten o'clock, they retired to their cabin to chant the *Te Deum*. They were but fifteen leagues from the mouth

of the Columbia. The worst, however, the passage of the bar, was yet to come, but they did not allow the slightest sentiment of doubt and diffidence to daunt their spirits. They relied on the Omnipotent, who had thus far protected them, even miraculously. Masses were offered in succession in honor of The Most Holy Trinity, Mary Star of The Sea, The Holy Angels, St. Joseph, and St. Francis Xavier, who had dared so many perils of land and sea in seeking the salvation of souls. Nor were the souls in Purgatory forgotten; Father De Smet promised to offer the Holy Sacrifice for an entire year for their deliverance. All seemed unavailing.

A dense fog covered the mouth of the glorious river which was dashing with its wonted fury into the surging deep. Realizing the dangers of this passage even at this day when physical science has done so much to control the rage of nature, we can imagine the sentiments of the voyagers in their frail bark, shattered by tempests, with tattered sails and broken masts, as they gazed from their drifting deck at that wild forbidding shore and mist-hung channel. Yet had they faith in Him who once on the storm-lashed sea of Galilee had commanded, "Peace, be still."

We are rather surprised to find Sister Loyola suggesting a return to Lima. Father De Smet replied that it would be more feasible to go on to California and thence proceed to Oregon by land.

At ten o'clock, July 30th, they turned toward the bar, but observations from the topmast showed it inadvisable to enter. Suddenly a vessel appearing revived their hopes, but it seemed to be forced into harbor. They then began to fear it was a man-of-war, since the territory was disputed ground, and they had been warned of this possibility at Valparaiso. So passed the day in dread and doubt, rendered endurable only by trust in Divine Providence.

Next morning, July 31st, the mate solicited permission to try the bar; the captain, now in an almost dying condition, assented to the lowering of the life-boats to make the investigation. It was a dangerous attempt, as they had no chart. Meantime the Sisters celebrated as best they could the feast of their Superior, Sister Loyola. The Rev. Jesuit Fathers contributed to the solemnity, as it was the patronal feast of their Company. In the little salon, they gathered about Sister Loyola and offered their homage of affection, presenting her with a beautiful painting of The Sacred Heart, given them by the kind and thoughtful Father De Smet for the occasion. Thus they preserved the touching traditions of their convent life, even in the face of death and of death in its dire form, shipwreck or starvation. This painting is treasured in the province house of California. By a happy coincidence it was chosen to ornament the altar of the temporary chapel at San Jose in the terrifying days of the earthquake, 1906.

It had been agreed that the mate would give a signal when he reached his goal. Long waiting brought no sign. About eleven o'clock he returned with the information that he had entered the river mouth and found the depth of the channel not less than thirty fathoms. The passage was practicable. This was an untruth to lure the captain into the attempt, for it was discovered later that he had not crossed the bar. But the deception at the time filled all with joy.

"We advanced slowly," says the chronicle, "toward the mouth of the Columbia, as there was a slight breeze. The sky was beautiful with a more brilliant sunshine than we had seen for days. Sentiments of hope and fear alternated as we approached the formidable barrier. Every one was endeavoring to prepare for whatever God might send."

Father De Smet, as quoted before, writes:

"But the spirit of evil fought desperately to delay the landing of those whose conquest it dreaded. . . . As we advanced, breakers indicated the

presence of a sand bar several miles in length; a reef of rocks running across the river seemed to impede our passage. . . . Before long, a launch taking soundings came alongside. The sailors' serious faces boded no good; one hardly dared question them. As the boat advanced, our prayers redoubled."

They had now reached the breakers that cross the opening of the channel for a stretch of five miles, and offer terrific obstacle to the most experienced pilot. Two men lashed to the side of the ship began to sound.

"Seven fathoms."

Ominous enough, but imagine the terror at the cry,

"Six fathoms."

"Five fathoms."

"Three fathoms."

At this, the captain called out wildly, "We are between life and death."

"Four fathoms," and hope revives; but again,

"Three fathoms," and the listeners are plunged into despair.

The ship was on the shallows. There were still two miles of breakers to the coast. At this the mate called out, "We have made a mistake, sir, the stream divides into two arms and *we have taken the wrong one."*

The wretched captain, either inspired or desperate, or perhaps in the delirium of fever, called out frenzied to his crew,

"Bah, THE INDEFATIGABLE passes everywhere. Go on."

"It was evident," continues the journal, "that the merciful Hand of God guided us. Five minutes later we entered the river without the least difficulty."

They had been three hundred feet out of their course in the yet untraveled and uncharted southern channel. Well might Father De Smet exclaim, "We have escaped by miracle," for never before had a ship entered by that arm of the giant stream.

CHAPTER IV

Blazing the Trail

St. Paul's, Willamette



HOUGH realizing to some extent their danger on the sand bars of the cruel as well as beautiful Columbia, the missionaries did not have their awful situation fully impressed upon them until they were safely landed after their miraculous rescue. An American guide, who, accompanied by a party of braves, came aboard when they were secure in the channel, assured them that he had been most anxious to come to their assistance, but his Indians had absolutely refused to go with him; in their dramatic fashion, they had rent their robes to mourn the dead. The commander at Fort Astoria had witnessed their distress the evening previous, and had lighted a beacon on Cape Disappointment. This the crew had taken for a snare. The garrison had signalled with guns and had done all in its power to show the right channel. The captain of a ship in port had also tried to reach them, but in vain. On their entrance the natives swarmed about the vessel, somewhat to the alarm of the Sisters, who were startled at their queer cries and uncouth costume. The narrative relates naively:

"We found them very reserved, very self-possessed, and very circumspect in their words. We gave all our guests a drink . . . of warm coffee."

One of the tribe brought a present of fresh salmon and some vegetables, very welcome refreshment to those who had dined for weeks on salt meat and hard-tack.

The commander of Fort Astoria, Captain Burney, came on board with an offer to guide the uncharted vessel fur-

ther through the channel. The courtesy was gladly accepted.

At the Fort, the Sisters were hospitably entertained by Capt. and Mrs. Burney. They declare themselves charmed with the captain's daughters, who, of course, immediately want to go to school to the Sisters. The narrator records their admiration at the magnificence of the gigantic, almost impenetrable forest, which must have indeed appeared a marvel of stupendous majesty to eyes accustomed to the comparatively flat, monotonous scenery of the Netherlands. The vast river rolling seaward draws forth even more enthusiastic exclamations, and, small wonder, for if it is even now, when blighted by the scars of industrialism, an object of awe and admiration. What must it have appeared in its virgin splendor to those sea-wearied eyes!

"The Columbia presents successively all phases capable of enchanting the traveler. The sweet murmur of the waters, clear as crystal, from streams hidden under the rocky defiles, mingles with the deafening roar of the numerous cascades; nothing more varied than its course and nothing more varied than its banks shaded by gigantic trees. We saw several little islands garlanded with verdure and festooned with flowers. Here should our artists come to sketch scenes of unparalleled beauty."

Father De Smet, who had gone to meet Father Blanchet at Vancouver, and to arrange for lodging the Sisters, returned to Astoria on August 5 with the welcome tidings:

"Everyone awaits you. The news received from our Fathers laboring in the Rockies is most consoling. The entire nation of the Coeur d'Alene has been converted and there have been six hundred baptisms among the tribes of New Caledonia. . . . Oh! let us thank the good God who has guided us in so extraordinary a manner and who has so wonderfully disposed all things!"

About seven, on August 5, they arrived at Vancouver, where they were warmly welcomed by the commander, the famous Dr. John McLoughlin, "The Lion of the North", the hero of the Oregon country, whose story is

so admirably told by his biographer, Frederick V. Holman, that details would be superfluous. His tactful treatment of the Indians, his conciliatory policy, and his sterling honesty were equalled only by his fervent practice of the religion to which he had been converted. He was, as far as was possible, a zealous apostle of the faith and, in its practice, a shining exemplar. The admiring visitor writes:

"It is a great benefit to have this good Catholic at the head of the Hudson Bay Co. He protects our holy religion and never ceases to uphold it by word and example; he presides at all the devotions at the Fort. Everything is in accord with military order, and resembles the regularity of a religious community. When the chaplain is absent, the commander recites aloud the morning and evening prayers, and gives an exhortation to the Indians in the service of the Company. The Divine Office is celebrated here, and they distribute blessed bread at Mass."

After eight days of delay, Father Blanchet arrived from Vancouver to conduct the party to the Mission. The interview between this holy priest, soon to be raised to the bishopric, was fraught with deep emotion. The Sisters regarded with the greatest reverence this apostolic missionary, of whom they had heard much from his confrère, Father De Smet, and to whom they were to look as spiritual guide and father in this far-off wilderness. We may suppose that he, in turn, was stirred with sentiments of admiration for the little band of ardent spirits who had journeyed over more than half the globe to devote themselves to his poor savage flock in works of sacrifice and mercy. "You have full scope," he declared, "the natives look for you, and the good that you will do is incalculable. It is a pity that you are but six."

As smallpox had broken out at Vancouver, the missionary was all the more anxious to hasten the departure of his aids. Thus, on August 14th, they began preparations for departure in a large boat kindly provided for them by

Dr. McLoughlin. This relieved the Sisters, who seem to have feared the entrusting of their precious "boxes" to the frail canoes of the Indians. The genial host, his wife and several guests accompanied the Sisters to the wharf with expressions of regret that the colony could not settle at the Fort.

One painful parting remained; one touching farewell was to be said, that to the dauntless skipper of *The Indefatigable,* which had been their ark of safety, their home and convent, as it were, for seven long months of storm and calm. Emotion was strong on both sides; the brave fellow was in the last stages of the cruel malady, and it was evident that the return voyage would finish his course on the sea of time. To the little group, the parting was like breaking the last tie which bound them to home, friends, and all that had been dearest. One last look they cast on the faithful vessel, then entered their boat and turned their faces westward. The sacrifice was consummated.

After about an hour's rowing, the boat was moored for the night's encampment. The good-natured Canadians did all in their power to render the Sisters comfortable by building a fire and erecting a tent, of which the chronicler writes: "It sheltered us no more than if we had slept under the shining stars." She runs on blithely: "Although we had but the ground for table and our heels for chairs, our appetites were not impaired."

After supper came evening prayers and Litanies in which the whole camp joined. The Sisters then withdrew to their improvised canvas convent, and, as it was a few minutes before their scheduled bedtime, they profited by the interim to "laugh to their heart's content".

Next day was the Feast of The Assumption of Our Lady, but the actual celebration had been postponed till

the Sunday in the Octave. However, the Sisters helped Father De Smet and his parishioner-escort to erect a temporary altar on the river banks. Here Mass was celebrated and all communicated, after which Rev. Father Blanchet addressed a moving exhortation on devotion to the Queen of Heaven, to his varied audience. What were the sentiments of the Sisters in this solemnization of their favorite feast in the Oregon wilderness, we can better imagine than describe. They give no comment; their hearts were too full for words. Currents of pain and joy must have alternated on the clear mirror-like surface of their souls.

They then advanced slowly up the river to the Falls of the Willamette, which they reached at five in the evening. The next day their luggage was transported around the Falls, and at noon they re-embarked, thinking before evening to arrive at St. Paul's; but in this they were mistaken, for they encamped for the night on a sand-bank where they were drenched by mists, and punctured by mosquitoes. To continue in the language of the annals:

"On August 17th, eve of the celebration of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, one of the most beautiful days of our lives, we came in sight of the dear Mission which we had so long and earnestly desired to reach. An hour later we were all kneeling in the church of Willamette, as lowly as the Stable of Bethlehem, there to adore our Divine Savior and to thank Him. There all the privations and sufferings we had endured during our long voyage seemed as nothing. Having rendered homage to our Lord, we returned thanks to her whom we call 'Our Life, Our Sweetness and Our Hope', to Mary, our good Mother from whom we received the sweetest consolation. It was under the protection of her Immaculate Heart that we left our native land, and it was on the Feast of her Holy Heart that we reached our home in this new country for which we had so zealously sighed. The *Te Deum* was sung, after which Benediction was given by Rev. Father De Smet.

"We employed the remainder of the day in unpacking, and in preparing the rooms which we were to occupy. On Sunday, from eight in the morning, the crowd of men, women and children began to gather to assist at the offices of the great Feast. Some had started the preceding day, and a great many had traveled five or six leagues. They bring provisions with them

and remain the whole day of the Feast, in order to lose none of the exercises of piety. At nine o'clock, the bell rang for Mass; the immense throng advanced to the church with the utmost recollection and in profound silence. The men filed to one side, the women to the other, in admirable order. Twenty acolytes surrounded the altar, the fervor of their hearts was depicted on their faces. We might have thought we were assisting at Mass in some grand cathedral, the Bishop celebrated with such dignity. The scarcely civilized savages, his parishioners, have the faith, the devotion and fervor of the primitive Christians.

"After the Gospel, the Bishop gave an exhortation to his flock; he was overcome with deep emotion when referring to the Sisters. 'Mark,' he said, 'it is not our Superiors in Canada who have sent these good religious who are with you today, it is a strange Bishop, moved by our need of instruction, and the Superior-General of these dear Sisters, who consented to let them come to a distant country, guided solely by the interest they have in your souls, and in those of your children. How much gratitude this gift from the Blessed Virgin demands on our part! To prove our gratitude the Rosary will be recited in common for eight days, in every family, for the preservation of the health of these good religious whom Heaven sends us, for the kind Bishop and Superior-General, who have made such a sacrifice, and finally, for all our benefactors in the good work. This is not all, my children, to preserve the remembrance of this happy arrival among us; I feel inspired to change the Patron of our Mission Church. Instead of the Holy Apostle, St. Paul, whom we shall continue to honor, I proclaim the Blessed Virgin, Queen of the Mission, and the Festival of the Assumption will be that of the parish. Every year we shall celebrate the Feast with redoubled pomp.' Moreover, the Bishop announced that, on the following Thursday, a special Mass of Thanksgiving, followed by the *Te Deum,* would be offered. At twelve o'clock, the priests were still distributing the Holy Communion.

"On our leaving the church, a number of women and children gathered about us. I wish we could tell you, dear Mother, the marks of gratitude showered on us. Like us you would be moved to tears. How many times we say to ourselves, 'Our Sisters will scarcely believe all that we tell them.' O, how much good there is to be done in this delightful mission!"

On the 22nd, as announced, the Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated. The Sisters had decorated a little altar of the Blessed Virgin with candelabra and wild flowers in the center of the church. At the end of the *Te Deum,* the Bishop pronounced an Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Sisters were deeply impressed by the paternal tenderness of the good Bishop.

Thus far we have followed the story as told by Sister Mary Aloysia, who, though she does not disguise the difficulties, rather emphasizes the consoling side of the events in her desire to save the Namur household undue anxiety. Sister Mary Catherine, rather downright than idealistic, thus writes:

"In the letters written by our dear Sister Mary Aloysia, it will be remarked that this good Sister took great pains to show our worthy Mother the roses we gathered on our mission. It is my purpose to show the thorns that grew with them . . . all know that there is no rose without a thorn."

From her narrative we cull further details of the trip down the Willamette from Vancouver. She describes an invasion of mosquitoes, as well as other "insects" not to be mentioned to ears polite; so thick were the former that they prevented the worshipers from seeing the celebrant at Mass. They added much to the discomfort of the novel experience of sleeping in the open. To resume:

"After camping out a second night, we passed The Falls and reached Oregon City, where we disembarked. Five miles of forest lay between us and our destination. After a few moments' wait, a heavy wagon rolled up; its bed consisted of two beams; a few slats attached to four rough uprights formed its sides; there were no seats; passage must be made standing. In we climbed, each as best she might. I clung fast to one of the uprights, assuring my companions that in that position there was no peril. The corpse of the sacristan's wife, taken on at Oregon City, was placed in front, and off we started. We who stood had to take care lest we fell."

The roads were in keeping with the vehicle. We can thus imagine the jolting rivaled *The Indefatigable* in the roughest swells. After several hours of this torment, they came in sight of the structure dignified by the name of "college", a large dirty shack then vacant; its former occupants had been thirty half-breed boys, which sufficiently expresses its condition. A deserted class room served as a sleeping apartment, and in this they took up their temporary abode. The graphic *raconteur* continues:

"The night is best passed over in silence. Suffice to say, it was sleepless. Its sequel was a vigorous scrubbing of the apartment next morning."

That some of the party contracted fever (malaria) is not surprising. The first victims were Sisters Mary Aloysia and Norbertine. Catechism lessons had, however, been announced. Thus Sister Mary Cornelia and Sister Mary Catherine went to the edge of the forest, where, seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, they began the instruction of the women and children for the Sacraments. Four times a day they repeated the same lesson. In the interim, Sister Mary Catherine did the washing by placing a cauldron under a huge oak tree. Water had to be fetched from the stream, about three hundred feet distant; consequently, and particularly as Sister was no adept in the art, the work progressed slowly. Sister Loyola could give no aid, as all her time was occupied with the sick. The amount of clothing that had piled up since they left Lima can be imagined; thus the task was no light one. Some of the good-hearted squaws, perhaps inly amused at the Sister's bungling, came to her rescue.

Sister Mary Cornelia, meantime, was "trying with the aid of a few squaws to find the floor of the church under the crust of dirt that covered it". A description of the church of the future Bishop Blanchet, given by Sister Loyola, follows: An enclosure of forty by twenty feet, with a floor of rather unsteady character, owing to the total absence of nails, and a rude roof supported by four posts; rough beam benches; a tabernacle of unpainted pine, covered in part by a coarse piece of cotton; wall decoration of three or four prints (doubtless highly colored), with groupings of sixteen or twenty saints on each, pious, if not artistic economizing. This, however, is offset by the sincere piety of the poor savages, and Sister Loyola bursts forth fervidly:

"But, my dear Mother, in this poor sanctuary where reposes the King of kings, how many living tabernacles embellished with lively faith! How devoutly these poor children of the forest come and prostrate themselves in adoration before Jesus Christ, and partake of the banquet of His love!"

The generous labor of the Sisters in cleaning the badly neglected church astounded, as it impressed, the devoted rector. Furthermore, they brought forth treasures from their scanty hoard to ornament the altar, and they adorned the rough timbers with graceful festoons of trailing vines and wild blooms of the forest. The parishioners were in an ecstasy of admiration when they entered the church on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, and their joy more than repaid the Sisters for their arduous efforts. As a proof of their appreciation, the congregation in a body conducted the community to their convent at the end of Mass. Invited to enter, they viewed with wonder and delight a devotional statue of the Infant Jesus, crowding about it, some with tears of deep emotion, for the simple hearts of these children of nature are quick to feel and have not, as have the civilized, learned the art of concealing their sentiments, which, on the whole, are not deep. Their responsiveness, however, was a consolation to the missionaries as yet unacquainted with their actual character.

Instructions for the Sacraments went on. The ages of the pupils ranged from sixteen to sixty. The aged were naturally slow to grasp the truths, and the young were often heavy-minded. Half a day was required for the mastery of the Sign of the Cross and the Our Father. Their eagerness to learn, notwithstanding, was touching; women and children brought their meagre provision with them and slept in the woods that they might gain time. On one occasion, it was discovered that a poor squaw had been two days without food, as a dog had made off with her scanty supply, and, rather than lose her lesson by return-

ing to her encampment, she had remained fasting. Such heroic instances fed the zeal of the missionaries and filled them with pious gratitude.

The number of neophytes increased rapidly, and the work redoubled. An old squaw of eighty years was pupil of Sister Mary Cornelia, who exercised infinite patience in her regard. It was pitiful to see her endeavoring day by day to repeat the simple prayers that her feeble mind could not retain. "Ah, Father," she exclaimed sadly to the good rector who was encouraging her, pointing to her withered forehead, "look at this old face; nothing more can enter there." Truly touching is the grateful affection which these poor neophytes strove to manifest by gifts of fruit and vegetables from their little holdings.

Father Mengarini, S. J., visited the mission in mid-September. To Father De Smet he brought tidings of his beloved "Flatheads", who were eager to see once more the face of their apostle. The poverty of this saintly missionary greatly edified the Sisters, who made efforts to replenish his threadbare wardrobe. These mountain missionaries followed the tribes in their constant migrations, and in all things conformed themselves to their ways of living. This implies keen suffering, for they often subsisted on wild herbs and forest moss, while enduring bitter cold and all the hardships of exposure; especially was this so in the hunting season. There is no doubt that the zeal and sacrifice of these heroic priests was an object lesson to the Sisters and that their devotedness which they greatly admired and chronicled with praise, did much to encourage themselves to bear many privations and to continue in their arduous labors. For they must have suffered intensely, though nowhere in the record do we find a word of complaint, not a solitary murmur at a lot from which they must have recoiled by birth and education. There is little romance about

the real Indian, and it must have taken all their faith and love to see in those benighted creatures the Image of the God Eternal.

Meantime, a house was begun as a convent and boarding school. There was a need for the latter, as some families, not of the native tribes, but settled in the wilderness, desired to entrust their children to the nuns as "boarders", though most of these were a mixed race, of French Canadian fathers and Indian mothers. Lacking workmen, the building of the house fell largely to the nuns themselves. The entry for September 24th reads:

"Our house has as yet neither doors nor windows; nevertheless we are desirous at all costs to occupy it. It is difficult to secure laborers, though we pay high wages. It becomes necessary that we put a hand to it. Sister Mary Aloysia will paint the doors.

"The house was not plastered; we went to the woods and gathered moss to stop up the holes in the joinings. Our chapel was quite large and Father Langlois very kindly sent us some strips of matting which we used to ornament the walls and which protected us from the cold while we were at prayer."

Few will read these lines without emotion. But what will be the sentiments of those to whom these names are more than a mere roll-call, those whose memories clothe the barren words with the spirit of breathing form? Who without sentiments of admiration can view these noble women, reared in culture and refinement, nurtured in the hallowed atmosphere of Religion's sanctuary, surrounded by all the loving tenderness which spiritual affection creates, who unmoved will view them burying themselves in a wilderness to devote their lives to the instruction of wretched savages and half-breeds, enduring every hardship for the welfare of the most abandoned of Christ's fold! When personal knowledge of, and friendship with, the individual is added to the grasp of facts, we feel that many will say such a record might be well written in gold. And it is so written,

not in our human annals, but in the Book of The Eternal Years.

The brief recreation time was devoted to the study of barbarous Tchinouch; this in order to facilitate their work of instruction of the women, and as the wise narrator adds, "It was useful in discovering the inclinations of the children who used it when out of temper."

This accomplishment was not so difficult, as the dialect was limited to about 100 words.

On October 16th, they entered their new house. The rains were early, and the loose roof gave entrance to floods which drenched their beds, but, as Sister Loyola remarks, "did not prevent us from sleeping soundly." Their great joy was the presence of the Most Holy Sacrament. When the King of Glory came to dwell under their humble roof, as if to share their tribulations and their simple joys, their souls were flooded with happiness beyond words. The privilege of Exposition was permitted them on the entrance of the Master, and the day was passed in rejoicings. This jubilation is voiced in the chronicle in words hardly translatable in our colder tongue.

On October 18th, the women who had been under instruction received their First Holy Communion in the parish church. The Sisters who witnessed the ceremony were filled with consolation, and felt amply repaid for all their patient labor, by the devotion, simple faith, and sincere happiness of these humble creatures admitted to the Table of the King.

In mid-November, Father Blanchet sailed for Europe to recruit a force of laborers, among them a second colony of Sisters of Notre Dame. The utter destitution of this saintly priest gave the community an opportunity of manifesting their gratitude by supplying him with a suitable outfit. Sister Loyola writes, "It is in hunger,

thirst, and nakedness that he has raised the standard of the Cross and has rallied about it the poor Indians of Willamette."

A letter of Sister Mary Aloysia to the Mother General gives information concerning the opening of the "boarding school":

"On December 2, we were ready. Oh how much joy you would experience at seeing these poor people conduct their children to school. On the first day we received eleven. Three of them were orphans. On account of the scarcity of manufactured goods, even the children of the wealthier class can not be sufficiently provided for. It is next to impossible to obtain cloth. When a small blanket costs $10.00, you can judge of the price of other woven goods. Currency is not the fashion here; payments are made in produce. Feminine vanity is evident even in our little girls, though the form it takes is peculiar; for instance, a bit of red or yellow ribbon. We are sending you a sample of the foot gear; leather is very scare here. A piece of cloth wound to the knee serves for both shoe and stocking. These folds are frequently ornamented with varicolored beads wrought in fanciful designs."

Sister Loyola adds:

"We began to receive the boarding pupils in accord with the desire of the Bishop,[1] although many things were yet wanting to their comfort. We have but one stove in the house and that in the kitchen. The cold of approaching winter is severe, and even near the stove we are almost freezing."

The poor little ones who wore no shoes had their feet frozen and the Sisters spend part of their evening recreation on their knees before the sufferers, striving to alleviate their pain by rubbing the feet with olive oil.

The prospectus contains the following unique "fees for three months":

100 lbs. flour or lard,	1 bag salt
or 36 lbs. beef	3 doz. eggs
4 lbs. tallow	4 lbs. candles
1 bag potatoes	1 lb. tea
3 bags peas	4 lbs. rice

[1]In the annals the future title of Father Blanchet is anticipated.

With these supplies from the more comfortable, the mission band was able to support a number of wretched children abandoned in the surrounding forests, whose pitiful condition appealed to their sympathetic hearts. But the need of clothing was a crying one. Later on Sister Loyola writes:

"I have been obliged lately to buy coarse stuff, a common gray material, and that at *three dollars a yard.* During the rainy season, we are knee-deep in mud; cotton dresses would last no time. I often wish for the Belgian *half-cloth.*"

Four Indian girls were sent them, whose trousseau was a single garment hanging from their shoulders. The young flock is characterized by Sister Mary Aloysia with her wonted idealism:

"On the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Rev. Father Devos, S. J., celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost, after which he gave a little instruction to the children on the benefits of a Christian education. At ten o'clock, we heard the school bell ring for the first time since our departure from Belgium. As usual, during the first days, the children were very timid, but they soon manifested themselves. We discover in our pupils, with other defects, a strong inclination to insubordination. If we require something from them contrary to their habits, they answer, *'Wake! Wake!'* in such a way that it is difficult to persist. When we address them, they answer frequently, *'Flanch,'* it is good; or again, *'Ekita Maika,'* what do you want? But they are good hearted, and in all their defects there is no malice. All comes from a want of training. The mothers are Indians, and the Canadian fathers are so busy in providing for their needs that, though good Christians, they have no time to improve the manners of their children. We have great confidence that in a short time we shall see a great improvement in them, for the success of the past two months presages much for the future. One child baptized while with us was obliged to go back to her mother; although but two months with us, she has become a little apostle and never tires of repeating the instruction she has received. Her people listen with lively interest, for they are eager to hear of all things pertaining to religion. What impresses the senses is what moves them, and it is not uncommon to see great tears in their eyes at the sight of a crucifix, or on hearing the explanation of its mystery. O, my dear Mother, when a teacher, surrounded by her little ones, sees them shed tears, their first tears, over the Passion of our Lord, how easily she forgets her pains, how fully all her sacrifices are repaid! We find these chil-

dren very intelligent; it did not take them two weeks to learn their letters. We hope soon to send you some samples of their writing. This week we taught them to sing a hymn after Mass, and the little voices are very agreeable; with training, I believe they will become good singers. Our curriculum is more varied than in Belgium. The women know nothing of housekeeping, and it is the desire of the Rev. Father De Smet, S. J., that we teach the children to cook, sweep, wash, milk the cows, etc. For this purpose, they take turns in helping the Sisters with the work of the house; every Friday Sister Mary Catherine does the washing, and though she has had no normal training in this function, she had become a phenomenon in the art.

"I am not afraid of wearying you, my dear Mother, by my details, for I feel you desire to learn all about these cherished children of your fold. Already they have learned to bless your name, for they know that, after God, it is to you they are indebted for the Christian instruction that they are receiving. At the beginning of January we had our first 'Award of Prizes'. Sister Superior made the distribution. If you could see how they appreciated a common little picture! They carry it, with joy and pride, to their parents, who fasten it to the wall of the home and make a sort of little oratory. As I have already said, these people are very religiously disposed. In our intercourse with them, we are led to admire the grace that God is pleased to shed on these truly simple souls. They never weary of listening to our instruction; in fact, we have to send them away. The mothers never have anything to say. The fathers do all the talking when the children are brought. 'Here, Sister,' one will say, 'my daughter enjoys a great happiness in being enabled thus to learn of the good God; we are great sinners only because we are ignorant.' Then, addressing the child, 'Hurry to learn many prayers and the catechism; then, when you come home, you will teach it to us.' One day Sister M. Albine saw a man looking very attentively at the report of a child. She asked him if he could read it. On his saying he could not, Sister read the notes for him. The card had some aspirations and good thoughts printed on it. When the child spelt them out for him he wept for joy. 'O, my child,' he cried, 'You will soon be able to read us some beautiful stories about God; you will soon be able to teach the prayers to your mother and brothers.'

"These good people ask, with great earnestness, for the explanation of the pictures given them. On one occasion, a laborer asked for a little picture as his sole wages for the day; Sister gave him a representation of Calvary. After the explanation, he still continued looking at the picture. 'Who is this?' he asked, pointing to St. Mary Magdalen. Sister Albine related briefly the history of the saint. 'I heard something about her,' he answered, 'but I thought she was the sister of the Blessed Virgin! And, our Lord, had he any brother?' he asked. Sister Albine was very glad of the opportunity of instructing this good man."

Not only frozen feet but repulsive skin diseases, the result of filth and vermin, unscientifically termed "insects", called for the gentle ministry of the nuns. Even strong-minded Sister Loyola writes tenderly, "The state of the poor children drew tears from our eyes."

The children slept on the upper floor, each wrapped in a blanket, under a roof which gave scant protection from the cold. One narrator declares that on entering the place one experienced a sensation similar to entering a tomb. There were huge cracks in the floor of the dormitory, and, despite the strenuous efforts of the immaculate Belgians, the filthy condition of some of the half-breeds, and of the Indians generally, was a menace to health. The disgusting vermin even fell on the dining table through the apertures of the ceiling. Though such details may not be in good form, we feel justified in admitting them to the narrative. If these cultured and refined women could endure the reality, we may tolerate the retrospect, and the reflection should wake only sentiments of reverence for their virile courage and sterling virtue.

The daily routine did not lack dramatic incidents. Wild animals abounded in the Oregon woods, and the hunger of winter, without lessening their ferocity, often drove them from their fastnesses to the framed enclosures. The slumbers of the colony are interrupted by the roaring of the mountain lions and the howling of wolves. These at times entered the yard and carried off fowls or again a portly "porker" which was to serve the slender larder for some weeks. One night the lay brother, returning from a trip to the neighboring mission, encountered a huge panther near the convent enclosure; he put spurs to his horse, believing his last hour had come, but luckily the creature, doubtless preferring the Sisters' chickens, did not give chase.

An account of the daily routine is given by Sister Mary Catherine:

"While some of us were busy in the interior of the house, others were occupied with out-door work, digging ditches, setting an orchard, making roads, irrigating our vegetable garden. The method of the last occupation was as follows: We put a large barrel on a wheel barrow which we rolled down to the stream, filled, and rolled back. This we repeated again and again."

The first clearing and planting extended to an orchard of six hundred square feet; in addition they laid out a large kitchen garden. Weeds presented a difficulty, and several hours daily had to be spent uprooting them. Their general economics may be deduced from, "We planted chicory as we had to make our coffee last for some time." Referring to the aid given by the pupils, Sister humorously remarks that "they assisted rather as spectators than as helpers." This was likewise true of the domestic employments in which they strove to train them, for they had undertaken the general instruction of the women in "housemanagement", and were hopeful of implanting seeds of *order* in the embryo housekeepers. The European manner of "washing" had no appeal to the forest maidens, and it was very difficult to keep them at it. Sister remarks, "We have always to promise them some recompense to stimulate their energy." She notes their inaptitude for "intellectual culture", but wisely concludes that many of them will never be called on for anything save domestic employment. They appear to have evinced some capacity for needle work, and the products of this industry are sold by the nuns for the support of the charity orphans, or abandoned children. She even notes that these stubby little fingers are laboring on a lace surplice to be presented to Bishop Blanchet on his return from Europe, an advance indeed on the primitive accomplishments of the half-breed housewives to be.

Knowing how sensible objects impress the Indian, the Sisters imitated the priests in giving as much splendor as possible to all religious celebrations:

"The chapel was blessed on Palm Sunday. We ornamented it as well as we could. A hanging of white calico covered the boards of the sanctuary; as we had not enough to conceal the rest of the chapel, the wind blew with full freedom through the cracks (about the width of a finger). The front of the altar is made of colored paper. The tabernacle is draped with two old curtains from a Namur class-room. The description may not impress one as magnificent, but this humble habitation is the dwelling place of Our Good Savior, who knows how to supply for all and makes us taste greater consolation than we ever experienced in the cathedrals of Europe."

Father Langlois, rector of the "college", kindly presented them with an organ. This was highly valued by the Sisters, as it added greatly to the solemnity of the chapel devotions. That little organ has an interesting history. When this valiant missionary, now broken with years and infirmities brought on by his incessant and arduous labors in the cause of Christ, was "retired" in San Francisco, the Superior of the Notre Dame convent there, then Sister Aloyse of the Cross, thoughtfully offered the venerated gift to the generous apostle as a means of beguiling his lonely hours, for this zealous priest was not only a lover of music but a talented interpreter of the highest in the art. How many memories of the far-off days in Oregon wilderness, the murmur of rivers and mountains, the sighing of forests, all the wild harmonies of the untold spaces must have mingled with the strains as he fondly fingered the keys in his little room at the seminary! What pictures rose before his dreaming eyes as beyond its narrow walls his gaze pierced the past, with its gleam of altar tapers in shadowed forests, and the dusky faces lifted in awe as, by the flickering flames of the watch fires, he lifted his Lord in solemn benediction, or when morning's gleam first glinted the quivering leaves, he offered the all-

atoning Sacrifice for his "savage" flock! After the kind missionary's passing to his eternal recompense, the precious little instrument lay silent, covered with dust of forgetful years until Rev. Father Cummings, the pastor of Mission Dolores, offered the precious relic to the Sisters, who gratefully received it and presented it to the museum of the provincial house at San Jose; it is still treasured as one of the most precious souvenirs of the Heroic Age.

"We solemnized the Month of Mary with due pomp. In the corner of the sanctuary we placed a little canopy covered with white muslin, and ornamented with field flowers which are far more beautiful here than in Europe. We placed about it all the candlesticks in our possession.

'The altar of Our Lady at Namur is not as beautiful as this!' exclaimed Sister Mary Aloysia.

'Nor at Ghent!' cried Sister Norbertine.

'Nor at Ixelles,' I added.

"We opened the Month with solemn Mass and Benediction. On every Saturday, the children sing the Litany of Our Lady and some hymn in her honor during Mass. We have asked the intercession of the Blessed Virgin for the conversion of sinners and for the spiritual enlightenment of our non-Catholic neighbors. Two influential Protestants have recently embraced the Faith."

Seeing the good effects of the devotions to Mary, Father Accolti exhorted them to arrange for the celebration of the Month of the Sacred Heart. The word came late at the close of May. Until almost midnight, they with hammer and saw labored at constructing an altar at which next day they offered "the homage of our hearts and the hearts of our children to the amiable Heart of this Good Savior."

Father Accolti had imbibed at the Roman College a marked devotion to St. Aloysius Gonzaga; this he instilled into the little ones. The "Six Sundays" in honor of this charming young saint were kept in the Oregon wilderness and this devotion was later transmitted to the boarding school at San Jose where it remained a beautiful tradition.

During the Carnival Season they had the privilege of the three days' Exposition of Reparation, the first time that this devotion was performed in the forest country. Of it Sister writes,

"Oh my dear Mother, the favor is doubly appreciated in a place like this where we are so often forced to exclaim *'God alone.'* Like us, the children were very assiduous in visiting Our Lord, although they scarcely understood the direct purpose of the devotion."

Four baptisms are recorded (one a conversion from Lutheranism) and a marriage, that of a young Indian girl to their indispensable "Baptiste." The bride, they note, is unable to speak French, and the ceremony is carried on through an interpreter. We are tempted to inquire in what language the gallant Baptiste wooed his Indian maid?

Baptiste is the *factotum* of the farm. He makes the bread, salts the meat, gathers the fuel, etc., etc. Notwithstanding, there is work enough for the Sisters, who, Sister Loyola declares, must each do the work of three. Sister Mary Albine who, in addition to the monastic charges of portress and sacristan, is infirmarian and seamstress for Sisters and pupils, assumed charge of the linen of the neighboring mission churches. She declares simply, "I do not know from which task I should ask to be dispensed; each gives me an occasion of practicing some virtue."

Of the Christmas festivities they write:

"We kept Christmas-tide as much as possible as they do in Europe, and we are happy to remark the good impression they made on our children. We had Midnight Mass and Exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament all day. Our chapel was like a little paradise. The Crib particularly attracted our pupils. How pleased the Divine Infant of Bethlehem must have been to have seen gathered at His Feet those who so vividly represent the shepherds who first adored Him at His birth! There is a beautiful custom here of a family reunion on Christmas Eve, at which they meet to thank God for the blessings enjoyed and to offer their good wishes for the New Year. Next morning the children receive

their parents' blessing. This is a very solemn ceremonial, and we strove to prepare our children to go through it with due dispositions. This deeply moved the parents, some of whom made the Sign of the Cross several times over their kneeling child. On the Epiphany, we tried to have a little feast similar to those we have in the boarding schools of Europe. We drew for the Three Kings whom we decorated with all the finery we could lay hold of. The entire community assisted at the *grand supper* in the evening."

The patronal feast of the Superior of the convent, St. Ignatius, though anticipated on account of the coming "Distribution," was kept with impressive ceremony. Large events appeal to these simple minds. The central feature of the entertainment was a dialogue or conversation on the Creation of the World, The Fall of Our First Parents, and The Redemption by Our Lord. The guest of honor declares:

"It surpassed my expectations, not only in the mastery of the subject matter but in the grace and dignity with which these little ones went through their parts. Why, we imagined that we had been transported to a boarding school in Belgium! The rest of the pupils *who wore for the first time their white uniforms* shared the surprise with us."

A picnic invariably follows the celebration of "Sister Superior's Feast" in every Notre Dame School. St. Mary's, Oregon, was no exception.

"On the day after the Feast, we gave the pupils a breakfast a la fourchette, and, about noon, we directed our steps toward the woods which are about ten minutes' walk from the house. Here the children amused themselves gathering berries. We prepared lunch under the shade of a large pine tree. At the moment we were about to seat ourselves at our grassy table, Baptiste arrived with pancakes still warm, sent by Sister Mary Catherine and Sister Albine, who were keeping house. They completed a most agreeable repast, sweetened by the thoughtful charity of the dear Sisters. The children gathered flowers and made them into bouquets to offer, at their return, to their favorite saints. The day passed most pleasantly. It also gave us an occasion to observe the children, who are always more themselves in recreation than in class. We noted many happy qualities of mind and heart. Nor did they weary of asking questions about everything around them, at times, communicating to us

their judicious reflections. They were very attentive on our walk, helping us up the hills, and drawing aside the branches that obstructed the way. One must not be nervous to enjoy a walk in the Oregon woods. It is not rare in the broad day-light to see wolves and mountain lions; as for snakes, we meet them at every step; we find them even in our vegetable garden, among our melons and cucumbers. I begin to frighten you, my dear Mother? Do not fear. We grow accustomed to everything when living in this country; besides we recognize a particular Providence. We have not yet heard of persons being attacked by these wild animals. We kill snakes, and we chase wild cattle as you would sweep a fly aside."

On the day itself the community observed the feast of the valorous Superior, their indefatigable captain of industry, as also their unselfish and, withal, sympathetic, and affectionate guardian. Their feelings must have been beyond human expression as they recalled the first celebration at the stormy bar of the Columbia, where, between life and death, they had loyally offered their felicitations. Noting this feast, Sister Loyola writes:

"What a charm in our simple festivals, where there is nothing done through mere formality and the heart alone speaks. The Sisters presented me a frame for The Holy Family in Egypt, given me by Father De Smet. The picture is suggestive. Like Mary and Joseph we have come to another Egypt. They strove to render one another happy, and so we find our joy in our simple community life; like them we live on what Providence sends."

In this little sketch of church and school feasts, the past pupils of Notre Dame will find a striking similarity to their own happy school-day activities. So have the good old customs been handed down from generation to generation in convent traditions, from these primitive delights in the wild Willamette woods to our own days of sated enjoyment. The pupils whose happiness is so carefully sought and so lovingly prepared for, are here rude, semi-savage children of the wilderness, daughters of tribe women and trappers, often inheriting the worst traits of mother and father. Yet what sincere affection, what un-

failing devotedness shines forth in the accounts! How lightly the repulsive side is touched on, how graphically all the redeeming features are depicted! How merrily the hardships and dangers are glossed over or laughed down! The copper-faced maids in their "white uniforms," do they not make a picture that divides the emotions between the smile and the tear?

July 30th was set as the date of the first "Distribution." This great event was preceded by the traditional "public examination." The Vicar General, Father Demers, who assisted at this august function, is "agreeably surprised at the manner in which the children acquit themselves of the divers exercises." His admiration is shared by the parents of the pupils who come on "Exhibition Day."

To construct a temporary auditorium, a partition separating two classrooms is removed; the children are arranged in one apartment; the guests are seated in the other. "Our premiums," says the chronicle, "which would not have any value in Europe are the admiration of the parents and children. They consisted of prints, statues, booklets, cushions and prayer books (worth a few pennies). The pupils first entered, and thus entitled to full credits, received *seven* premiums. The others who came late had to be content with a modest reward and credit for application. . . . The exercises terminated with an address by Father Demers, in which he spoke of the progress made by the children in the space of eight months, of the trouble this training has cost their teachers, and of their responsibility to guard them during vacation that they might not lose the fruit of the school year."

They sent the Mother General samples of the students' penmanship and a letter of appreciation written by them. They would like to be able to send samples of their "plain sewing," since, with the material brought in the precious

boxes from Europe, had been made eighty dresses. Sister Mary Aloysia had been in charge of these "creations" and had constructed them with "no apprenticeship in the art."

On August 7th, under the guidance of Father Devos the community went into Retreat; the Superior, imitating the Blessed Foundress who at the beginning of the Institute had taken on herself the duties of Martha, that her Sisters might enjoy the consolations of Mary, undertook the work of the house with the aid of the children who remained for the vacation. They this time rose to the occasion, though, as we shall see, it required a little tact on the part of Sister to keep them steady. The work was heavy, as there was a good-sized farm with fowl, pigs and other livestock, including eighteen cows, to care for. Sister Loyola had become an adept since the goat-milking days on board *The Indefatigable;* she made butter and cheese with the best. Of her temporary assistants she writes:

"On August 7th, the Retreat began, directed by Rev. Father Devos Five Sisters followed the exercises, while assisted by the children, I undertook the work of the house. I had no idea the little girls could be of so great assistance. Some milked the cows, others aided in the kitchen and house work. They greatly respected the recollection of the Sisters which they seemed to envy. Often they would say to me: 'See how the Sisters, who have not an ugly heart, do penance, and we with such bad hearts do no penance!' They styled the Retreat 'Penance!' At other times they said: 'Let us hear the Father, it is good for us, too, to hear the Father!' During vacation, several of them went to confession for the first time, and you would have been touched, my dear Mother, with the happiness to which they gave expression in their frank manner. 'White our heart now. Our Lord is in it. We no more do evil. When you take us for Sisters we will be sure to love our Lord always; we also love Him a little!'

"A statue representing the Infant Jesus renders them almost beside themselves. The question seems to be which can show Him the most affection. They so dispute about caressing Him that, if we were to leave the image with them, it would hardly leave their hands entire. Pictures make the same impression on them, particularly those representing the

sufferings of our Lord. During the washing, in order to facilitate the surveillance, I advised them to construct, opposite the kitchen, a little altar, for which I lent them pictures and statues. This new occupation made them forget their rambles in the woods for nuts, etc. From early morning they sang, prayed, and meditated in their own fashion. When, one day, I had to call them from their little sanctuary to carry in the wood, as it threatened to rain, in order to interest them in the occupation, I proposed to teach them a prayer most agreeable to God, because accompanied with a little sacrifice. I said to them, 'We are going to make a pilgrimage. We will begin by singing a canticle. When we reach the end of the enclosure we shall each take a bundle of wood which we shall carry to the house!' The proposition was received with joy. We made the pilgrimage in silence. We returned to the chapel where I commenced the recitation of the Rosary. Seeing they enjoyed the devotion, after the first decade I proposed that we make a second pilgrimage in honor of God the Son, the first having been made in honor of God the Father; this was followed by a third in honor of the Holy Ghost. This had so much attraction for them that when the bell rang for lunch, they were not satisfied till I promised them they might afterwards continue their pilgrimage in honor of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Sister marvels at the simple fervor, faith and piety of the little ones."

The Retreat closed on the Feast of The Assumption of Our Lady, the anniversary of their arrival at St. Paul's; a day of memory and of hope, fraught with purest spiritual consolation it must have been to the generous missionaries, who in solitude and prayer had strengthened anew their souls for sacrifice.

Vacation lasts a month. In September, they welcome back their little flock, now forty-three "boarders"; it saddens them that they have to refuse five because they have no room to lodge them, and their "pecuniary resources" do not permit the enlarging of their building plant.

The children were then put as they style it "into penance," meaning retreat, which was conducted by the devoted Father Devos. This exercise terminated with a consecration to the Blessed Mother; several were enrolled in the confraternity of the scapular; two received their

First Holy Communion. The religious truths meditated on during the retreat made a deep impression on these simple minds, unspoiled by the artificiality of "civilization." The chronicle tells of one "difficult character" who, in the ardor of her repentance, "wept all day." Another brought to her teacher her written resolution of becoming a religious, begging her to show her this paper if her future conduct should at any time show forgetfulness of the high aim. Sister remarks that these prospective religious would require a rather extended postulate, and a yet longer novitiate. Although a marked improvement in their characteristic defects, particularly in stubbornness, is observed, the Sisters remember the old adage of the new broom sweeping clean, and anticipate developments. As a palliation of these childish faults, they remark the inadequacy of their knowledge of the French tongue in which they are being educated.

In the following October, a Sodality of The Holy Angels is established and the hope of soon inaugurating that of The Immaculate Conception is expressed. In accord with the precept of their Rule, they have endeavored to inspire their pupils with a fervent love of our Blessed Mother. In the annals they lament the absence of those wayside shrines to which they have been accustomed from childhood in Catholic lands. They determine to be the first to pay public homage to Our Lady by placing her image over their doorway, and thus manifesting to all who pass by their special devotion and consecration to her service. They also note the project of erecting in a far corner of their grounds, near the roadside, a little shrine to contain the image of Our Lady of Sorrows, which had been presented to them at Lima and said to be miraculous. Alas, for this they need the sum of *twenty dollars,* and they beg a prospective missionary, Sister

Mary Xavier, to collect this sum from charitable friends in Belgium, whose deed of benevolence they will repay with grateful prayers.

Sister Loyola gives details of her agricultural experiment station; barley and peas have been planted for the cows; a potato crop of fifty sacks is hoped for in the first yield. The remaining vegetables have not been very successful and the fruit trees are too young to bear, "but the Good God is careful to sweeten what would be otherwise insipid." Pumpkins are abundant; they have them almost daily. They have also become soap manufacturers, by mixing grease with oak ashes; of this, they say it is not "whitening" but it serves its purpose.

Thus passed two years with no news from the beloved mother-house at Namur. Although they have been hoping for such by every chance steamer, and they have taken every opportunity of sending on news of their "beautiful mission." At last, in November, 1846, a packet of letters reached them from Sister Louise and the Sisters of Cincinnati who took advantage of a mountain messenger to send greetings and cheer to their distant co-laborers. What this meant to the isolated colony may be easily imagined. The annalist writes pathetically. "One must be in a far-off country to understand how much happiness such glad tidings bring."

This joy was supplemented by a packet from Namur containing the glad news of the approbation of the Rule of the Order by His Holiness Gregory XIV, in a decree promulgated June 28, 1844. The poor Sisters had up to this time been very anxious concerning the fate of their letters and diaries. In a letter of October, 1845, Sister Loyola writes:

"An English vessel will sail this week and by it we send mail. We can not hear from you before November. Then two years will have elapsed

since we heard of you, dear Mother, of our loved Sisters and dear parents. This sacrifice is painful and a great grace is necessary to bear the privations it entails. Our last letters went *via* St. Louis and will be forwarded by our Sisters in Cincinnati. We are not without disquietude, as not long since a carrier opened mail addressed to the President of the United States. We hope Our Lord will not permit our little journal to go astray, since it is such joy to you to hear news of our far-off mission."

On receipt of the above packet from Namur, she writes:

"It would be impossible to express with what delight we received your cherished letters. We perused with deep emotion the lines written by our beloved Mother, and we lost the remembrance of those two years of weary waiting. Tears of joy burst forth in our transports of gratitude, and the day was passed in continual thanksgiving to Him who grants such visible protection to the Congregation."

Their spirits are cheered by the hope that other loved laborers are en route to their assistance. Daily almost, they look for the return of kind Father Blanchet and the generous souls who are coming from the cherished *maison mére* to take up a part of the burden that is weighing so heavily on their nigh exhausted shoulders.

A letter of the Rev. Father Demers addressed to the Mother General will form a fitting conclusion to this chapter. Its formal courtesy is no argument against its deep sincerity; a tribute from one who knew the intimate daily life of the little colony, it may be taken as the truth, without gloss:

"St. Paul, Willamette.

"Very Rev. Mother Constantine:

"Although I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally, I dare hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing you, since, notwithstanding my unworthiness, His Lordship, in leaving for Europe, appointed me to replace him in the administration of his Vicariate. I entertain the hope that you have met Bishop Blanchet during his sojourn in Belgium. He has doubtless spoken to you of your dear Sisters whom he is so happy to have secured for his mission. He must have related to you their miraculous crossing of the bar of the Columbia, as well as the courage and activity they displayed in the opening of the school, so different from the class of work to which they had been accustomed in Europe, and of



TWO VIEWS COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, MARYSVILLE, CALIF.

their ardent hopes of seeing their pains sweetened by success. Finally, I am sure he has omitted nothing that could serve to console your afflicted heart, and compensate you for the painful separation that Heaven has asked of you, a sacrifice the more meritorious as it has been painful. Although Sister Superior has written all this to you, it must have been very comforting to hear the account from the lips of Bishop Blanchet.

"As the Sisters take advantage of every occasion of writing to you, and of giving you news of the community life, and of the progress of the pupils, you will pardon me if I say nothing of this. I simply confirm all they have told you. I but fear they have not said enough. At the end of July, I had the pleasure of presiding at their closing exercises, and, as well as those present, I was astonished at the easy manner in which the pupils answered the examination questions, as well as at the grace and dignity with which they acquitted themselves of their little dialogues. I think some specimens of their penmanship were sent you. They do well, and their progress is visible. Your Institution will procure innumerable advantages for this new country. Apart from the benefit resulting to individuals, there accrues great advantage for our holy faith. The American population speak of the school in terms of highest praise. It serves to remove the prejudiced impression that the Catholic religion tends to keep people in ignorance. Among the non-Catholic element, there are some who are really seeking for truth, and I have had the happiness of being the instrument, in the hands of the Lord, of bringing several back to the faith of their forefathers. Others are disposed to follow their example. They can but admire a religion whose adherents are capable of making such sacrifices, as they see your Sisters make. Their virtue and disinterestedness force the most prejudiced to admire in them something that they do not find in themselves. I cannot sufficiently congratulate you on the choice that you have made. If I do not enter into details, it is because I fear to wound your humility, nevertheless, I owe you this testimonial. Still you have really no need of it, since you so well know the virtues and merits of those to whom, under the inspiration of God, you confided this painful mission. From the first moment, the Sisters edified us, and they have not ceased to edify us by the constant practice of the virtues of their state. This is not the language of flattery, for I never make use of such. It is the real truth, and it seems to me that you will not be displeased that I bear witness to those who are so far from their cherished mother.

"Sister Loyola has asked for assistance and I dare hope that the Bishop will obtain it. As pupils increase, the work multiplies, and the Sisters here can not possibly suffice. As I have said, the non-Catholics look favorably upon the Sisters, and many hope they will begin to teach English as well as French. I have offered to give them lessons, but thus far they have not found the necessary leisure. Sisters Loyola, Mary

Cornelia, Mary Aloysia, and Mary Catherine as yet know no English save what they learned from Father de Smet on the voyage. The health of the Sisters is very good. Now and then they suffer from their heavy work and the change of climate. I close this lengthy letter which has perhaps already tried your patience. Kindly remember in your holy prayers,

"Your very humble and obedient servant,
"MODESTE DEMERS,
"Priest, V. G. V. O."

Father Demers was later raised to the episcopate and appointed to Vancouver Island.

CHAPTER V

The First Sowing

Oregon City



HE second colony of missionaries was to return with Archbishop Blanchet. The theme of the evening recreations was naturally the coming of the new laborers whose prospective journey caused many reminiscences.

Sister Loyola recalls the dangers through which she herself has passed, yet remembering that "the arm of God is not shortened" she gratefully reviews the miracles worked in favor of herself and companions:

"As a soldier seated at the domestic hearth after a glorious victory loves to recall past feats of arms and to relate the perils through which he has passed, so we. Each expresses the varied emotions she experienced. Sister Mary Aloysia declares with her characteristic gaiety,

'For my part, I was struck with terror, but the calm of resignation to the holy will of God soon succeeded; I made the sacrifice and went peaceably to bed. 'Ah, Lord,' I said, 'if I die tonight, I will have to appear before You in my night cap.'

This was a queer inference, but it shows that the dear Sister looked on death without fear. These exchanges of confidence oft cause us to shed tears of gratitude."

In the same letter, Sister touches on the general conditions in the Oregon Country, then under the joint occupation, and expresses the hope that the rapid spread of civilization will contribute to the progress of the Institute. Even in the quiet retreat at St. Paul's, rumors of the territorial reconstruction reach them; the echoes of *"Fifty-four forty or fight"* have penetrated the forest fastnesses, though it is clear that their notions on the

subject are rather vague. The common language had made the Canadians seem akin; but they appear to have regarded the "Americans" as an unfamiliar phenomenon, inspiring something between awe and semi-distrust. The political condition was not such as to instil confidence in either party. In 1844, a provisional government had been established, since neither government, the United States nor Great Britain, had full right to control the population. Hon. Peter Burnett in his *Recollections of an Old Pioneer* gives an excellent picture of the times, showing the complications that rose from the dual character of the population with national prejudices and far distant from the respective mother-countries, and so, to a great extent, separated from their influence, and thrown on their own resources. Mr. Burnett cleverly characterizes the American contingent, mostly from the Middle West:

"I never saw so fine a population as a whole community. They were all honest, because there was nothing to steal; they were all sober, because there was no liquor to drink; there were no misers, because there was no money to hoard, and they were all industrious, because it was *work or starve.*"

With that population the Sisters were to come into contact at Oregon City rather than at the humble mission. A poetic description of this is given in Dr. O'Hara's text (Ch. XIII, pp. 95-96). It forms a contrast picture to the blunt realism of Mr. Burnett. As to its actuality, readers must draw their own conclusions. History is mainly personal interpretation of recorded facts; so here:

"There was a time when French Prairie was the home spot of the Pacific Northwest. In those ante-pioneer days the Canadian French had made their home on the beautiful prairie, and in the absence of their countrywomen had espoused the dusky maidens of the Calapooias, who raised for them bright-eyed groups of half-breed boys and girls. The Catholic Fathers were here to bless the union and to guide the lives of these youth, and the condition among the people was one of peace and plenty. The earliest comers among the Americans took homes among

them, and speak with pleasant memories of the quiet, peaceful, far-away life which the population enjoyed. They remember seeing the young people assemble on the sabbath where is now the Catholic Church of St. Paul, and the pictures they draw are charmingly illustrative of the idyllic period that Oregon passed through and the quiet pastoral lives these Canadians lived."

The author calls attention to the fact that this was all before the Missourians had found them out. Doubtless there was an attractiveness in this primitive group, and Rev. Father De Smet and the Sisters do not exaggerate in lauding their innocent flock so enthusiastically.

Now that the preposterous "Whitman-myth" has been exploded by incontrovertible evidence and the facts of the case marshalled in due order for unbiased judgment; now that the insane anti-Catholic bigotry of certain members of the "Re-inforcement" has been set to the scorn of fair-minded Americans, we have the advantage of perspective. Such was not the case in the mid-forties. A period of provisional regulation, of compromise, and later of adjustment and reconstruction is always a period of semi-confusion, at least mentally. Thus it is by no means surprising that the little group of Belgians, wholly unfamiliar with politics, and with something of European distrust of the ofttimes abstract thing, *government,* consequent on the successive revolutions of the times, should be somewhat alarmed and anxious, and should welcome any measures of good order and peaceful settlement. Though provisional government was formed in 1845, it was not until 1848 that Oregon was organized by Polk's Congress; a governor did not appear till the next year, that of the gold-rush to California. The little colony lived in a stirring political period. Sister Loyola writes:

"A Constitution has been drawn up, the first article of which favors liberty of worship. Certain forms of law and justice are already established. Even a fortnightly newspaper has been published, and a regular mail department organized."

In her fervent piety, observing the general effort for law and order, she finds a new motive for reverencing the Rule of her Congregation on which the seal of the approval of the Church has recently been set.

Only in 1844, Father Blanchet had received his briefs as Vicar-apostolic of the Oregon vicariate, established in 1843. He was consecrated at Montreal in 1845 by Bishop Bourget. Thence he had proceeded to Rome, which he reached in 1846. The result of his conference with the Pope was the organization of the vicariate in three ecclesiastical provinces, Oregon City, Walla Walla, Vancouver's Island. It was from this auspicious journey that the little colony was awaiting the return of its beloved metropolitan.

One evening after 9:30, a gentleman knocked at the gate of the Mother House of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Namur. The sister portress (doubtless through the grill) without asking his name, courteously informed him that it was too late to admit guests. Since the visitor was in citizen's clothes, she did not suspect his clerical character. He made no demur but slipped her a letter, requesting her to give it to the Mother General, and walked quietly away. What was the consternation of the Mother General to discover the letter was from her Sisters in Oregon! The visitor was Archbishop Blanchet.

Messengers were sent next morning to all the hotels of the city, but the Archbishop was not located. The day after, however, he repeated his call and was cordially welcomed. He held a long interview with the Mother General with the result that she promised him a second colony. We can well believe that the Far-West mission had been the theme of many a conversation.

At the evening assembly, the Mother asked playfully what Sisters wanted to go to Oregon. Seven sprung up

immediately. His Grace had asked for six. Sister Lawrence was one of the seven standing, when some one pulled her down, whispering, "Sit down, Sister." Mechanically, she sat down. To her chagrin, the six others were chosen. It had been her heart-prayer to labor in the Oregon mission; she stormed heaven with petitions. Now the Archbishop really wanted seven Sisters, but he had funds sufficient for the transportation of six only. Meantime, he confided his limitations to a pious lady who immediately offered to pay the expenses of the seventh Sister. Thus the prayer of Sister Lawrence was answered. From her pen we have some interesting details. The other members of the group were Sisters Mary Bernard, Renilde, Odelie, Aldegonde, and Francesca, names familiar to many of our readers, to whom the printed words will conjure up faces tender and true.

The colony embarked from Brest after a brief sojourn at Paris from which they had journeyed by train to Orleans, thence to the port by stage, a trip of three days and three nights. At Brest they had waited a month for good weather; the date of embarkation was suggestive, February 22. They had the comfort of a good Catholic skipper. As soon as anchors were lifted, the crew intoned the *Ave Maris Stella;* the captain assured the Sisters that they should arrive at their destination in time to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption; he spoke with truth; it was nigh a half-year's journey, then considered good time.

A group of Jesuit priests afforded them all spiritual consolations. Lent and Holy Week was religiously passed on high seas. On Easter Sunday, all aboard received Holy Communion. So went the days till, recalling the perils of the first colony, they approached the threatening Cape Horn. We may well believe that more fervent prayers went up from every heart in Our Lady's second colony.

One night the Archbishop knocked at the Sisters' cabin. "Do you want anything, Sisters?" he enquired. On their replying that they wanted nothing, he asked half playfully, "Do you want my blessing?"

Gladly every head was bowed to receive it, though they wondered a little at the unusual visit. Next morning they learned the reason. The sea was then so tempestuous that the ship was in danger of sinking. The danger passed, however, and they neared The Horn in calm weather. As they rounded its menacing point, they recited the *De Profundis* for the good Bishop Rocher of Northampton, who had perished there the previous spring with a colony of missionaries.

Sister Lawrence describes the May Devotions, one Sister holding the tiny statue and two others the lighted tapers while a fourth read the reflections. They performed the Way of the Cross in their cabin by means of their indulgenced crucifixes. This congested apartment gave them many chances of practicing mortification; at the same time its inconveniences were a source of merriment, so easy is mirth to a clear conscience. They rise early to do their washing, and they take great pride in a flat-iron secured in Paris which has a contrivance for holding a heated coal.

The Feast of St. Norbert, the Metropolitan's patron, was celebrated with due ceremony. They assist at nine masses; the captain orders "a good dinner"; the Sisters make him a bouquet "of poppies" ("that being the only sort of paper we had at hand.") The simplicity, if not the art must have charmed the good prelate whose gentle soul was so susceptible to gratitude.

In a volume entitled *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America,* an interesting reference is inserted by the author, Rev. X. D. MacLeod, to the Oregon Mission of

the Sisters of Notre Dame and to this colony in particular, in which he states he found a part of the diary of Sister Renilde "in a few dusty leaves on the top shelf of the library of the Archbishop of Cincinnati." Details do not differ much from the record of Sister Lawrence. Father MacLeod observes:

"The Morning Star is not an unpleasant ship to sail in, for the captain hears Mass every day and at eight bells calls the crew to prayers. 'It is very beautiful, dear Mother,' says Sister Renilda, 'to hear those hardy sailors, their captain at their head, recite the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Creed, and end with the Angelus, which done, the lieutenant wishes them a good voyage, stout courage and a fair wind. Then at night, they come together again and sing "Hail Ocean's Sacred Star." They say the same prayers as at morning.' The gentle Sister might indeed find that very beautiful, that solemn recommendation of themselves to God's help through Mary's Mother-Love, of the tough seamen, those men who are professionally nearest to death and God. For, says the Holy Ghost, 'they that go down to the sea in ships, these see the wonders of the Lord and His works upon the deep.'

"Sister Renilde is near enough to God to retain some feeling of poetry. 'Ah,' she says, 'what gracious variety does the sea exhibit. Now it is calm as peace, now troubled, surging furiously; it is green; it is the blue of heaven; it flashes with phosphorescent gleams. The setting sun clothes all the deep with a raiment of living light and the horizon with clouds of every tint, gold and purple, violet and green and orange. These take the most fantastic forms, volcanoes in eruption, vast crimson seas of fire, snow-capped mountains, forests, towns, and battlemented castles. I can not tell you, my dear Mother, what happiness one feels in singing Mary's praise, in the midst of the ocean under a heaven sown with stars new to us, to the solemn sound of seas which break upon the side of our frail ship; then full of confidence and trust we sleep in the Hand of God as tranquilly as in our Belgian convent.'

"The writer comments on the gaiety of the nun-voyagers. 'Even the bad weather gives us fun; one end of our cabin we call "The Falls." All of us visit it frequently. Sister Alphonse Marie slid there the other day with her plate of soup in hand, turned back by a roll of the ship, and emptied the contents on the head of Sister Mary Bernard.'"

Landing at Fort Astoria, they find Sister Loyola there to meet them. At Oregon City, they meet the traditional hospitality of Dr. John McLoughlin. Again he offers a lot

for a settlement in Oregon City, encouraged, no doubt, by this addition to the colony. The journey to St. Paul's is made in the springless carts of the time, before described. Unluckily, a front wheel came off; the travellers found themselves thereby delayed; however, at midnight they arrived at their Mission where Sister Mary Cornelia was at the gate to meet the travellers, overjoyed to be once more in the shelter of a convent.

Next day Sister Loyola conducted them to her "pantry"—nothing less than the Willamette forest. Sister Lawrence writes of it with astonishment, and remarks that the Sisters make almost everything that they need, even their shoes.

The Captain of *The Morning Star* visited the mission, and was astounded to see the Sisters at the heavy labors of the fields, spading and irrigating the hard soil. Deeply moved, he exclaimed, "Did those Sisters come here to work like this?" Still there was no help for it. There were no men for hire, and the pupils were of little, if any, assistance. The last sentence of the account of Sister Lawrence is suggestive; it symbolizes the mission of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Oregon:

"Sister Norbertine and I planted an orchard of 1300 fruit trees. *These began to bear the year we left for California.*"

The last colony had brought some valuable supplies—books, tools, leather and linen, provisions of sugar, flour, coffee, articles of table service, above all a new "French stove," an addition to their meagre possessions well calculated to gladden the hearts of the poor missionaries. All this was destroyed in a few hours by fire.

It happened thus: The mason in building the laundry boiler placed the bricks on the board floor, in spite of the remonstrations of the Sisters. "When it burns, come and call me," he said lightly. During the night the flooring

must have ignited; at three in the morning, the cry *"Fire!"* always terrifying, was heard. The poor Sisters rushed to the rescue, but it was too late to save the stores that were placed in the laundry. It was all they could do to save the rest of the house with the aid of kind neighbors.

"It was the Feast of St. Francis de Sales. At six o'clock we went to prepare for Holy Communion which we offered in thanksgiving for the preservation of our lives. After Mass we rescued a few charred plates; a pot of soup was brought up from the college, and half kneeling on some improvised benches, the children took this improvised breakfast, relishing the novelty."

This loss is beyond estimation; it contributed to the downfall of the Mission, and its later abandonment.

The new school at Oregon City was opened in 1848. Six were delegated to this work with Sister Loyola as Superior. Sister Mary Cornelia was placed in charge of Willamette. While awaiting the completion of their convent, they occupied the episcopal palace, consisting of four rooms which served the purpose of "living" as well as that of pedagogical usage. Many were the consequent discomforts, but all was endured cheerfully in hope of the great good to be done; besides, they had the delights of those who "dwell in unity."

Shortly after the occupation, Sister Renilde was attacked and in a few days carried off by malignant fever. Hers was the sole death in Oregon. Her body was laid temporarily in the little convent enclosure. Later it was brought to the mission cemetery where it still reposes in the plot of the Sisters of the Holy Names who guard with loving kindness the grave of that lonely pioneer even as their own, for, though the outer garb vary, the hearts of all religious are one in the Heart of Him to whom they have offered their service and their love.

Owing to domestic congestion, beds and bedding of some of the lodgers had to be carried to an outhouse for

the day. A house was later secured at a short distance on the banks of the river. Here some of the classes were conducted, and hither after night prayer, a timid party hied, Sister Francesca, the bravest, leading the way with a lantern, Sister Norbertine following with a bucket of water for the morning ablutions, Sisters Mary Aloysia and Alphonse Marie in the secure rear, holding on to each other for mutual protection. Once it fell out that they forgot to remove the key from their front door; on returning, they found it gone. Immediately the lock was changed, a wise precaution, for a few nights later they heard some one trying to unlock the door. The inmates were in mortal terror lest the intruder would attempt the rear door which was fastened by a wooden staple and bolt. However, after an unsuccessful manipulation of the new lock, he desisted.

At a near point on the river was a roaring cataract; this, combined with the nocturnal howling of wolves that came down to prey on the flocks of the settlement, was not conducive to quiet slumber. When the clamor of the *pow-wows* of the Indians was added to this, the effect was anything but soothing.

Since the Sisters had to divide their attention between two houses, they longed for the completion of their convent, and did all in their power to hasten on the work, lending a hand to the mechanics; to do this they had to rise early, so as not to let the aid interfere with their other duties. Sister Mary Aloysia, who had served her apprenticeship at "St. Mary's," put in the window panes. Sister Francesca, who was cook and housekeeper, did the "interior decorating" in the pauses of her domestic duties. When the structure was almost completed, they found no cellar provided; thereupon, they began the excavation. One day the Archbishop surprised them in the digging.

"My good Sisters," he protested, "is it for work like this you have come so far?"

However, the kindly prelate had little to give but his prayers and his sympathy, and the work of digging went on. To save expense, the Sisters undertook all sorts of labors. Sister Francesca assisted the mason in building the chimney by handing up the bricks. Sister Mary Aloysia carried these in. As their poor hands bled from the coarse toil they doubtless meditated on the Divine Hands that had fashioned the reaching arches of the universe roughened by the rude implements at the workman's bench in the shop at Nazareth.

"Is not this the son of Joseph, the carpenter?"

When, at last, the house was finished, they took possession with joy intensified by the memory of their heavy labors, happiest that the Altar Guest came to share the humble abode with them. The chronicle goes on:

"The chapel was better than the rest of the house though the altar with a few benches formed the furnishings."

The chapel is ever the pride of a convent of religious women; on it they lavish all. Sister Loyola adds sententiously:

"We experienced that it is not in the abundance of worldly things that the heart is satisfied, for in the midst of privations of all kinds we were happy, often tasting Divine consolations."

A great disadvantage was the lack of running water. To supply the house for the day, they rose at quarter to five, each arming herself with a bucket; thus they formed a chain reaching to the river, passing the buckets from one to the other till the last quota was emptied in a barrel in the kitchen. After this, they went to chapel for morning prayer. Father Accolti, S. J., of the St. Francis Xavier Mission was wont to call this the *via crucis*.

Mr. McLoughlin donated a lot to them in another part of the town. This they laid out in a small farm. Every morning Sisters Aldegonde and Francesca with several natives went thither to clear and prepare the land. Hopefully they laid out a fine crop of potatoes. The rabbits and gophers, however, left them not a vestige of their toil. Yet their simple faith sweetened every sorrow and sacrifice.

"The Good God, who keeps an account of all that is done for Him, has these hours of toil written in His Book of Life."

In connection with this plantation is an interesting illustration of the fruit of a mountain missionary's labors. One afternoon, one of those torrential rains common to the region forced the laborers to take shelter under a tree. During this interruption Sister Aldegonde observed one of the Indians take from his pocket a little roll. Curious at his painful deciphering, she asked to examine it. That was her first sight of "The Catholic Ladder," an ingenious device of Archbishop Blanchet for instructing the natives in religious truths. It was a pictured chart symbolizing the history of Religion from Adam to Christ the Redeemer, a masterpiece of its kind, and peculiarly adapted to the psychology of the redman. A detailed explanation of this device may be found in the sketch "Francis Norbert Blanchet," by Edwin O'Hara, in *The Catholic University Bulletin,* Vol. XVI, No. 8.

Religious services had a strong attraction for the natives. On Sundays, the nuns sang their Office in the Church. The novelty drew a crowd. One Sunday an old Indian came to ask if he might attend Benediction; informed that it had been given, he, nothing daunted, replied:

"It is no matter. I know how to sing Benediction. I heard Father Peter (De Smet) sing it in the Rocky Mountains." (It had been the delight of this zealous

missionary to teach the Gregorian chant to the natives.) Thereupon he went into the church, sang the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* as forcibly as he could, and departed fully satisfied. The simplicity of the savage heart and its susceptibility to the religious emotions draws admiration from the earnest pioneers, who delight in emphasizing these excellent qualities of the tribes in the accounts sent to the mother house.

The category of time meant little to the Indian; one day a group came into the chapel toward late afternoon. Being questioned, they replied with dignity: "We came for Mass, but we see it is too late." Thereupon, they departed without further comment.

The savages who wandered at will in and out of the settlement always showed great reverence for the Sisters. As a proof of confidence, when they wished to guard anything, they put it in the convent enclosure, certain that it would be unmolested. They delighted in sharing their simple joys with the nuns. Father Devos had given some crucifixes to a band of newly baptized. Straightway they came to show their treasures to the Sisters. Holding up their crosses, and pointing to those on the rosaries of the nuns, they exclaimed gleefully: "We like you! Good! Christ die for us. Us too, like you."

Great was their faith in the supernatural powers of the religious. One day a poor Indian came with a dusky little papoose on his shoulders begging Sister to cure the little fellow who was sick. Sister Francesca rubbed the child's limbs and gave it some food, and the simple, anxious father went off perfectly reassured.

The brutality of certain whites toward the ignorant savages wakes the indignant sympathy of the Sisters. They record a wretched creature who dragged himself, after being maltreated, to the convent that he might receive the

Sacraments before he died; instinctively the poor natives turned to the nuns. Such instances of the action of grace in elemental natures give great consolation to the missionaries.

At times, the proximity of the savages was not over alluring. The pow wows, a performance as novel as terrifying to the nuns, are described:

"Towards evening, their *amusements* begin. They have bits of wood which they use to make a noise pleasing to them. We who go to bed at the regulation hours find it hard to sleep, since they carry on till late at night. Yet this is nothing to the tumult when they call the medicine man."

The Belgians evidently had little knowledge of the American Indian lore.

"When one of the tribe is dangerously ill, they bury him to the waist and sit in a silent circle about him while the medicine man runs about gesticulating wildly and screaming at the top of his voice. This continues till he is exhausted. If the sick man endures this, there is hope of recovery."

There certainly should be!

The psychology of the Indian is a puzzle to the Europeans. It is difficult for them to understand the redman's idea of proprietorship, his absence of the notion of personal rights in ownership, which explains his propensity to what we consider plain thievery. Vestiges of the idea cling even after Christianization. One of the orphans had taken off her best shoes and had laid them near a shed in the yard. A squaw entered, picked up the shoes, and became quite indignant when accused of theft by the child, who caught her wearing them; she asserted vigorously that she had *found* them, that she did not *steal* them. "It is difficult," declares the annalist, "to convince them that an object is stolen if they take it from outside the house." She explains this on the probability that their wandering life in the woods leads them to pick up any useful object there. They make a compromise with their instincts by

respecting property that is under a roof; for instance, a squaw took several yards of linen that was bleaching in the enclosure; on being taxed for it, she declared that she simply "found it on the grass."

Unfortunate religious strife fomented by rank bigotry terminated in an affair that closely affected the innocent Sisters. In December, 1847, occurred a terrible atrocity that brought the Catholic missions in Oregon to the "brink of ruin." This was the atrocious Whitman massacre at the Wailatpu Mission by some of the Cayuse tribe. It involved the killing of Whitman, his wife, and twelve other settlers, and the capture of fifty-three other persons, mostly women and children, and it was instigated by the superstition and unfounded resentment of some leaders. Spaulding, an associate of Whitman, notwithstanding the fact that his life had been saved at the intervention of the Vicar General, Father Brouillet, began a systematic vilification of the Bishop and the Vicar General.

In his Catholic History of Oregon, Ch. XV, Rev. Father O'Hara writes:

"He accused the Bishop and his clergy of instigating the horrible massacre. So outrageous were these accusations that they aroused the deepest and intensest prejudice against the Bishop and the Catholic Church generally, and the excitement became so great that the American volunteers, on leaving the Willamette Valley in pursuit of the Indians, said that their first shots would be for the Bishop and his priests. For several months feeling ran so high that the Catholic churches and institutions were in danger of being burned down. As a matter of fact the leaders of the massacre were members of their own (Whitman and Spaulding) mission, as is confessed in a letter of H. H. Spaulding to Rev. D. Greene under date of January 24, 1848. (Marshall, Vol. II, p. 204.) (O'Hara, Ch. XV, p. 107.)

It has been stated that Marshall began the investigation of the affair under prejudice rather than in toleration towards the Catholic Church. Investigation reversed his attitude; he becomes the upright champion of the calum-

niated missionaries, and the righteous castigator of their accusers.

In 1848, Lieutenant Rodgers, in command at The Dalles confiscated the hunting ammunition of the Jesuits (their prime means of subsistence) on the mendacious plea that it was to be distributed among the tribes for the extermination of the Protestants. Smouldering bigotry was thus set aflame; in the excited state of the public mind, reacting from the awful affair of the Whitmans, matters approached such a crisis that a bill was introduced into the territorial legislature calling for the expulsion of the Catholic clergy from Oregon. This senseless panic was, however, allayed by the sober judgment of more enlightened citizens. Nevertheless, an irreparable injury was done to the missions of the Willamette Valley, and a blow was given them that, with other complexities, ultimately destroyed the labors of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Oregon.

As has been noted, Marshall pricked the Whitman bubble, manufactured by his associate, but its full credence for years by reliable historians is indicative of bitter antagonism against the Jesuits. In this antagonism, the sisterhood, laboring with them, would naturally share. The full import of the attack may be realized from the following passage from Marshall, quoted by Rev. Edwin O'Hara: (Ibid. p. 113.)

> "It is evident to any one who will study the origin and development of the Whitman legend that it never would have been heard of, had the National Government paid the $40,000 claimed by Spaulding and Eels for the destruction of the Mission, and allowed their claims for a mile square of land around each mission station."

Why we have emphasized this complication will be evident from what follows—an indication of prevalent provincialism.

About this time, in 1849, a copy of the vile "disclosures," *(sic)* of *Maria Monk* was being circulated in the community evidently with the object of bringing priests and nuns into disrepute, and thereby discrediting the Catholic Missions. Unfortunately, it is probable the men responsible for the circulation of the lying stuff, and hence for the vile slanders on self-sacrificing men and inoffensive, hard-working women were Christian missionaries. The Jesuits, however, with their logical acumen, soon put matters on their right footing; the disgusting literature was unobtrusively but decidedly withdrawn from circulation. Yet it is indicative of the general spirit of the community that it could have been for the moment tolerated in the face of the pure lives and heroic labors of devoted men and women.

Now, either through gross ignorance or rank villainy, one of the ministers selected the dead Sister Renilde as the subject of a dastardly attack. Born and bred he was, doubtless, in foul errors of *Mariamonkism,* and hence, mayhap, excusable for ignorance, but his remarks had a peculiar maliciousness in being an attack on the innocent dead. All who had knowledge of the Sisters resented it. So aroused was public indignation that he had to leave the town.

He retired into a mountainous district, where Father Brouillet, with Christian generosity, was wont to visit him on his rounds and to render him any possible service. There he fell into the same error that brought Marcus Whitman to his doom, that of acting as physician to the Indians in an epidemic, forgetful of the fact that they frequently kill their own unsuccessful medicine man. Measles had spread among the tribes in the winter; he bade them bathe in the river; doubtless he acted in good faith, but the result of such violent treatment was dis-

astrous. A rumor began to be circulated that he had done this with the intent of exterminating the entire tribe; among the victims was the son of a chief. All circumstances tended to rouse the ire of the Indians, who yet retained much of their native ferocity; it is to be remembered, too, that many of them were not yet Christianized.

It so fell out that Father Brouillet, making his rounds, decided to pay a visit to the ostracized minister. As he neared the cabin, he descried a group of savages, among them a brother of the young chief who had perished in the cold-water treatment. Suspecting foul play, the priest paused to address them. Even while conversing with the revered "black robe," the leader directed fierce and menacing glances to the forest. Following his gaze, the priest saw the ill-fated man crossing the clearing; immediately he understood the situation.

"I ask the life of that man," he interposed quickly, "do not harm him."

While they stood irresolute, he crossed rapidly and whispered to the intended victim:

"Flee for your life; certain death awaits you." In dread, the unhappy wretch sought the shelter of the forest before the Indians recovered from their astonishment. Father Brouillet, now in command of the situation, directed the group to follow him to the cabin. There a horrible spectacle confronted him—eleven mutilated bodies, wife and children of the minister, and several men employed on his farm. It is clear that the unfortunate defamer of the innocent would have shared an even more shuddering fate had not the priest intervened to hold back the blood-thirsting redmen.

With rare courage, inspired with that confidence that Faith alone can give, he ordered the murderers to dig a trench and bury the victims; he composed the corpses and

assisted the murderers to wash the mangled bodies; he then returned to Oregon City, knowing that, though justice would take its course, the poor creatures had but carried out their native savage instincts, elemental vengeance and cruelty. His companion priests were astounded to see him return with his dark hair turned perfectly white, a phenomenon frequently accompanying a harrowing experience. It is worth while to note that, though these savages ruthlessly cast off the teachings of the missionary, to follow the impulse of native ferocity, they became at his word of command as docile as little children. This is indicative of Indian character and throws a light on the problem of their conversion, the weary and often ungrateful task of evangelizing these children of nature and passion who show themselves at once capable of the highest heroism and the lowest brutality.

The murderers were brought to justice and perished on the scaffold which was erected not far from the convent. Before meeting their doom, they received Baptism and Confirmation. Father Veyret accompanied the wretches to the gibbet and did all in his power to console them until the scene of retribution was over. The comment that this was considered a punishment by God on the defamer of Sister Renilde is hardly justified, since the innocent suffered and the guilty escaped, but it shows the general attitude towards the Sisters and towards those who would injure them.

Such was the atmosphere at Oregon City as the "40's" close, not always peaceful for the nuns, to whom the situation was a mystery. But nothing shakes their perfect trust or daunts their courage. They live from day to day, dependent on the Father who knows their every need.

The annals of the Mother House contain an interesting entry for April, 1851:

"Nous recevons une lettre de Willamette, qui, entre autres détails rapporte le fait suivant. Une famille Irlandaise s' était rendue à Oregon. Presque aussitôt après leur arrivée, le père mourut; la mère le suivit de près, exprimant pour dernière volonté que ses enfants fussent confiés à des mains capables de soigner leur éducation religieuse. Son voeu fut exaucé. Un jeune garcon de 7 à 8 ans fut placé chez les R. R. P. P. Jesuites, et les deux petites filles dont l' une avait trois ans et l' autre dix-huit mois furent amenées chez les Soeurs a Willamette. Elles ne purent refuser ces deux innocentes créatures malgré tout l' embarras que devait leur causer cette charge. Qui aurait pris soin de les élever dans les principes de notre Sainte Religion? Mais Dieu avait des desseins de misericorde sur la petite Irlandaise de 18 mois. Il vint enlever ce petit ange, qui est ajourd'hui, nous l' espèrons, une protectrice pour notre institut, et surtout pour l' etablissment d' Oregon qui l' avait accueillie si généreusement.

We may hope this innocent soul was indeed the angel guardian of the sorely tried Oregon Mission. Matters were rapidly approaching a crisis. The long gathering storm was to break at last on the devoted Missions. Other complexities which have their sources in the lowest instincts of our human nature were to involve the work begun so auspiciously at Oregon City.

CHAPTER VI

Euntes Ibant et Flebant

Departure from Oregon



OR a time the foundation at Oregon City prospered. The pupils were of a different stamp from those at St. Paul's, children of American or British families. All might have gone well here, despite the political complications alluded to, had not an event which changed the face of the whole West sent its vibrations through the Oregon Country. Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

Immediately all the settlements were in a ferment. Oregon was a young country; its inhabitants were not rooted to the soil. Men from all parts of the world were setting out for the gold-fields, their blood fired with ambition, their hearts aflame with hopes of unmeasured wealth. Wild dreams of fortunes amassed in a day disturbed the calm of the settlement at St. Paul's. Numbers of its inhabitants set out blithely on the long perilous journey to the Sacramento Valley. Either not wishing to be incommoded with their families, or realizing the difficulty or impossibility of transporting them to the mining camps, these Canadian farmers and trappers left their Indian and half-breed wives to manage the plantations, and confided the care, and to a great extent the support, of their children to the charity of the Jesuits and the Sisters of Notre Dame; the expenses incident to equipment left them little money to spare. Hard they pressed on the trail of the enterprising Americans, only, for the most part, to leave their bones bleaching in the lonely passes of the Sierras.

Those who reached the gold-fields of the Sacramento found a horde of fortune seekers like themselves struggling for a "find." The result was inevitable. Some must go down in the conflict. The minority only might attain their desire. Plague added its horrors to the tribulations. Thus perished in a few months many of the fathers of the poor little ones confided to the nuns at Willamette.

But this was not all.

The harvest season came; there were no men to do the work. The squaws and half-breed women were unthrifty managers. Doubtless many of them had already drifted back to their tribes. Their orphaned children were thrown on the mercy of the nuns. These could not find the heart to abandon them. It is easy to imagine the conditions of the impoverished Sisters and their wretched charges. The harvest was meagre; there was lack of nourishing food. Fuel was a crucial problem. Sister Mary harnessed the old blind horse, and with two children broke her way through the forest undergrowth, gathering faggots and chips, essentially exposing herself and her charges to the dangers of wolves and other wild beasts with which the wilderness abounded. They used to come down at night to prowl about the hen roosts and cattle pens, affording what the nuns call "a beautiful concert."

To gather their scanty crops, Sister Mary Cornelia and the community, with the exception of Sister Mary Albine who was left to guard the house, armed with scythes and other implements set out at dawn, bringing home the fruits of labor at evening by the aid of the old blind horse. The record of those days forms a unique, if pathetic pastoral. Even in the direst straits, their courage does not desert them, and, as much as possible, they conceal their sufferings from the Sisters in Belgium, doubtless fearing that the General Government would recall them.

A passage in Governor Burnett's *"Recollections of an Old Pioneer"* throws an interesting light on conditions in Oregon at the time:

"Many of our people at once believed the discovery (of gold) to be true and speedily left for the gold fields with packs and animals. I think that at least two-thirds of the male population of Oregon capable of bearing arms started to California in the summer and fall of 1848."

In 1850, the dreaded cholera reached Oregon. Half the poor children at St. Paul's were attacked; they were immediately segregated, but despite all possible care, fourteen of the little creatures perished, to the deep sorrow of their devoted nurses, Sisters Mary Catherine and Mary Albine. The chronicle pathetically relates:

"We had no conveyance for our sick children, to remove them to their temporary quarters; we had to carry them on our backs through the snow and sleet. We wrapped them as warmly as we could in our winter cloaks."

Sister Mary remarked in her jovial manner to a poor child who was weeping bitterly:

"Don't cry, my dear; you will never have a greater honor than to be carried on the shoulders of a religious."

Whether she comprehended or not, the poor little creature at once ceased her sobbing.

The Sisters who nursed the children were attacked with malignant fever. In spite of all precautions, the rest of the children fell victims to the plague, though in light form. Sister Mary in the terrible strain went fifteen days and fifteen nights without any sleep. She was then completely prostrated, but with a few days of rest, her splendid constitution rallied.

This succession of disasters determined the Sisters to close the mission at St. Paul's and consolidate with Oregon City. This place, too, had suffered from the general exodus. Father O'Hara states in his history that the expenditures for church and convent had been beyond the means, perhaps beyond the actual needs of the popula-

tion. The difficulty was thus enhanced by the migration to the neighboring State. The fire loss had complicated the question of the orphans' support at Willamette. No efforts could overcome the native indolence of these poor half-breeds with their heritage of savagery. To Oregon City, therefore in 1852, they betook themselves. St. Joseph's College for boys in 1849 closed its doors, never to reopen them. The Mission of St. Francis Xavier was likewise abandoned. The sons of Loyola, who had sown the seeds of faith at the peril of their lives, withdrew from missionary work in the Oregon Country.

For the Sisters, it was indeed a sad parting from the scene of their beloved pioneer labors, their first home in the American wilderness. It is notable that St. Paul's even in its Second Spring has never developed to any extent; even now it does not reach over 300 souls, a poor capital from the material standpoint for such an expenditure of energy. But there are standpoints other than the human.

Even the Indians of the settlement were profoundly moved and deeply regretted the departure of the nuns who for eight weary years had labored among them, sharing their hardships, consoling them in their sorrows, striving constantly to impart to them the truths of the Catholic faith. But the hour had come.

With profound emotion at the Mass, the Rev. Pastor consumed the Sacred Species. The little home was now without its Chief Guest, who had been so gladly welcomed to its humble shelter on that happy October day, eight years before. The dwelling had thus lost its significance. Sadly the Sisters prepared for the exodus. They gathered their miserable belongings, and in a gloomy rain set out on foot for the port, two miles distant. Thence a boat was to convey them to Oregon City. Drenched and trembling with cold, they arrived at the wharf where the

captain received them kindly and built a fire for them to dry their garments. The poor children huddled around the blaze; the Sisters in the expressive Belgian phrase "took patience." God bless that brave, unbroken, and beautiful patience that has built our Notre Dame by the Pacific Sea!

Their house dog followed them departing, the entire way, and when they embarked jumped into the water and swam after them, howling piteously. Seeing this, the warm-hearted captain gave orders to stop the ship. This was done and the faithful creature jumped on deck frisking about gleefully and giving vigorous demonstration of his affectionate gratitude.

On their arrival in Oregon City, the exiles and their charges were received with sincere joy by Sister Mary Cornelia, who was managing the house, Sister Loyola having meantime gone to San Francisco to meet a third colony journeying from Ohio. For the bereft children, they found food and clothing as best they could, since, deprived of the Willamette farm revenue, they were almost without means of subsistence. The boarding school was nearly empty; only a small number attended the day school.

In the course of a few months, the Sisters found homes and places for almost all the orphan charges. Matters in Oregon City were at a standstill. It was the crisis; a change was nigh without their being aware of it. Meanwhile, they went peaceably about their work and waited the return of Sister Loyola from California.

To understand fully conditions in Oregon City, and the consequent precarious condition of the convent, we must refer to the complexities resulting from the tie-up of property in the infamous "Oregon Land Fraud." Dr. McLoughlin, whom we have met in connection with the foundation at Oregon City, owned practically all the land

in the town, claim to which he had staked out in 1829 as Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Co. With this, he claimed Governor's, later Abernethy Island. This latter claim was jumped by a certain Hathway, in charge of the local Methodist Mission; and a Rev. Alvin Waller, likewise connected with the Methodist Reinforcement, shortly after laid claim to the remainder of McLoughlin's property. McLoughlin had begun to lay out his city in lots in 1842, and, notwithstanding the utter absurdity of Waller's claim, to avoid delays by legal proceedings, he bought him off in 1844. Though matters seemed settled by this, the storm was only gathering. The conspiracy of these missionaries against McLoughlin assumed a more serious aspect in 1849 through a tool of his enemies, a certain Samuel Thurston, territorial delegate for Oregon. At this period, Congress was establishing the legal title of settlers to their lands. By the contrivance of this tool, Thurston, Dr. McLoughlin was made the sole exception to the "Oregon Donation Land Bill" which guaranteed settlers their rights. The Oregon City Claim (Dr. McLoughlin's lands) was put at the disposal of the territorial legislature *for the establishment of a University*. All lots owned by any but McLoughlin were assured to their possessors. This was pure robbery. By it, Congress confiscated all Dr. McLoughlin's land, amounting to 600 acres. All who held land of McLoughlin, fraudulently or otherwise, were established in their claims.

No duplicity daunted Thurston in the execution of such a dastardly trick. His representations to the House are a contemptible frame-up, a "tissue of deliberate falsehoods":

"This claim has been wrongfully wrested by McLoughlin from American citizens. The Methodist Mission first took the claim with a view of there establishing their mills and missions. They were forced to

leave it under the fear of having the savages of Oregon let loose upon them, and successively a number of our citizens have been driven from it while Dr. McLoughlin was yet at the head of the Hudson Bay Co. west of the Rocky Mountains. Having at his command the Indians of that country, he has held it by violence and dint of threats up to this time."

To further foment discord, he accused McLoughlin of being a British subject and connected with the interests of the Hudson Bay Co., while it was well known that he had in 1846 withdrawn from that Company because Sir George Simpson, Governor, had officially commanded him to render no further assistance to American immigrants *under any circumstances,* starvation or otherwise.

The heroic "Lion of the North," who had saved hundreds of Americans from death by exposure and hunger, replied:

"If such is your order, I will serve you no longer." Here was our American gratitude!

As to his citizenship, he had voted *against* Thurston in the previous election, as the prevaricator well knew. The instigator of the atrocious calumny was clever enough to keep his communication to the House a secret from the people of Oregon until the infamous bill should be passed. Marshall has unearthed this duplicity and fraud in a letter written in June, 1850, in which he (Thurston) gives direction to keep the matter "dark."[1]

As soon as the disgusting affair was made public, the citizens of Oregon had the decency to repudiate it. They drew up a Memorial expressing appreciation of the splendid services of Dr. McLoughlin. But this was in the days before the radio. The infamous bill had become a law before the Memorial could reach Congress. To reverse the unjust decision would not be easy, for, as Dr. O'Hara writes, "Congress was concerned with more important

[1]Catholic History of Oregon, O'Hara, Ch. XII, p. 87.

matters than the property rights of an old man in the wilds of Oregon."

The Government of Oregon was indeed ungrateful; it disregarded the wishes of the citizens, refused to forward the Memorial and postponed indefinitely the Resolution of Appreciation. And these were the men whom McLoughlin had saved from Indian massacre and from starvation! Furthermore, a mass meeting was held at the Re-inforcement center, Salem, where a group of (misinformed, mayhap) partisans drew up resolutions approving the action of the disreputable Thurston, and adding further calumnious insults to their list against McLoughlin, "chief fugleman of the Hudson Bay Co."

Thus did this noble philanthropist become the victim of one of the most iniquitous conspiracies in civilized history. Was it by mere coincidence that none of these dastardly attacks were made on him before his conversion to Catholicity in 1842? To connect the robbery with bigotry is not illogical. It further elucidates the attitude toward Catholicism in Oregon, and toward religious teachers. It incidentally throws a flash on the insane legislation of two or more years back in the absurd *Oregon School Law,* worthy of the days of the Tudors, which made the State the laughing-stock of American civilization.

Added to this un-Christian prejudice, creating an atmosphere of antagonism, and paralyzing all progress, was the business situation. By the hold-up of the property for a university site, not a foot of land could be sold in the town. This led to a cessation of all activities. New-comers could not settle; the city had been already depopulated by the gold-rush. Everything was in an unfortunate tie-up. Portland was still a small settlement up the river with a population of about forty families. About fifteen of them were Catholic.

The homing of unsuccessful gold-seekers did not add to the general economic situation any beneficial elements. The successful sent for their families, further depopulating the region. There was small field, and little, if any, support for religious education. Few families were able to provide such for their children. The Sisters aided as best they could, but they were indeed the poorest of the poor.

In default of adequate school fees, the nuns eked out a scanty subsistence by sewing sacks for the mills. Their food was the poorest, their clothing of the plainest, but they could not command stones to be made bread.

They do not betray conditions to their European center, but in letters to the Mother General, we find a hint, here and there, of moving to a more fruitful harvest. They feared that if the truth were told the General Government would recall them from the land to which they had given their loving allegiance. So went the weary days.

It has been necessary to go into detail concerning the religious, social and economic conditions in Oregon to explain to a certain extent why the Sisters of Notre Dame left their first field. The records of these days are meagre. The times were troubled. Prudently the Sisters kept out of all broils and heated discussions. Now that the smoke has cleared away; now that a perspective can be gained; now that the activities of the Jesuits, as well as the machinations of their enemies, are shown in a true light by impartial historians; now that the heroic figure of John McLoughlin looms in its just proportions, "God-like in his great fatherhood, in his great strength, in his great power, and in the exercise of his power, Christ-like in his gentleness, his tenderness, his loving kindness and his humanity";* now that the Second Spring has come, and the blood and tears and sweat of the apparently unsuc-

*Life of McLoughlin—Holman.

cessful pioneers have brought abundant harvest, can we judge fairly of the Past.

To the little group of religious women, foreign to the soil, unfamiliar with questions of the hour, the situation must have been indeed a discouraging mystery, a problem beyond their solution. Yet Faith, and Hope, and Charity were theirs, and the purpose of a pure heart, with courage that shrank not at any sacrifice. This was the key to all mysteries; this was the formula by which they solved every problem—

"God and my duty."

Notre Dame has had the grace given religious congregations of adjusting itself to circumstances; but it is intrinsically a *teaching* Order; it maintains itself by teaching. Education is the work for which it exists, for which it was established. The anomalous position of the Sisters in Oregon City is clear. The economic condition, for they were at the point of destitution, was bad enough, but the essential fact was that their work, the very purpose of their being as a religious body was taken away from them. That was the real issue. Nor was it clear when, if ever, it would be restored to them in the Oregon Country. If they did not draw up an extended memorial of their reasons for leaving the primitive field, it is because they supposed no *apologia* essential for an inevitable act.

On this we dwell, because by short-sighted people, ignorant of the real situation (such are ever foremost in thrusting out their views), criticisms have been made; some have arrogated to themselves the right to sit in judgment on these devoted and heroic women, and even to condemn their action, lightly accusing them of "following the gold."

Material and temporal considerations do not belong to the spirit of a religious congregation, nor have such ever



NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, SANTA CLARA, CALIF.

characterized the Congregation of Notre Dame. Such had no part in the ultimate decision of the Sisters to abandon the Oregon country, unless we may view as such the absolute needs of existence. "They followed the gold!" How base the implication! The only gold they ever sought was the gold of immortal souls redeemed with the Blood of Christ. The only riches they sought were the treasures in heaven which neither moth nor dust corrupt and which no thieves may steal. These they have now obtained. They lived poor; they died poor; they were buried in a poor grave.

No one with a fair mind can criticise these pioneers for transferring their labors to a field where they were needed, for acquiescing in the demands of lawful superiors and starting anew. The restless, energetic, tempestuous, but vital existence in the neighboring State demanded their gentle influence, the sweetening leaven of religion in the powerful mass. Its "Macedonian cry,"

"Come over to us,"

reached them, and they harkened.

Father O'Hara quotes a letter from an envoy of the French Government which makes the state of the diocese of Oregon City clear; we can suppose that the other dioceses were in no better condition. Of the economic conditions, he says that the churches are mortgaged to the non-Catholics (he uses the harsh term "heretics") and that there is danger of the Real Presence being removed.

An entry in the annals of the Mother House reads for April, 1853:

"Nos Soeurs d' Oregon City n' ayant aucun espoir de voir augmenter le nombre de leurs elèves quittent cet endroit et vont se reunir a nos Soeurs de San Jose en Californie. Cette maison prospere; elle compte déjà 70 pensionnaires."

Enough has been set forth to convince the fair-minded. It is useless to argue with invincibly prejudiced. It is incumbent on us who enjoy the fruits of the generous toil of those who sowed in tears, to vindicate their honor and justify their ways to men. Before God, they need no justification. He who reads the hearts, He alone knows at what cost they left the field they so loved, so sorrowed over.

As we said, Sister Loyola and Sister Mary had gone in 1851 to meet new missionaries. These latter never saw the Oregon Country. They remained in the Land of Vision. Off and on, as work slackened at Oregon City, Sisters were transferred to San Jose where Sister Mary Cornelia had been made Superior. Sister Loyola, the indefatigable, made several journeys back and forth. At times she dropped a hint of the possibility of bringing the entire body to California, but, for a long time, she gave no definite information, deeming it not prudent in such dubious circumstances.

One day as Sisters and children were busy at their school tasks in the semi-adobe shack on Santa Clara St., the sound of wheels was heard on the country road outside. The children looked out the window, and a surprised cry

"Sisters! Sisters!"

announced the event. Sure enough, at the door was Sister Loyola and with her the entire Oregon community, as also several of the pupils; some of the better provided parents had consented, seeing the utter impossibility of educating their daughters religiously in Oregon, to their accompanying their teachers to the new land. Thus was the separated family once more united.

On a trans-continental trip a little over a decade ago, the compiler of this history journeyed through the Oregon

woods in the glory of their summer splendor, pierced all along the line by thriving towns or teeming cities. Toward ten o'clock, the train ran into the brilliantly lighted City of Roses, Portland the stately, home of over 300,000 prosperous people. A short time before, it had slipped silently through Oregon City, quiet, wrapped in semi-darkness. Over the river hung low a crescent moon, a thread of silver on a sable sky. That white sickle of flame, with its potentialities of development to full-orbed splendor seemed symbolic of the work of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Oregon:

"Going they went and wept scattering their seed. But coming, they shall come with joy bearing their sheaves."

PART THREE

~

Eldorado—The Land of Promise

~

The Province of California

CHAPTER I

Man Proposes But God Disposes

Call to California



An entry in the annals of the Mother House, September 7, 1851, runs—

"Une lettre d' Orégon nous annonce l'heureuse arrivée des quatre Soeurs missionnaires, jusqu'a San Jose en Californie. Elles eurent le bonheur d'y trouver une maison de notre Institut et voici comment. Vers le mois de mars, Sr. Loyola et Sr. Marie Catherine s'etaient rendues dans cet endroit pour aller à la rencontre de nos quatre Soeurs. Comme elles durent y attendre quelque temps, elles eurent lieu de remarquer le grand besoin d' instruction religieuse dans lequel se trouvaient les enfants de cette ville. On les pressa d'y ouvrir une classe; et le bon Dieu leur inspira de répondre aux sollicitations du clergé et des habitants. Puisse le Seigneur répandre sa bénédiction sur ce second établissement."

This simple paragraph heralds the important event of the establishment of the Province of California. Looking back over the span of three quarters of a century, we see the answer to the fervent petition that God would shed benedictions on the foundation. We noted that shortly before the closing of the mission at Willamette, Sisters Loyola and Mary Catherine had set out for San Francisco to meet four Sisters who were coming to Oregon from Cincinnati. The trip is detailed in a journal of Sister Mary Catherine.

The Camina bore them from St. Paul's to Portland. The greater part of this primitive ferry was occupied by the engine, a circumstance which made the heat on deck and below intolerable. There was no cabin, hence no privacy whatever for passengers. As usual, the Sisters "took patience," thinking the discomfort was to last only a few

hours. Alas! they had not proceeded ten miles when they ran on a sand bank. Though this mishap was annoying, the efforts of the crew to dislodge the unwieldy boat were so ludicrous that Sister Loyola with difficulty restrains her mirth. Both were delighted when they saw in dock *The Goliah,* which was to take them from Portland to California.

That day they entered the Columbia, retracing the memorable voyage of eight years back. They spoke together with fervent gratitude to God who had preserved them for His designs. We can imagine their emotions at recrossing the terrifying bar, and the memories thereby called up. The vessel stopped at Humboldt Bay. This gave the voyagers an opportunity of enjoying the scenery in pleasant relaxation from ship imprisonment. Sister Loyola, probably to astound her companion, merrily ate some raw clams. It is amusing to note that the valiant Sister Mary was duly disgusted and horrified. At ten o'clock on the morning of the fourth day at sea, *The Goliah* entered the Golden Gate.

She docked at California St. The San Francisco of that day is too well known to call for comment. Crude and rude as it was in comparison with the phoenix city of today proudly throned on her towered hills, it had even then something of majesty. Sister Mary breaks into raptures over the panorama spread before them as *The Goliah* floated into the great inland bay, brilliant as an emerald in the spring sunlight, its distant shore lines rising in mountains that mingled the blue of their mist with the blue of the morning sky.

The kindly captain of the vessel offered to conduct the Sisters to the house of Archbishop Alemany. Unfamiliar with the city, he led the nuns from street to street along the rough board walks that covered the sand dunes, across

an occasional cobbled thoroughfare, in search of the "church with a cross" for, though not a Catholic, he knew the sign of the Catholic church.

At last a cross-surmounted steeple loomed before them. He knocked at a rather pretentious residence and enquired if the Archbishop was at home. With a contemptuous "No," the door was slammed in his face.

This rudeness surprised the captain. Yet we are to remember that the nuns were not travelling in conventual garb but in an outlandish costume, neither wholly secular nor wholly religious, donned to avoid undue publicity. For the get-up of Sister Mary Catherine, Sister Mary Cornelia was responsible. Sister Loyola doubtless contrived her own. Each must have been a wonderful "creation." At this stage of pioneer society, when all sorts of conditions of men (and women) were invading the young city, it is not to be wondered at that such odd-looking personages should be summarily dismissed.

Proceeding a little further, the party came upon another church with a cross, near which was an humble dwelling. Venturing again to knock, and repeating the question rather timidly, they were invited in, since the Archbishop was not yet at home. To their delighted surprise, who should greet them on their entrance but their old Oregon friend, Father Langlois. The pleasure was mutual. Father Langlois congratulated them on coming to make a settlement in San Francisco, and welcomed them cordially. Sister Loyola explained carefully that they had come merely to meet a party of new missionaries whom they were to conduct to Oregon. Their good friend smiled, but made no comment. He had his own ideas and he kept them for the present; he had, in fact, already discussed with Archbishop Alemany the desirability of bringing the Sisters from Oregon to the metropolis of California.

The Archbishop gave them a cordial greeting, after which he held a lengthy conversation with Sister Loyola, the full import of which she did not divulge at the time to her companion; but from that time forth it was evident that she was persuaded of the advisability of making a foundation in California. In the enforced delay, for the ship in which the Cincinnati missionaries were sailing was to be three months late, she saw the designs of Providence on the little flock entrusted to her care. It was evident that under present conditions there was work for but one colony in Oregon. There the mission field watered by so many tears was lying fallow, whereas in California the fields were already white for the harvest. True, the harvest would come again for Oregon, but in California was the present need.

So reasoned Sister Loyola; so, guided by prayer and prudence, she made her decision. That she did not impart her plans to her companion was probably because she knew the disinclination of Sister Mary to abandon her ministrations to the tribes, a work in which she had endured so many hardships. It may be, too, that she mistrusted the less aggressive character of Sister. Sister Loyola was a remarkably decided character; she was, if we may so employ the term, a self-starter. She had an intrepidity that in one of less faith might seem recklessness. Hers was a grasp of detail, a far-sightedness, above all an unfaltering trust in Providence.

It is a paradox in religious bodies that individuals, while counting for little if anything in themselves are, nevertheless, a potent force in the aggregate. Personalities are made use of by those who govern the organizations; with rare wisdom, when one no longer serves the end, it is withdrawn and is replaced by the needed factor. The great Sister Loyola is scarcely known on the Pacific

Coast save in the early annals of the Congregation. Docile as a child, she retires from the stage in the first act of the drama. She returns to the obscurity of community life in a distant mission of the Ohio Province, giving proof of her strong character by her simple obedience. Yet her unspoken name is lauded in eternity by each new conquest of grace in the great mission that she so intrepidly founded.

Though it was the desire of the Archbishop to establish the Sisters in his diocese, he could not settle them in San Francisco, since a community of Sisters of Charity was already en route from Emmittsburg to make a foundation there. He therefore proposed San Jose, then the capital. His suggestion that they visit the Santa Clara Valley was eagerly acceded to. The Sisters knew that their good friend Father Nobili, formerly of New Caledonia, was there founding the Santa Clara College on the site of the old Spanish Mission. They gladly availed themselves of the offer of Mr. Martin Murphy to conduct them. The journey was made by wagon along the beautiful *Camino Real,* the loveliness of which has been so vividly pictured by Bayard Taylor in *El Dorado.*

"West of us, range on range ran the Coast mountains parted by deep wild valleys in which we could trace the course of streams shaded by pine and giant redwood. . . . The unvarying yellow hue of mountains and plain, except where they were traversed by belts of dark green timber, gave a remarkable effect. It was not the color of barrenness, and had no character of sadness or even monotony. Rather, glimmering through the mist, the mountains seemed to have arrayed themselves in cloth of gold. . . . The soft cloudless sky, the balmy atmosphere, the mountain ranges on either hand stretching far before until they vanished in purple haze, the sea-like sweep of the plain with its islands and shores of dark green oak . . . all combined to form a landscape which I may have seen equalled but never surpassed."

We who are familiar with this scene transformed into one great producing garden, with almost every vestige of

Nature's work obliterated on the fertile plain, with only the eternal hills the same, can with difficulty picture it as it charmed the eyes of the Sisters on that fair spring day as they rode through silvery wild oats, flecked with the flaming poppy and the creamy fleur de lis of early March, a great gleaming jewel set in the opalescent mountains that changed their shimmering hues with every hour. Sister Mary records her rapture when she first gazed on the glorious mountains. All unconscious was this good Sister that—the desert of desolating failure past—she was entering her Promised Land, entering the great harvests of the West, where for more than half a century yet, she was to labor and to pray for souls, dear to her for her dear Redeemer's sake.

Evening brought the travellers to the hospitable home of Mr. Murphy at Bay View (Mountain View) where they received a warm welcome, such as only those generous pioneer days afforded. An hour later, to their delighted surprise, the Archbishop rode up en route to Santa Clara Mission where he was to officiate at the services of Palm Sunday, and to adjust the parishes of Santa Clara and Pueblo San Jose which he was about to entrust to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Next morning they continued their journey. At San Jose they were warmly welcomed by Mr. Kell; hospitable lodging was given them at the home of the White family.

San Jose had been made the capital on the American occupation. The annals give no description of the pueblo; but it could not have greatly differed from that of Taylor as he viewed it in 1850. After describing a "sirocco" which met them at the entrance of the town, of which he humorously remarks, "Some wind intended for San Francisco had got astray among the mountains and coming on

San Jose all unawares had put in motion all the dust that had been quietly accumulating all summer," he goes on:

"The two weeks that had elapsed since San Jose had been made a capital were sufficient to have created a wonderful change. What with tents and houses made of wood and canvas, in hot haste thrown up, the town seemed to have doubled its size. The dusty streets were thronged with people; goods for lack of storage room stood in large piles beside the doors. The sound of saw and hammer, the rattling of laden carts were incessant. The Legislature Building, put up at the town's expense, was nearly finished. Hotels were springing up in all quarters; restaurateurs hung out their signs on little one-story shanties. . . . The roads to Monterey, to Stockton, and to the Embarcado (Alviso) were stirring with continual travel. The price of lots had already doubled, so that the town lost nothing by its gift of the legislative building to the government."

Into this restless little settlement, crude and courageous, teeming with tempestuous energy, and pulsing with high hopes, entered the Sisters of Notre Dame. There they determined to make a foundation. All their worldly capital was rounded by a "two-bit piece." As we look back on the *interest* of that *twenty-five* cents in the span of seventy-five years, amounting as it does to a half million and more evaluation, we are reminded of St. Theresa:

"Three sous! That is nothing."

"Three sous and Theresa! That is nothing."

"Three sous and Theresa, and Jesus! That is everything."

Yes,

Twenty-five cents. That was nothing.
Twenty-five cents and two little nuns. That was nothing.
But there was *Jesus,* and that was *everything.* Thus indeed, Man proposes and God disposes.

All things pointed to the advisability of immediate settlement in San Jose. The people of the city were anxious to retain the Sisters, seeing the inestimable advantages of the moral education of their children who were growing

with the growing State. The Jesuits, forced to abandon their former field, were already undertaking the training of the future men, was it not fitting that their adjuncts in Oregon, the daughters of Mère Julie, should assume responsibility for the future women? Prominent citizens urged the measure. Among these were Hon. Peter Burnett, the first Governor, whose authority was incontrovertible because of his personal experiences in the Oregon country; Hon. Caius Tacitus Ryland, one of the first Senators; Don Jose Suñol, a Spanish land-king who had given his loyal allegiance to the new government, and was notable in the efforts for civic progress; Mr. Charles White, their hospitable host, and many others too numerous to mention in a mere summary like this. Added to this was the pressure of the Church authorities, especially that of the Metropolitan, Archbishop Alemany, with many influential clergymen and, above all, their Oregon Jesuit co-laborers headed by Rev. Father Nobili, rector and founder of the new college at Santa Clara. All these were deeply concerned in the matter.

Withal, Sister Loyola, though she had practically made up her mind in the affirmative, was in no undue haste. God would manifest His designs; they would await His manifestation. Meantime, they waited for their companions, and they prayed. Sister Loyola, no less than Sister Mary, was loath to leave her neophytes on the Willamette. She, too, had her moments of doubt and perplexity in the yearning to continue in the beloved mission, although she realized the utter hopelessness of going on as they had been doing, and she fully comprehended the crying need of the services of religious in the new field. Doubtless, despite her earnest desire to further the designs of Providence, she occasionally found herself in the twilight of indecision.

At last the time came when she must make up her mind, one way or the other. She placed great reliance on the opinion of Father Nobili; his advice was unhesitating.

"Stay," he counseled, "I am in the same position. I have assumed the responsibility of replacing the Mexican clergy. I intend to open a school and submit my plan to my Superior General. I am certain he will approve. Time presses; the population increases. We must profit by the overtures made us and go on, trusting to an ever-watchful Providence. If my General orders me to abandon the enterprise, I will be happy to do so; but I feel that he will say, 'Go ahead A. M. D. G.' "

With that, Sister Loyola unfalteringly crossed her Rubicon. And thus the College of Santa Clara and Notre Dame of San Jose began their existence, seventy-five years ago.

The founders must have felt a sense of relief when the die was cast and the establishment determined upon. The cordial spirit of the place, the aroma of Catholic life, yet fragrant from the tradition of the old Spanish missions, which though materially in ruin yet preached "sermons" in their crumbling stones, and the broad toleration and sound sense of a dissenting pioneer population must have been a soothing reaction from the sectarian strife and un-Christian jealousy of the Oregon territory.

CHAPTER II

"Go You Also Into My Vineyard"

The Third Colony

On July 2, after three long months of waiting, the third colony arrived by way of the Isthmus. One of the new-comers was from the Cincinnati Convent—a generous gift of the East to the yet struggling West. From Namur came Sisters Donatille, Mary Alenie and Aloysius; from Cincinnati the valiant Sister Catherine. To the last we owe the account of their journey westward as well as interesting events in the pioneer days of the foundation, for she lived far beyond the age of woman, into the ninth decade of her busy life. She saw the *pueblo* grow into a thriving valley city, the little shack school into a splendid pile of buildings. Gifted with a remarkable memory, a keen sense of humor, a kindliness coming from a heart overflowing with good will to men, she was a delightful *raconteur*. Untiringly she would lead the interested over the scenes of her early labors, unhesitantly pointing out the pioneer topography, enriching her narrative with reminiscence and incident. Those of a more prosaic middle age were wont to note with some amusement that the name of a contemporary could seldom be mentioned to Sister Catherine without drawing forth a telling anecdote or characteristic trait of his or her grandparent.

When the newcomers arrived in San Francisco, Mr. Ward came aboard in his official capacity; this good gentleman inadvertently let the cat out of the bag by remark-



ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME, ALAMEDA, CALIF.

ing on the settlement of the Sisters of Notre Dame at San Jose. Amazed at the news, they ejaculated:

"Impossible; we are destined for Oregon. There must be some mistake."

Mr. Ward did not insist further. A genial Protestant minister (all separated brethren were fortunately not of the Alvin Waller type) offered to take their letters to port. To this they gladly assented since it would be some hours before they might land.

In about an hour, they saw a little skiff approaching. In it was the kind Archbishop Alemany, who had been on the look-out for the arrival of the vessel. He greeted the little group with paternal affection and graciously gave them his benediction. He then remarked playfully:

"You are four. Well, now, suppose I keep two here and let two go on to Oregon."

Astounded they expostulated:

"Oh, no, Monseigneur; that is impossible. We are destined for Oregon."

As they were protesting respectfully but vigorously, the Archbishop put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a note which he presented with mock gravity. It read:

"San Jose, Calif.

"Dear Sisters:

"Remain where you are till I come.

"Sister Loyola."

Only this and nothing more.

Short if not sweet it was delivered with telegraphic brevity, but there was no doubting it. Imagine the astonishment of the missionaries! Their first care on landing was to inform Sister Loyola. As traveling was a slow as a *sore* process, it would be four days ere she could reach the metropolis, a run now made by the Southern Pacific express in less than an hour.

The colony was invited to dinner at the episcopal palace, the furnishings of which were in keeping with its architecture before noted. The metropolitan of San Francisco had but three chairs in his reception room, which also served as his sleeping room. As other guests, two Dominican nuns, were waiting, a bench was hauled in and the visitors accommodated. His Grace sat on his bed and entertained them delightfully till dinner time. The meal was served in a narrow room off the kitchen. Verily this apostolic son of St. Dominic lived in accord with the primitive poverty of his Order.

After dinner, the Archbishop conducted the Sisters to the home of the French consul, Mr. Dillon, thence to the house of Judge Barry, where they were hospitably entertained during their stay in the city. The daughters of their host became the first boarding pupils at the academy at San Jose. One later entered the Order and is known as Sister Marie du Sacre Coeur; of her we shall speak later. The daughter of Mr. Ward (Mrs. Sophie Ward Tobin) some years after became a pupil at San Jose; she lives to see the crown of Jubilee placed on the brow of Alma Mater, of whom she has ever proved the loyal child.

Sister Loyola was prompt. In three days their eyes were gladdened by the sight of her and Sister Mary Catherine, who came to conduct the colony to its unexpected destination, Pueblo San Jose.[1]

The narrative of the Isthmus journey is not without interest in the light of present conditions in that revolutionized region.

On the map of the Panama Canal appears in large letters the name *Chagres;* it is a town at the mouth of the Chagres River which flows into the gigantic Gatun Dam, 1500 ft. in thickness and 100 ft. in depth, a marvel of

[1]So called to distinguish it from Mission San Jose, twenty miles north.

engineering that dwarfs the Pyramids. When Sister Catherine and her companions landed at this town in 1851, it wore a far different aspect from that of the expectant port of today. The Isthmus, though traversed as a short-cut to the goldfields, was yet an impenetrable wilderness apart from the narrow trails.

The trip over the neck was made on mule back along narrow paths that ran on the edge of towering cliffs and beetling crags; either side was flanked by overgrowths of brush, the chaparral of the American forest. Often these trails were cut on the hard rock of the precipices, over chasms of terrifying depth, or they were tunnelled out rudely between cliffs in such narrow fashion that limbs and clothing were menaced when riders or pedestrians squeezed between them in peril of shuffling off their mortal coils on the rough projections.

These crossings were made in companies as a security against bandits and the ferocity of the native tribes. To preserve continuity in these caravans was no small difficulty, owing to the ever recurring obstacles along the route. That in which the Sisters journeyed occupied five days in the crossing. It was the rainy season; thus the danger was enhanced by the slippery condition of the paths. Off and on, the stubborn burros had to be abandoned and the party took to the frail canoes of the Indians, from whom no little peril was to be apprehended, since bands of them, armed with long knives, skulked in the underbrush. Drenched to the skin, with little, if any, opportunity of drying their garments, they made the hazardous trip, camping out at night along the uneven banks, or on the sides of the dizzy trails, perhaps stopping for the night at the sole town on the road, Gorgona. A picture of this Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Lightner, who crossed in 1852, sketches in *The Notre Dame Quarterly*.

"Here was magnificent floral growth; occasionally a house was seen high above us. The people seemed to go up to the only door by ladders. I can imagine how such entrances seemed to Mr. Taft when he called on his friends in Manila. We observed monkeys and parrots in the trees as we went to the hotel, the best, an old two-storied wooden house. The dining room had dim sperm-oil lamps. Oh, what a smell! I can not remember what we ate, but we were ravenous. And the bedrooms! We had to go up a rickety flight of stairs to a large room in which was a cot for each, a sheet and a pillow—no mattress, and . . . not polite but in those days every one spoke of them—the fleas, millions of them that preferred the *gringo*. What a night! Such a tramping of muleteers, seemingly in angry dispute, but in reality only chatting together. A small tin basin and one clean towel! Gladly we arose at daybreak."

Sister Catherine used to laugh tears at the remembrance; doubtless it was not so funny in the experiencing. We incline to think the adventures lost nothing in the recital.

This group had left New York on *The Empire City*, afterwards a warship in the Civil War. For several reasons it was deemed prudent to doff their religious garb at Chagres. They compromised by donning their night robes and a huge white sunbonnet, such as they were wont to wear "hanging up" on wash day. The conventional night gowns were loose "mother hubbards" of violet calico. In this guise, mounted on refractory mules, or hobbling along with the aid of a stick or a friendly arm, they made the terrifying journey of five days. A kind Mr. Heffernan and his wife are mentioned as being a great comfort to the poor nuns. It is also interesting to recall that the venerable Bishop O'Connell of the Grass Valley (now Sacramento) Diocese was in the party. This saintly prelate, a kind friend of Notre Dame, was then in the pride of his young manhood.

Another caravan crossing at the same time was under the lead of Mr. Bernard Murphy, a name famous in the Garden City. In this were two future Sisters of Notre



COURT YARD, CONVENT NOTRE DAME, GUATEMALA

Dame, Sister Anna Raphael in the Fitzgerald family, and Sister Mary Elizabeth in the Sinnott family. This caravan once crossed the other very opportunely.

In this brushwood, trees grow densely, with branches hanging low over the trails; unwary riders were in constant peril, for it was often necessary to bend parallel with the beast one was riding in order to avoid contact with the menacing boughs. Passage was extremely difficult at best. This condition afforded an adventure to little Sister Aloysius. Mules do not like to get their hoofs wet. The one on which she was riding turned aside to avoid a puddle on the path; in doing so, he shot into the dense chaparral so suddenly that, had she not caught the bough of an overhanging tree, she would have been crushed in the saddle. As she did so, the mule dashed on leaving her pendent. There she hung, terrified at the thought of leaping to the ground, terrified at the fear lest she would not be able to hold on; instinct, the strong consciousness of self-preservation, kept her tense to the branch. Only those who have known the dainty, precise little lady that was Sister Aloysius can appreciate the situation.

There she hung in her gaudy gown and white sunbonnet like some giant orchid of the jungle, when, fortunately for her, Mr. Murphy and his party happened along the trail. His first care was to pluck down poor little Sister; his second to find the refractory mule, now leisurely browsing in the brush. Somewhat perturbed, but all unhurt, the little traveller was replaced on her mount. We incline to think that she thereafter kept well to the fore of the caravan.

After leaving Panama, the voyage was smooth sailing. The stately *Sarah Sands* conveyed them along the blue Pacific to San Francisco where they met the experiences already recounted.

CHAPTER III

Nisi Dominus Aedificaverit Domum

Foundation at San Jose



HEN the project of establishment was finally made, Mr. Martin Murphy offered to go security for any debts the Sisters would be obliged to contract in the building of a school. On account of the public benefits accruing, it was suggested that a subscription be proposed to the community to aid the nuns in their initial efforts.

This, the first and last public plea, was the first and last public benefaction. A record of it, in part, remains. It is headed by Archbishop Alemany with $300, followed by Mr. Martin Murphy and son, $650. Friends here and there pledged from $100 to $25. Though evincing the appreciation of the municipality, the sum promised was not large; nor did much of it materialize. It remained for the most part "a scrap of paper." The Sisters were obliged to borrow money and on that to pay interest amounting to $200 monthly, in quarterly installments, a heavy drain on their slender resources. The account books of Oregon from 1844 and of San Jose from 1851 are still in possession, illuminating documents carefully executed in a neat French hand. They witness the financial ability that was not lacking in these pious Belgian women, for it was by good administrative control of their meagre funds, as well as by hard labor, and not by donations, subscription, or otherwise, that they built up the Province of California to its present status.

Though the interest to the local money-holders was hard pressure, so did the Sisters manage that they became at once self-supporting. They built up an academy for resident and day students, later incorporated as a college, as well as a flourishing day school. By means of these, they were able to establish a school where children who were unable to pay for their education were taught *gratis*. Before the development of the organized parochial school system, this burden was generously borne by all religious Orders in the State. The Sisters of Notre Dame maintained it for fifty years in the city of San Jose. This is, naturally, a European system, the product of *classification;* it is not suited to the American type. In the case of the Sisters it was the product of primitive conditions. That it lasted so long in the Valley, when throughout the State the parochial system was organizing, now seems difficult to comprehend. Be that as it may, the Sisters from the outset established a school of free education. Later they erected a substantial building which they equipped and furnished, provided with faculty, and maintained (even to the paying of taxes) on their own grounds. This was called "St. Joseph's School." It served the parish until the erection of the school of the same name in 1905 under parochial auspices. In connection with this was maintained an "academy" or fee-paying school, through the grades and the high school for day students, known as "Notre Dame Academy." Both these institutions were for local service. The "College of Notre Dame," the mother-school, was principally for resident students, though a limited number of "day-boarders" were accommodated. The resident students gave the institution an inter-state and even a cosmopolitan character, since they came from Mexico, the Southern Republics, Hawaii, and even Manila, as well as from all States west of the Rocky Moun-

tains. By the fees accruing, the Sisters were able to support St. Joseph's School. That no change was made in the course of fifty years is not to be charged to the Sisters, unless to their credit, in seeking no reimbursement under changed conditions.

By one of the strange inconsistencies of human nature, the very facts that should have brought grateful laudation to the pioneers and their immediate successors, have brought upon them some very unkind, though, doubtless, thoughtless criticism, and this in some cases from the very persons who have been the objects of their benefactions. It is hard to understand how the nuns could be criticized for accepting a nominal *fee* for their services in one quarter, that they might bestow these services *free* in another. That the system in the abstract might be reprehended as obsolete is not surprising, but that the generous and devoted nuns should be the objects of censure is incomprehensible. Both classes were amenable to the Sisters, for coin can not pay for service, how much less for life!

By the parish system, the Sisters receive a nominal salary, the present maximum for grade work $30 (recently raised from $20 monthly by the high cost of living); for secondary or high school work, they receive $40 monthly. With this, by means of their music and other activities pedagogical, they are able to eke out a scanty subsistence. Of course it is another question when they have to meet the emergencies of illness. (When this remuneration is compared with that demanded in the secular schools and paid by public taxation, we realize that God truly marks the fall of the sparrow.) It is by the generous free labor of the aggregate that the communities are able to carry on their work under such tremendous difficulties. Yet, in the face of modern economics, the question of free service

becomes more complicated, and that once generous capital is gradually decreasing under physical break-downs. The herculean constitutions of the Belgians obviated many difficulties met in the present.

While waiting for the travellers from New York, the two founders spent their time reconnoitering the vicinity for a suitable location. The center of San Jose, as of all old Spanish towns, was the *plaza* (now City Hall Park), the equivalent of the New England *"village green,"* or "common." Around this had clustered the adobe dwellings of the pueblo-folk, around it rose the residences of the newcomers, and the business structures; of the former, there were in 1851 about thirty in the town limits. A large outlying area of ranches formed an additional field for educational activities.

The town was not yet worthy of its later title, but the suburbs had a beauty all their own. The present bustling Santa Clara St. was a pretty country road running out to the historic Alameda, of which it was a branch. Parallel with it, over to the Guadalupe River, was a willow bordered avenue, probably a way to the Alameda, or mission road, from the old Peralta *rancho*. This by-way caught the eye of Sister Mary on one of their inspection tours; she thought "What a delightful spot for children to recreate in!" Several lots had been offered to the Sisters as prospective buyers, but all had disadvantages. This situation was both attractive and had the advantage of proximity to the town. The vision of the willow-way remained with Sister during all the later negotiations. This location was ultimately decided on; it forms the nucleus of the present San Jose property. That pretty country road is now part of the main artery of trade between San Francisco and the State border. The willow-way became a portion of the Notre Dame campus.

This property, now the geographical center of San Jose, was then some distance out of the township. It was bounded on the east by an artificial creek, a sort of canal, called the *acequia,* which was used for irrigation purposes. This is now, long since a thing of the past, shorn of its glory by the artesian wells, one of which was installed in the convent grounds by Mr. Peter Donahue of pioneer fame. The prisoners of the town jail, standing on a wooden platform just outside the convent enclosure, did the pumping of the water in this artificial water-way. The acequia did useful work and passed away with many other good things from the memory of man. On its forgotten grave rose later the eastern wing of the college buildings; for long bright years the trellissed vines and flowering trees kept conventual recollections of its stream of bounty. This canal was also the town laundry for the Mexican population, dating from the days when the water-way had been constructed by the Indians under the directions of the Franciscan missionaries. The women made a pretty picture as they passed to and fro in bright colored garb, skillfully balancing their baskets on their heads, or by aid of "soap-root" washing their garments in the flowing stream.

At the time of the purchase of the first lot, only one house, the adobe of the Pintos, perched on the banks of the Guadalupe, lay beyond that of the Sisters. The site was thus somewhat isolated; but it had the charm of seclusion with the advantage of convenience. The original lot was 37x50 *varas*. The sole improvements consisted of a shack of three adobe walls supporting a mansard roof. The man who owned it had fallen victim to a mortgage. Nor did the grounds present an attractive appearance. Mustard, introduced by the Franciscans as a condiment, had eluded control of cultivation. No field in the vicinity of any mission escaped it; gradually it covered the entire

State. In its shade, the fowl and cattle could for days elude pursuit. It is said that the early Californians built their chicken houses of its substantial stalks. The future college campus was a mustard jungle.

However, under the efficient direction of Sister Mary, the "wilderness soon blossomed as the rose." From an old newspaper we clip the following appreciation:

"'Wonderful women, those Sisters,' we have heard old pioneers exclaim, and when we contemplate the fruit of their enterprise, we can but echo the sentiment. Sister Loyola of Louvain and Sister Mary of Nismes are women whose equals we rarely meet in any walk of life, grand characters, with all a woman's gentle accomplishments, a scholar's thorough training, and withal, a marvelous adaptation to all the intricacies of masculine occupation."

Sister Mary Catherine in her memoirs assures us that the extensive plans built on high hopes of Sister Loyola seemed to her nothing short of temerity.

"Ah, you have not faith. You are short-sighted!" the dauntless Sister Loyola would exclaim. "All our confidence must rest in God alone. He knows all. Every event happens by His Divine Providence. I am not following my own views."

Magnificent faith, magnificently justified!

Food, clothing and furnishings were then sold at exorbitant prices in California; the Sisters had to undergo many privations and had often to feel the effects of real poverty. A rather unique relief came to them in the person of their first and sole resident *alumnus,* little three-year-old Jack Townsend, who with his devoted nurse, Bridget McCue, came to board at the convent. Little Jack had lost his father, Doctor John Townsend, in the blowing up of the ill-fated *Jenny Lind* at the Embarcado, an accident that bereaved many in the Valley, and his guardian was eager to find a good home where the child would be cared for. Thus he became the first and last *co-ed* of Notre

Dame College. The substantial fee from Jack's entrance expenses, and a generous advance payment, enabled the nigh impoverished nuns to stock the larder well and to set the house in some order. Baby Jack stayed at the convent as long as it was feasible; he then "transferred" and became an alumnus of Santa Clara College. Many years later, his wife, a devoted friend of the Sisters, brought to the museum an interesting relic, a receipt in the handwriting of Sister Loyola for his board and tuition.

We obtain some idea of the price of food-stuffs from a sketch of Mrs. Lightner, *"Our First Christmas in California,"* published in The Notre Dame Quarterly: Potatoes per lb. 18c; butter per lb. $2.50; eggs per doz. $2.50; bread per month (family of eight) $30. The Christmas turkey had cost $20, and then it was "silvery." No wonder that the first Christmas dinner of the nuns was green cabbage and *bear*. Yes, Bruin took the place of the traditional gobbler. No comment is made on his texture. Bear meat was as common as venison; jerked beef seems to have been the staple.

The people were very kind to the Sisters, and often shared what they had in the line of fresh provisions. Don Peralta, their rear neighbor, allowed them access to his orchard; he even donated a fine old pear tree to the boarders that they might enjoy a fruit of their own possession.

All were interested in the security of the nuns and children. Mr. Lion (original "Lion and Sons") once threw up the window of the school room as he passed, as a kindly warning for them to be on their guard. However, the situation of isolation did not alarm the nuns.

The first adobe shack was directly on the street. Next over near the acequia was the house of Mr. Goodrich. Between the two structures ran a narrow alley, the festive



SISTER MARY BERNARDINE

rendezvous of numerous rats. On the first lot was a small vegetable garden which the nuns continued to cultivate in cabbages and potatoes. The purchases gradually extended to the "River," but the lots did not run back beyond the willow-way, for in the rear lay the property of the Peraltas, part of a famous "grant." In "The Splendid Idle Forties," when this pleasant fruited Vale was in truth The Valley of Heart's Delight, the famed old Spanish grandees, like Don Peralta, had held the lands from range to range, but their possessions had become straitened in the path of Yankee *thrift*. The Peralta *rancho* was now comparatively small; still the family were loth to part with their hereditary estate, and the convent, instead of expanding back, was obliged to run down the road. Some of the lots had to be paid for twice, owing to the difficulties of title in those days, a circumstance which must have gone hard with the poor nuns, but concerning which they preserve a charitable silence.

Buildings, too, were secured intermittently. The first adobe shack was that primarily fitted up for occupation. Mr. Goodrich was evidently a handy man, a sort of job-carpenter combined with architect and contractor. The Sisters were lucky enough to secure his services. He was not on a union programme, and appears to have given his labor generously, even working into the night, Sister Mary holding the sputtering candle while he sawed and hammered. Doubtless the nuns, adepts from their Oregon experiences, lent a hand. Thus the primal structure was enlarged to include "parlor," classrooms, on the front. A narrow apartment back of these served as music room and convent living-room "after hours." Through this, visitors had to pass to reach the yard. The kitchen was a rough lean-to, built of redwood. All boards save those brought around the Horn, and the residences of the

wealthy were so brought (an example of which is the Rhodes house near the Alameda), were hand-sawed redwood. Lumber mills were only being initiated in the Valley. The first winter rains flooded the impromptu kitchen. To off-set this, the Sisters tacked along the walls and ceilings the heavy rubber coats that had been provided for the crossing of the Isthmus.

The primitive chapel was a long frame shack, part of which served as a class-room for the intermediates. The sanctuary was separated from the school by a curtain of white cambric. When the pupils became so numerous that the room would no longer accommodate them, another shack of the same type was erected opposite. One end of this was used as a refectory. There the boarders, assisting at Mass in the chapel opposite, knelt between the tables; at this time there were one hundred and seventy boarders and twelve Sisters. The refectory was rather precarious in winter when showers sent the rains through chinks and knot-holes. Then was there a rush for plates and cups; the class-room was better protected, and dinner could be enjoyed in the novel situation of eating at a desk. The *covers* of that day were simple, oil-cloth linen; one plate, and that a soup plate for compromise; a handleless cup (a bowl, in fact); a single knife, fork, and spoon. The seats were long rough benches. Places were taken in due order. Woe to the tardy, for none could slip through the congested lines unobserved. Yet was many a merry meal taken in that old dining hall with all its crudities, in spite of the fact that the pupils of that day were children of the wealthiest pioneer families, those whose descendants stand high in the "Four hundred." The pioneer days had a flavor of good fellowship, a whole-hearted comradeship, a good-natured endurance of discomfort, even an enjoyment in its novelty, in marked contrast to the arti-

ficiality and exactions of our advanced day. The general atmosphere had of course something to do with this spirit, for what we consider discomforts were the accepted conditions, altogether irremediable in the "50's."

Amid the primeval group was a structure that served for a *refugium omnium,* containing bakery, laundry, chicken roost, tool-house, stable for the venerable steed that had succeeded the replica of the Wakefield "colt" in Oregon, and a bathroom—regal luxury!

Water had to be pumped and carried wherever needed. By a stroke of luck in extending the buildings, the yard pump got into the kitchen. The force pump later installed by Mr. Peter Donahue was held a marvel of pioneer skill, the acme of convenience. Washing was done in huge wooden tubs. However, one Christmas vacation saw the nuns emulating the open air laundry of the natives, when an overflow from the acequia formed a temporary "lake" in the back yard.

Buildings were sometimes secured whole, as was the case with "Egypt" which was moved into the enclosure as a school for Mexican children. Here in this modest mansion Sister Aurelie, skilled to rule, taught the young idea to shoot. Egypt fell not to disuse before the demolition of the convent buildings in 1925; it was considered quite an acquisition at the time and its wide hand-sawed planks have been the admiration of many an archæologist. Another structure owned by Major Henseley was held a good bargain. Mr. Yoell, then a young and enterprising lawyer, moved out of his office to let the Sisters have another building. None of the old structures remain save the First Convent, erected in 1851. On the whole, they were not pretentious, but their moving in those days must have been something of a mechanical feat. The First Convent was long used as tool house. On the destruction

of the convent plant, it was transported, by the generous co-operation of some of the alumnae, to Belmont, where it stands looking somewhat askance at its aristocratic neighbor, the Ralston-Sharon mansion, now Berchmans' Hall; despite its coat of new paint it wears a self-conscious appearance, as of a country lad in a ball-room. Yet is that rude shack of more intrinsic worth than the proudest palaces of the Golden State. It succeeded the first adobe shack, served the Sisters and, in part, the students. In the rude attic, with its rough sloping sides, where one of height can stand upright only in the middle of the room, slept the Superior, Sister Mary Cornelia and the six Sisters. One might imagine they had some of the scholastic "angelic properties" to fit in so contracted a space. Back of this dormitory Sister Catherine had her dress-making establishment, and Sister Odelie her millinery establishment. Yes, in mature age these serious religious returned to the vanities of their youth, retrograded to the Babylon of the "world" after entering the Jerusalem of religion, and devised "creations" of hats and gowns. Does any reader recall the array of "chapel hats" that used to hang in the long tiled corridor? Of these Sister Odelie furnished the prototypes. The uniforms were devised by Sister Catherine, who was wont to relate with glee how she made a dress for the daughter of Judge Hastings, Miss Clara, for whom later the Great West could not turn out a wedding outfit. Downstairs was the office of the Superior as well as a dining-room for the nuns. Later, the second apartment became a sleeping-room as well as a class-room (after the enlargement of the primitive community) so that the nuns had to transport their beds and bedding to and from the attic morning and night. A sort of lean-to served as kitchen. The structure was also purchased entire, and moved into the en-

closure, hence it ante-dates 1851 by some years; it was enlarged by cutting off the front and moving it forward, inserting a slice between in the manner of a sandwich. This slice is of more modern make, with planed boards. The old portion was hand-sawed, without nails, with the boards dove-tailed like the block houses of children; thus it must belong to the earliest forties, an interesting relic indeed, and one deserving preservation. It is to serve henceforth as a Notre Dame Antiquities Museum on the new site.

Another erection that underwent protean changes was that first known as "Notre Dame Academy" and which served as the old-fashioned "select school," in contradistinction to the somewhat "settlement" type of *Egypt*. It was used as recreation or study hall by the residents after school hours. Sturdily it stood till the general demolition of the convent buildings, offering hospitality to many needs. When the parish church of St. Joseph's was burned, this served as temporary church. Baptisms, marriages, funerals took place within its walls. Many notable alumnae conned their lessons there when it served as a scholastic institution. Later, it was relegated to the novices. Its final destiny was the steam-laundry; then did the whir of machinery and the splash of suds drown the ghost echoes of the liturgical chant and the hum of the Three R's. "The walls," they say, "have ears." What tales they might tell were tongues given them! It is an amusing fact that in the disaster of 1906, when the latest portions of the convent, as well as the more pretentious buildings of the city were shaken to their foundations, and many feared to sleep under a less stable structure than the sky, the Old Guard of yet lingering pioneer nuns sought shelter in these walls that had witnessed the vigorous labors of their prime.

The crowning glory of the group was the 1852 building, the first brick structure in San Jose, and even in the Santa Clara Valley. This was due to the vision of Sister Loyola. When she first proposed her plan, Sister Mary laughed incredulously and asked, "Do you recall the price of building and material in California?" Nevertheless, Sister Loyola was not to be downed. She was, in truth, obliged to modify her plans somewhat after estimates were made. Still the work was begun. The structure became the central point of civic interest; it amazed visitors.

"Sister, how dare you undertake such a work as this?" asked the French consul on "Exhibition Day."

"God is rich," replied the intrepid Sister Loyola.

CHAPTER IV

"God Is Rich"

Early Days in Pueblo San Jose



es, God is rich. And verily He blesses those who trust Him for all. Day after day, specifications in hand, prominent in her big blue apron, Sister Loyola watched the work with the eye of an expert, directing it with the skill of a trained mechanic. To her ability as well as her foresight the success is due.

In those days of the Olden-golden, since there was little demand for irrigation, surface springs were plentiful. This was a disadvantage in laying the foundation of a heavy structure. An erroneous idea was current that the sequoia was impervious to water. The contractors thereby set the foundations on huge redwood piles because of the unstable nature of the ground. Great logs were hauled by ox teams from the Santa Cruz ranges behind Los Gatos Canyon, and driven into place by a gigantic hammer. If a similar contrivance in erecting the first sky-scraper of the Garden City, The First National Bank Building, several years ago, excited groups of curious spectators, the mechanism must have appeared titanic in 1852. The fact of the matter is that the redwood was not impervious, and in the early "90's" the building was discovered "settling." New foundations were placed with skill and difficulty.

On these redwood piles immense rocks were placed, and on these boulders the foundations were laid. During the process of the work, occurred the festival of *All Saints*. There seemed to the contractor no actual obligation

to cease operations for the day. There did, however, to the owner of one of the ox-teams, a sturdy daughter of Erin, who entered the enclosure, whip in hand, and drove off her team under the very eyes of the astonished drover who had hired the oxen.

This imposing brick structure stands intact in this year of jubilee, awaiting the final demolition of the group. It comprised the chapel (enlarged in 1895), the historic "Senior Class room" and "Mathematics room," the former the domain of Sister Mary of St. George, the latter of Sister Aloysius (later suggestive of chalk-dust tempests after a stormy encounter with x y z) with two small music rooms and an "office," the last occupied by the gentle Sister Mary Aloysia, where culprits met a quality of mercy not strained. On the second floor, was the spacious Notre Dame dormitory with its straight lines of immaculate white-curtained beds; above was the trunk attic.

The style of the building was plain and solid, partly on the Mexican, and partly on the Belgian plan of structure. Until the severe temblor of 1906, it stood intact; in that, though severely tested, it remained unshattered, save on the rear wall of the chapel, and on the west side, where the mortar was loosened by a defective rain drain. It is indicative of the work of the pioneer builders that this old erection should stand, while the magnificent civic and educational structures of the city were practically demolished. Like a staunch old veteran, shaken by onset but firmly grounded, it was emblematic of the work of the pioneer nuns, unpretentious but strong, solid, impervious to attack from without. Notre Dame has since raised many structures more imposing; it may raise many more splendid, but none will have the charm of that old building with its severe lines and nigh forbidding aspect of

integrity—the dear old corner-stone of the Province, soon to fall under the blows of commercial advance. The plain solidity of style has been carried out in the entire quadrangle group; only the latest yield to modern artistry in architecture.

The basement served as dining-room; with its heavily barred windows, it more resembled a jail. The gloomy aspect does not appear to have affected the appetites of the "boarders" who evinced the characteristic avidity for convent plain fare and particularly for the huge apple-pot-pies concocted by Sister Francesca and her aids.

The most important structure in this group was the chapel, the north wing of the 1852 building. It had a striking significance. When the missionaries were on the verge of destruction by the engulfing waves at the Columbia bar, one of the promises made was the erection of a chapel in honor of The Immaculate Heart of Mary. The chapel at San Jose fulfilled that promise. They limited not their generosity in the adornment of that dear sanctuary, now that opportunity offered them to make good their promise. So stood the beloved shrine from the first bright day on which the Divine Guest entered its precincts to that painful hour when the Sacred Species was removed, and the dear little paradise was left a lonely pile, a form bereft of soul and spirit, soon to crumble to oblivion.

The sweetest memories of a pupil of Notre Dame of San Jose cluster about the chapel, the heart of the convent life. On it was lavished the loveliest; in it were tasted the keenest joys of school-girl days, as of conventual life. Lonely and ruined, it lives immortal in memory's indestructible existence. As she, Star of the Sea, shone on the stormy waves of the rolling Oregon, so gleams the light of other days from the abandoned shrine of her Immaculate Heart.

Commencement Day at Notre Dame has ever been something of an affair. It was a great affair in the "50's." Combined with the Exercises at Santa Clara College, the celebrations lasted an entire week. To this by stage and wagon, from all parts of the State, from over the State lines, from the territories of Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona, came contingents of guests. Such a throng could not be accommodated in the little assembly hall. A big tent was pitched on the campus in which a temporary stage was constructed. Here the orthodox programmes were presented to an admiring audience. Dramas were the order of the day, a light farce in the morning, a more pretentious play in the afternoon. As compensation for their entertainment, the visitors in the evening furnished *fireworks.*

From the economic aspect, the "Exhibitions" were quite a factor in the commercial advertising of the town and in the *booming* of the Valley. Furthermore, they contributed considerably to swell the accounts in local hotels. To definitely estimate their influence in the upbuilding of the town, and in the development of the Valley would be difficult. The force of the old school has been apparently forgotten by those who complained that it was blocking commercial progress in the municipality.

Regular classes were opened August 4, 1851. We have no catalogue of that year extant but we have some names of the first roll call, Emma Barry (Sister Marie du Sacre Coeur), Eugenie Van Damme (Melville), Kate Miller (Keyes), Helen Fitzgerald (Shilue). To Mary Fitzgerald, a student of the next year 1852, we owe the first printed bulletin of the Academy.[1] The sole name from the Oregon records is that of Louise Prevost (Mrs. John Auzerais, Sr.), a niece of Archbishop Blanchet. Three

[1]Cf. Appendix I.

generations of this family were educated at Notre Dame, San Jose.

To those familiar with the history of education in the State the comprehensive character of the curriculum will be evident. While embracing the moral, intellectual, aesthetic, it does not exclude the practical. This pioneer prospectus indicates the basic principles on which the later work was extended. The curriculum may evolve to meet the contemporary needs, but fundamental processes lie beneath the adjustment, and principles vary not. Mère Julie had no collegiate degrees, but she had for Master the Holy Spirit, and she was taught in accord. The human phase of her system is based on the solid Ignatian pedagogy.

Of the Exhibition days in the big tent, Mrs. Mary Redmond Zicovich writes delightfully ("By the Light of Other Days," Notre Dame Quarterly, Vol. IV.):

> "First recollections of Notre Dame mingle with the annual family drive to San Jose to attend the Exhibitions. These were notable events as representative gatherings. Held in the great white tent in the convent grounds, they were like glimpses of fairy land, tier on tier of white-clad, happy-looking young ladies; delicious aroma of evergreen festoons; stacks of premiums, and wreaths; the girls who played the piano, and the girls who spoke pieces; the black-robed, sweet-faced Sisters. From the midst of years come back the names of Josie Smith, Geneva Brooks, Luella Burwell, Mary O'Brien, Maggie Davock."

Josephine Smith (Mrs. Isaac Hyde) departed only in March of this year of Jubilee; Maggie Davock (Sister Louise of St. Joseph, who has rendered valiant service to her Order) sees the diamond crown placed on the brow of Alma Mater.

The aforesaid subscription lists did not always materialize. In many cases they were simply kind promises made on paper; in some cases a mere fraction of the sum promised was paid down. Sister Mary remarks sententiously:

"Truly the Sisters of Notre Dame are not to establish themselves by munificent donations."

"Does not that make it clear," retorts Sister Loyola, never to be daunted, "that Divine Providence wishes to be their only support?"

Once more, magnificent faith, magnificently rewarded! Seventy-three years later, the Sisters of Notre Dame left San Jose for which they had labored faithfully, left it without a single benefaction of note (save the Siefert legacy of $15,000), left it without once appealing to public aid, and without once receiving such. Verily they were not to establish or continue their work by means of munificent donations!

Now in the regular routine of convent life, these valiant pioneers rejoiced in the happy stability of systematic occupations and the harmony of organization, a pleasant change from the pristine days of "drive," when they had trudged to and fro, from person to person, seeking now the influence of this one, now the aid of that, a method unusual for Sisters of Notre Dame, decidedly distasteful and irksome, even if essential under the circumstances. They wished but to spend themselves and to be spent in the service of the Divine Master, but solicitation of this sort was trying to the sturdy independent-spirited Belgians.

Their life before the arrival of the third colony had been very trying; the novelty did not compensate. Sister Mary relates their adventures with characteristic naivete. They retained their compromise costume, which, like all compromises, was something of a misfit. On one occasion, passing two men on the road, they heard one remark to the other quite audibly but in French, which, of course, he did not suppose would be understood by them:

"What kind are those anyway?"

As they were quite aware of the figure they cut, they were slightly embarrassed, even if amused.

For "diverse" reasons, not caring to attend the pueblo church, they set out every morning on foot for the league trip to the Santa Clara Mission to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. When Father Nobili had breakfast to offer, he used to invite them in; but having for cook an Indian of rather irregular habits, he was often forced to depend on the charity of the neighbors for a meal. At the taking over, the place (with the exception of the church) had been in a squalid condition, and appeared rather like an abandoned stable. The precious relics were valued by few and unknown to many.

On one occasion, to shorten the road, they struck out across country; but not being familiar with the topography, they found themselves entangled in the mustard labyrinths, where they struggled for a couple of hours. Finally a rancher saw their bonnets bobbing up and down in the golden maze and rode over to their aid. From him they learned that they were en route to the *Embarcado* (Alviso) at the foot of San Francisco Bay.

The two Sisters had provided a trousseau for about three weeks when they left Oregon; when three weeks grew into three months, their efforts to keep up appearances were pathetic as well as amusing; it required all their ingenuity to make ends meet.

With the establishment, all this was a thing of the past. Labor was not light, for often they stayed up till after midnight to get their domestic tasks completed; but no complaint is registered, only joy in the opportunity to make a sacrifice for the precious souls confided to them.

The addition of the Oregon City community rendered matters easier; however, the number of pupils was always

increasing, for the population was almost doubling yearly. There were but three convents in the Great West.[1]

It may be hard to realize that in the early "50's" the Indians roved freely through the Valley; coming down from the mountains at will with their families, they camped along the creeks, returning when the mood seized them. Labor of the inferior type was done by them and by the half-breeds. The convent had as man of all work an old Indian called *Don Juan;* the pretentious *Don* had been affixed to him by some town wag. This Don was very popular with his friends of the forest, who frequently paid him visits, to the annoyance of the nuns. They directed him to meet his cronies off campus. In spite of this prohibition, his relatives haunted the vicinity of the convent, even putting up their *milpas* behind the convent barn near the river. They were, on the whole, harmless creatures, easily intimidated by the threat of "police! calaboose!" etc. Beyond a passing annoyance, they did no harm. If intoxicated, they were likely to be more troublesome.

One night a comrade of the Don, clearly in his cups, came in genial mood to "feast" him with the remainder of his fire-water bottle which he duly displayed. Scared off by the threat of "calaboose," he fortified himself with a few draughts, which kindled his courage to return more aggressive, loudly demanding to see The Don. Most of the nuns retired in haste to the upper story. Not so Sister Mary. Armed with righteous indignation and the kitchen broom, she pursued the fire-drinker to the "river," then the end of the convent bounds. On her return, she was hailed as a heroine by her affrighted companions. Verily those were days of unique experience.

The convent still treasures a queer little statue of St. Anthony of Padua who was constituted Business Manager

[1]The Sisters of Charity, San Francisco; St. Dominic, Benicia; Notre Dame, San Jose.

of the pioneer corporation. This saint was a general favorite by Franciscan tradition. The Californians had peculiar methods of testifying their respect and confidence. There was, for instance, the custom of ducking the statue in the half-dry river when they wanted rain, with an apparently vicious but in reality an affectionate—

"Now, will you get us rain?"

In the convent, his back groaned under a weight of petitions. The nuns, though more reverent than the natives, were no less importunate. Sometimes they tried the native tactics, as when Sister Mary tied the statue to a tree over the Peralta estate which they wanted to purchase. There was a holy irony in this, as a Donna Peralta, who did not wish to part with her ancestral land, was the donor of the statue.

In financial crises, the saint came to their aid in a manner nigh miraculous. One day, they were deeply worried over a note that they had to meet, and for which they had not one-tenth the amount. Father Nobili frequently stopped at the street door at which he knocked without dismounting. This day he paused with the usual query:

"How is all going with you?"

He was told of their quandary, to which he replied cheerily, "That is nothing. Pray to St. Anthony."

In an hour he returned. "Make out a receipt," he said, placing the exact sum in Sister Mary's hand.

Truly, *God is rich.*

CHAPTER V

In the Valley of Heart's Desire

The Builders and the Building



An insert in the annals of the maison mère at Namur reads:

> Octobre. Nous recevons une lettre de Pueblo San Jose, en Californie, datée du 30 août 1851.
>
> 1 avril 1853. Nos Soeurs d'Orégon City n'ayant aucun espoir de voir augmenter le nombre de leurs élèves, quittent cet endroit et vont se réunir à nos Soeurs de San Jose en Californie. Cette maison prospère: elle compte déjà 70 pensionnaires.

Thus did the general government allow large liberty of action to its distant missionaries, realizing that they could best meet the exigencies of the times, if not hampered by arbitrary limitations.

The first erection in brick grew by accretions till the quadrangle was formed. Later was added the cloister wing, forming a second semi-court into which "furtive peeks" were taken by curious maidens through the wisteria-covered lattice. Notre Dame Hall solved the "Exhibition" problem in 1880; it is still the largest private auditorium in the city; its acoustic properties have called forth the admiration of hundreds of world-famous artists who have performed on its stage.

The girls of the locality had been provided for by the erections of St. Joseph's school and the Academy. Hon. Caius Tacitus Ryland provided for the younger boys by the construction of a substantial frame building on the convent campus, in which the Sisters also taught *gratis*, and which they kept in equipment. Here a large number of the future representative citizens of the Santa Clara

Valley received the foundations of their education. Sister Mary Ignatia, a gentle motherly soul, was the first mistress of the school. Her memory is a benediction to many a stalwart son of the Golden State.

The grounds continued to grow in beauty, as the golden glory of mustard patches gave way to lawns and flower beds with a bit of orchard and "truck" land. In that pretty paradise of tall poplars with their sea-like murmurs, spired pines, feathery palms, graceful ash and elm, arbors of purple and golden grapes, stretches of fragrant alfalfa, and riots of radiant bloom, it would have been hard to revive the picture of the weed-grown fields of a decade back. Scattered, here and there, devotional shrines recalled the fact that the place was "holy ground." Notable among these was the chapel of Our Lady of The Sacred Heart in the court, a thank-offering for the miraculous rescue at the stormy Bar. Tablets commemorative of the favor were affixed to the walls, one of them the sole material reminder of Sister Loyola. The exquisite statue was purchased in Paris in 1859. The records of this shrine vouch for many spiritual and temporal graces there received; these are corroborated by the votive offerings therein suspended. Far at the end of the grounds stood the chapel of Our Lady of Sorrows; here were preserved several mementoes of the Lima sojourn. St. Joseph had his rose embowered shrine at the curve of the twin grape arbors; here generations of maidens have prayed the same prayer.

The crowning glory of the place was the *massabielle* or grotto of Lourdes, constructed in 1885. Huge rocks were hauled from the Santa Cruz canyons, masses of glowing serpentine and waxen chalcedony, in themselves a majestic decoration, soon to be hidden in festoons of snowy roses and glistening ivy. Here under the very eyes

of the Sisters and pupils, favors of a miraculous nature were obtained; sight was given the blind, and strong limbs to the halt and lame. To this, a hundred or more votive offerings attest. "Neurotic"—mayhap! "Hysteria"—possibly! But some prefer to subscribe to the faith that moved mountains before *psychoses* and *neurasthenia* were found in the English dictionary.

Thus was the garden-spot of God planted, while the dusty pueblo grew to a thriving city, till the tides of commerce surged up on the old brick walls that shut in the cloistered quiet of the nunnery and the glee of childhood's happy development, while the willowed *alameda* became a broad boulevard, flanked with beautiful homes. Wealth and wit did their part in building up a populous center of culture and industry. The old convent, progressing materially with the times, remained spiritually the same, faithful to the ideals that had animated the noble women who founded it—*Ora et labora,* its slogan still.

An estate in The Willows, a suburb of San Jose, was acquired in the "70's." Here "the seven fruits of the Holy Ghost," as the new pupils ever put it, were partaken of on the glorious outing that followed the votive mass at the opening of the session. Until its sale in 1921, this farm furnished the traditional "exhibition-cherries" breakfast. Up to the purchase of Notre Dame Villa at Saratoga, it was the favorite objective for field-work in botany and physiography under the stimulating guidance of Sister Anna Raphael.

As an example of old-time journalism, as well as a description of the commencement, we quote from a San Francisco newspaper of 1866:

"On Tuesday, we visited San Jose to be present at the Exhibition exercises of the Academy of Notre Dame. The landscape that met our gaze as we approached the pleasant city will long be cherished in our

hearts as one of indescribable beauty. Upon the distant mountains that fringe the lovely Valley the sun had poured a flood of mellow light, tingeing with his golden beams the hill tops and the valleys. As far as sight could reach the country was one large well-cultivated farm . . . This stately building, the convent, one of the most beautiful in San Jose, is situated in the central part of the city, built entirely of brick, ornamented on all sides by groves of beautiful and majestic trees, adorned with gardens replete with the most exquisite shrubbery and flowers, it is indeed a fair jewel in the crown of this Eden of California. The hall was most magnificently decorated. Upon an elevated platform sat the pupils neatly dressed in white relieved by trimmings of blue—the very picture of health, the youthful blush upon their checks far surpassed in freshness and loveliness the roses with which the hall was decked. The hall was literally draped from floor to ceiling, besides tables extending the length of the room covered with evidence of the students' skill."

Here follows an enumeration of the exhibit, among which we note with interest tapestry, chenille and bead work, feather and wax flowers, *hair-jewelry* and plain needle-work, which—

". . . as a lady friend remarked, showed that amid so much beauty of the ornamental, the use of the essential was far from being forgotten.

"To the Rev. Superioress and Sisters we are personally indebted for the kindness exhibited in our behalf and through whose kind offices, though arriving somewhat late, we were able to secure an eligible position for seeing and hearing the beauties of the exhibition."*

Notre Dame Hall in its year of erection witnessed two striking receptions, one a farewell to the saintly Archbishop Alemany, the faithful friend of pioneer days, the other a welcome to the new metropolitan, the princely Archbishop Riordan, who in his long years of guidance of the archdiocese, proved a tried friend of the pioneer school. Another reception of note is that to the Grand Old Man of the American hierarchy, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who forty years later recalled it with pleasure to the compiler of these records on a visit to him in historic Baltimore. In this auditorium were held the "Exhibitions,"

*Programme in Appendix II.

the St. Cecilia concerts, the traditional "Feasts" of the Superior and the Mistress (as variable as the Easter cycle in their appointment). Here were delivered the "Essays," evolved through weeks of mental anguish with the aid of the "Rhyming Dictionary," essays that scarcely recognized their embryo-selves when they returned from the facile hand of Sister Anna Raphael, for, in that halcyon time, the sweet girl graduate spoke only in "poetry."

Apart from the many memorable liturgical services, two notable events took place in the pretty chapel. The first was the baptism of Senator Ryland, who had been won to the faith by his father-in-law, ex-Governor Peter Burnett, himself a convert and burning with laudable zeal to share the grace with his friends. This was performed by Father Devos in the presence of the convent community, Sisters and students, as well as the Senator's family. It was indeed an edifying spectacle to see this strong man, in the pride of his years and the glory of his powerful intellect, bowing his head to the saving waters. A beautiful window in the remodelled chapel commemorated this touching ceremony. Father Devos had the consolation later of bringing the entire family into the True Fold.

The confirmation of Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, likewise a convert, was another consoling function. This lady was fired with zeal to restore this spiritual heritage to her beloved family. She had the consolation of seeing three of her nieces baptized in the little convent chapel. The zeal of Mrs. O'Connor was fruitful in numerous donations to Catholic education and welfare, one of which, Notre Dame Institute, will be detailed later. A lovely window, "Christ Blessing the Children," commemorated the happy event of her confirmation, eminently suggestive of her benefactions to the orphaned little ones.



MORELAND NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, WATSONVILLE, CALIF.

The kindly attitude of Mr. Ryland toward Notre Dame was evinced in many ways; one of these was the securing of a charter for the college in June, 1868; as indicating the good-will of the community toward the pioneer school, it is an interesting document. It bears the signature of men notable in the history of California.

H. H. Haight,
Governor

O. P. Fitzgerald,
Superintendent Public Instruction

Augustus Trafton James Denman
S. J. C. Swezey Melville Cottle

W. T. Lucky,
Superintendent State Normal School

J. H. Braley

H. L. Nichols,
Secretary of State

On a corner of this finely executed document, we note in "small Gothic" the unique testimony:

Drawn with a pen by L. M. Hernandez

The most suspiciously Romanist looking name is that of a good Presbyterian minister. No repetition of the Oregon outrages met the nuns, though an unfortunate occurrence showed the temper of the best when unduly excited.

This occurred in the fatal February of 1864, on the occasion of the awful Good Friday outrage that struck down the greatest man, not only of America, but of the Age, he who shares with Washington the glory of "a Nation's boast"—Abraham Lincoln.

When the dire tidings were flashed to California, the entire community, save a few radicals, was plunged in gloom. It is necessary to recall the original opposition between the political parties and the rancor in the souls of both democrats and republicans to understand the incident that we are relating, as well must we emphasize the fact that accurate information at the time was nigh impossible. Many of the Sisters, as Europeans, had very little knowledge of the character of the division between the parties. Because of the unfortunate antagonism of large areas of the country to Catholicism (a result of provincialism and ignorance not extinct even in our enlightened day), we may suppose that certain of the nuns considered the welfare of the Church identified to a great extent with that of the political parties, and the world seemed safest with the Democrats. Our magnificent Lincoln, "Our First American," meant perhaps not much more to them than leader of the "black republicans." Political strife in Europe may have blunted them somewhat, not to the actual horror of the crime, but to its full significance in America. Be that as it may, they were not conversant with civic customs enough to drape the convent in mourning. Furthermore, some simple Sister, a foreigner, let fall an imprudent remark which was taken up by a pupil, circulated in her family, and spread like wildfire among the populace already mad with excitement (the democratic press of the town had been already demolished). Added to this, the innocent noise of the younger children playing near the wall had been interpreted as rejoicings over the national woe. In the resultant rage, plans were formed for vengeance. It was proposed to wreck the convent.

As we look back, we see the utter injustice of the affair; but reviewing occurrences in community centers nearer the

scene, and so within range of accurate affixing of responsibility, our surprise lessens. It is difficult to say what outrages might have been perpetrated had not some persons well disposed warned the nuns of the impending danger.

The innocent women were in mortal terror. Immediately, in the utmost consternation, they hung out the symbolic black, fearful, however, that this might not placate the disaffected. Then another expedient suggested itself. The resident boarders returned that afternoon from the Easter outing. Annie Fitzgerald (later Sister Anna Raphael) must write a poem of commemoration. As soon as the future laureate of the Valley entered the gate, she was accosted with—

"You must write a poem on the death of Lincoln."

The poem was written; it appeared in *The Mercury* next morning.[1] Extra broadsheets were printed. The patriotism of the institution was commended. The storm passed. *Sic semper!*

In the muster of names that form the pioneer roll of the province, choice must be made in accord with space at disposal. Fain would we linger on each of the heroic builders of the noble work, but limit must be placed. Time limit is most arbitrary. We will confine our characterization of personalities to those of the first decade.

Scarcely was the 1852 structure raised, than Sister Loyola, verily the woman of many devices, was transferred to the Ohio Province. There at historic Sixth St. she ended her laborious life, cared for tenderly by the saintly Sister Louise, foundress of the Eastern Province. Here it was the delight of Sisters, young and old, to gather around this veteran of many a battle, who gladly "shouldered the crutch and showed how fields were won."

[1]Cf. Appendix III.

Sister Mary Cornelia, the lovable, reassumed control of San Jose, and so of the Province. She is justly considered the foundress of Notre Dame of California, though it was not given her to initiate the work. In nigh forty years of administration, her gentle spirit animated the activities; her firm hand guided the helm. She it was who built up the institution and even when she was mentally enfeebled, the tradition of her golden rule prevailed. When called to her glorious reward in 1892, her beautiful memory hovered like a white guardian angel over the home she had given her daughters, as over the homes that were once but fledglings from the mother-nest.

"None knew her but to love her.
None named her but to praise."

We shall often meet her in these pages which are, for the most part, a record of her labors, her sacrifices, her love.

When Sister Loyola and her companion, Sister Donatille, were crossing Lake Nicaragua, they passed the steamer that was bearing the fourth colony to California. Did that lonely traveller with her heart full of memories, as a decade agone it had been full of hopes, see the others western-bound, as she faced the sunrise? Did the dauntless laborer catch a glimpse of the generous spirits who were coming to take up the burden lifted from her shoulders.

"Ships that pass in the night and speak to each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness—
So on the ocean of life."

We would like to think some intuition was given her as those passing ships signalled each other on the blue tropic lake, as she sailed from "seas of peace to waves of storm." Yet was there no storm within; she sought but the will of

God, and in her was the will of God accomplished. However, Sister Loyola was to meet again her who received from her hands the charge of the community. Twenty years later, when Sister Mary Cornelia was en route to Namur, she was greeted at Sixth St. by her old-time superior. The mutual joy can be imagined, the eager inquiries, the enthusiastic information. How must Sister Loyola have rejoiced in the compounded interest on that capital of *twenty-five cents*—and the *rich God!*

The new workers in the field were Sisters Aloyse of the Cross, Mary of St. George, Margaret of St. Pierre, Bridgette, and Aurelie, a roll call that wakes grateful and affectionate echoes in the halls of memory. The story of the first named belongs to Mission Dolores, of which she was the first superior and to the upbuilding of which she gave the remaining forty fruitful years of her life.

Senior Class teacher was Sister Mary of St. George for nigh four decades. The roll call of her students embraces hundreds of women prominent in the history of the State. Her memory seems that of a strong personality not always finely tempered by sweetness, a common limitation of forcible characters, a woman of keen intellect and great pedagogical power.

Little Sister Margaret of St. Pierre, true to the symbolism of her august patron, served long and faithfully as keeper of the old lodge gate. Sister Bridgette was for nigh half a century on the labor list of San Jose; when relieved in old age from her task as convent baker, her toil-worn fingers wove the exquisite laces she had learned to create in her Belgian girlhood days.

Sister Aurelie added to her class work the office of assistant to Sister Mary Albine whom she later succeeded. What old girl does not recall how she *"put her through med'cine"*, how summarily she dealt with the would-be

Christian Scientists among the "boarders", and how she would allude to customs "in *my* country"?

A fifth colony arrived in 1858, Sisters Mary Gonzaga, Victoria and Kotska, a generous gift from the Eastern Province. The first was for many years in charge of the local "Academy"; her name is held in veneration by hundreds of women in the Valley. She died as first superior at Petaluma. Sister Victoria, after valiant service in Marysville and in San Jose, ended her long peaceful life in the convent at Mission Dolores in 1921. As a teacher, her calm sweetness and exquisite refinement made equal impression with her broad culture. Sister Kotska is best remembered as a successful teacher of boys, to which occupation her splendid physique and remarkable strength of will combined with a good sense of humor, well fitted her. An experience on her landing at San Francisco, in the full bloom of her pious young womanhood, showed the nuns the advisability of travelling henceforth in religious garb. Thus this was the last colony to don masquerade as seculars. Sister Kotska was wont to refer to her adventure in her droll fashion, calculated to shock the ultra proper.

The sixth colony is thus entered in the annals of Namur:

"Fevrier le 11. Les Soeurs Marie Euphrasie, Marie de Ste Thérese et Marie de St. Albert nóus font leurs adieux pour aller à la Californie; et les Soeurs Marie Eleonore, Marguerite du S.S., Louise des Seraphins, et Hermance Joseph pour aller à Guatemala."

Sister Mary Euphrasia, long in charge of "Heaven's first law" in the boarding department, has left a gentle memory of kindly helpfulness. Sister Mary of St. Albert is largely identified with the up-building of the convent at Marysville. Of a bright, cheery, disposition, she shed sunshine on the path of many during her long useful life.

Sister Mary of St. Theresa is the only member of this group who remains to see the glory of Notre Dame of

California in her Diamond Year. San Jose and Marysville have known her as the beloved "Mistress," an office in which she succeeded the saintly Sister Mary Aloysia. Sister was also instructor in vocal music. Her oriole-like voice led the convent choir *in hymnis et canticis,* as her gentle spirit led upward her oft-trying charges of the boarding school, into whose restless, liberty-loving but generous characters she strove to inject something of the old-world charm of "manners." Of her, too, may it be said that generations call her blessed. The other members of the colony, we meet in connection with the Guatemala foundation.

At Panama, the little group divided. Both sides felt the separation keenly, and each watched the fast-parting ships till tears dimmed the sight. Little did either dream that they were to be reunited within fifteen years in one household of Notre Dame.

These foundation stones laid the stability of the edifice for the groups that followed. All drew from the same source—Namur. Namur remained the ideal; the old-world "lodge," somewhat forbidding to fenceless America, as well as the structural lines of the plant at San Jose reflected it. Again we read with amusement and interest how in vain they searched the San Jose stores for Belgian delft ware, how delighted they were when they found some blue-bordered plates "like those at Namur."

The pioneers of the '50's set brave pace for newcomers from afar as for the neophytes of the new world. Those from Oregon have already been noted in connection with the work there. In the new home, Sister Lawrence did valiant service in the culinary department; to her unselfish care is due, to a great extent, the physical well-being of the sisterhood and of the students. A good cook is an indispensable factor in a convent, as in a home. Not a few

psychoses may be traced to ill-treated stomachs; many *complexes* are plain indigestion. Sister Francesca was the aid in this department. By a terrible fall, she was later so crippled that, like the wretched woman in the gospel, she could never look up to heaven. Nor did she find her cure on earth, but her patient suffering has given her the vision beatific. Sister Aldegonde, a gentle shrinking soul, leaves a fragrant memory of sympathy and kindliness in the atmosphere of humble household duties. Sister Alphonse Marie preserves her efficiency till ripe old age, even in the mid-nineties, managing the accounts of the N. D. Emporium, efficiently run by Sister Mary Dominica. Sister Mary Alenie, third superior of the Marysville foundation, was a soul of rare spiritual discernment, who seemed to pierce this human veil to worlds beyond, and was hardly poised for this mundane sphere. She illustrated—

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small,"

For she loved all God's creatures, even the unsanitary house-fly. These horrid creatures, she would rescue from their gluttonous feasts in molasses, or due punishment on "tangle-foot"; nay, she has been known surreptitiously to open the screen fly-trap and set loose a hundred or more menaces to life, health and the pursuit of happiness. When taxed for such misdeeds, she would plead pathetically:

"It is all the heaven they have."

Such bits are unique outside the delicious simplicity of *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*. Sister Aloysius, whom we have viewed with alarm clinging like a mammoth violet to the boughs of the tropic jungle, preserved her dainty lady-like mien under the hampering of stone-deafness, and lived to a ripe old age among the dear Old Guard, loved for her lovableness.

Meantime, the new land gave of its daughters. The first novices, Sister Stanislaus and Mary Julia, were admitted to profession in 1856. A good quota of the early contingent were from the fertile soil of Erin, motherland of missionaries. Sister Mary Julia gave but a decade of service. The first Sister to die in the province, her passing was a great shock to the children, who had clothed the nuns with a sort of immortality.

Sister Mary Elizabeth is the oldest living member of the group of novices first admitted. She is best remembered in connection with the San Franciscan community, to which house she has given service of fifty and more years.

A roster of the San Jose community is found in a Christmas letter of Sister Mary Cornelia en route for Namur, December, 1870. In addition to those already mentioned above, we have Sisters Anna Raphael, Mary Philomene, Mary Genevieve, Mary Clara, Mary Theresa, Mary of the Seven Dolors, Mary de Sales, Marie du Sacre Coeur, Theresa of Jesus, Mecthilde, Ursula, Louise of St. Joseph, and Cecilia. Of these, Sisters Louise of St. Joseph, Cecilia, and Mary of the Seven Dolors (now called Sister Mary Dolores from the propensity of the children to title her *Sister Seven Dollars)* have the joy of celebrating the Diamond Year of Notre Dame in California, all united again in the convent at San Francisco.[1] Sisters Mary de Sales, Anna Raphael, Theresa of Jesus, Mary Genevieve, Cecilia and Sister Louise of St. Joseph were alumnae of Notre Dame, no small showing for the populace of those restless days.

The next colony returns with Sister Mary Cornelia from her visit to the maison mère in 1871, Sisters Walburga, Madeleine, Pharilde from Namur, Sister Mary

[1]Sister Mary Dolores passed to her reward since the above was written, July 14, 1926.

Ignatia and Sister Joseph of the Sacred Heart from the Eastern Province, still giving of its abundance to the young West.

It is hard to pass on with but a mere mention of these valiant women; it is hard to leave so many that follow unchronicled; but such omissions are inevitable in a history that must span so many years. To some readers, these names mean naught; to others, the dear faces shine out star-like on the background of the mist of years, calling up memories fragrant as flowers incensing moonlit darkness. Last of the group to depart, living her long beautiful day up to the lingering sunset, was dear gentle Sister Joseph of the Sacred Heart, whose beautiful art creations are a perpetual souvenir of her gracious spirit as of her skill.

A heavy cross at the close of the decade was the death of Sister Mary Aloysia, the ideal as the idolized Mistress. In her mingled the qualities that make the perfect teacher and the wise mother. A letter dictated by her on her death-bed in response to the Christmas greetings of the children has been treasured as a priceless souvenir by many women in and out of California, who have read and re-read it with tears blinding their eyes. Hundreds love to recall her as one whose friendship was a rare grace. The grief of the pupils at her passing was bitter, with the cruel bitterness of youthful sorrow; but, as the years rolled on, her memory became a delight, and they look back to contact with that gracious personality as to one of the greatest blessings of their lives. We have space but for a quotation from the above letter:

"You all wish to be happy here and hereafter; then keep your soul free from sin. Serve God in your youth. He is jealous of your young hearts, and He alone can meet their capacity. Be solidly pious and virtuous; this alone will comfort you at the hour of death."

CHAPTER VI

The Exiles of Guatemala

Who Loveth Father and Mother More Than Me

"E 11 octobre 1859 les Srs. Hermance, (Supèrieure) Marie Aloysius, Marie Beatrix, Mathias, Marie de St. Patrice, Marie Philippine et Julie de St. Joseph quittent la maison mère pour aller fonder l'etablissment de Guatemala (Amerique centrale) Elles vont s' embarquer à Southhampton 17 même mois."

.

"Le 27 novembre 1875, nos Soeurs quittent Guatemala pour se rendre en Californie où elles arrivent le 11 decembre au nombre de 42, 38 professes, 3 novices, et 1 postulante."

The above are the official entries in the archives concerning the establishment and the abandonment of the houses in Guatemala. How much lies between! All that is embraced in the cries that echoed through the streets of Jerusalem on that jubilant Sunday of Palms, and that black eve of the Pasch.

Hosanna! Crucifige!

This foundation was remarkable in that it was made at the request of the *Government*. President Carrera applied at Namur in 1854, reiterating his request in 1859, and making such minute preparations that his sincerity could not be doubted. Accordingly, at the earnest solicitations of the Archbishop of Guatemala, the project carried. Doubtless had the General Government been fully conversant with the revolutionary nature of South American republics, it might have still hesitated. Don Carrera, however, had held office for thirty years, a longer period than the heirs of some stable European dynasties. He was a remarkable man, a strong and perfect Christian. More-

over, he was universally loved and revered; his wish was law for his people. A model Catholic, he appeared every Sunday at Mass in the cathedral, attended by his troops:

"It was an inspiring sight to see the soldiers present arms at the solemn moment of the Elevation of the Sacred Host, as a manifestation of their allegiance to the Eternal King, no less inspiring to mark them approach Holy Communion."

It seemed not temerity to yield to his entreaties. An account of the foundation is given in letters, notably those of the superior, Sister Mary Philippine, extracts from which furnish interesting items. One dated Panama November 15, 1859, tells of their arrival at Colon, and of the courtesy of the English consul there, a Mr. Cowen, whom the President of Guatemala had charged with the care of the colony, and who accompanied them half way across the Isthmus. The natural beauty calls for their admiration—

". . . elevated our souls to the Creator of so many wonders the existence of which we hardly credited when read of in books."

On their arrival at Gorzoga, they are kindly greeted by the Franciscan bishop. Sister expresses her astonishment at the condition of the cathedral:

"What pained us most was to see dogs in the house of God. We can not comprehend such ignorance in a country calling itself Catholic."

A palliation of the conditions is offered by the Bishop; the deplorable state is due to the pillaging of the churches by the Government, and to the lamentable vacancy of the episcopal see for six years previous to his occupation. This prelate is poor even to destitution. The rapidity of the religious services dismays the Europeans, accustomed as they were to stately, splendid ritual. A single seminarian was choir, and he went so fast that "one could scarcely say a *Pater* and an *Ave* during the *Gloria*." The dress of

the Bishop makes a striking impression, no less than does that of his attendant, "a little boy of nine or ten arrayed in a black cassock with a red sash." The robe of the prelate is white flannel; his hat is at least a half a yard wide. During his visit one of those sudden storms blew up, delaying him, so that he laughingly observed that they had played him the pious trick of St. Scholastica, since his visit lasted two hours. A tie is established with this ecclesiastic by the remark that he was present at the bestowing of the red hat upon the Archbishop of Malines. The vigorous frame of Sister Matthias caught his notice, and he humorously remarks on being told that she is cook, "Ah, she eats the smell of everything; that accounts for it."

The Guatemalian consul also pays his respects; while decrying conditions under the Liberals at Panama, he lauds his own republic, little realizing what a taste of the same Liberals his guests are to have in Guatemala.

The next letter is dated Guatemala, December 1.

The poor nuns have had the terrifying experience of being carried from the shore-boat to the steamer in the arms of burly blacks. Little chubby Sister Julia of St. Joseph is particularly alarmed, and yields only when she sees her superior in the arms of the negro. The latter declares that the poor fellow had a hard time transporting her; the water came half way up his legs, and in the struggle, she met the Cinderella fate of losing her slipper. At Costa Rica, they get their first view of the over-night making of governments. Off Realejo, an armed war vessel appeared ready to give battle, on the supposition that their ship was carrying the former President of the revolting republic. Since no one more dangerous was aboard than the minister plenipotentiary of the United States, the frightened nuns are saved the sight of battle.

As they come in view of the snow-capped Andes, they break into exclamations of wonder. The novel spectacle of smoking volcanoes must have startled eyes accustomed to the blue-ribboned green flats of the Low Countries. At San Salvador they part company with some ship friends, two officers who have been sent by Napoleon to "drill the troops who have no knowledge of military art." On *The Shannon,* the captain had remarked:

"We are going to the same country, you to teach the arts of peace, we to teach those of war."

Their enthusiasm had dwindled down somewhat toward the end of the trip. Hearing their ironic remarks on the character of the South American lands, the nuns congratulated themselves that they had come to save souls, not in the expectation of making a fortune. As the peaks of the mountains of Guatemala come in sight, their "hearts beat with gratitude to God."

On Sunday the 27th, they arrive in San Jose de Guatemala. The landing required some agility. These gymnastics are thus described:

"As the sea was quite rough they could not conveniently incline the ladder; it was laid horizontally; we had to step from round to round at the risk of falling into the ocean below; at the end, we had to make the boat by a leap. The sailors could not row more than half way; thus we had to be pulled to land by ropes, this not without difficulty."

On leaving the barque, they had to resign themselves to be again carried by the negroes. These were, however, more inventive than the Panama bearers, for we learn "they made with their arms a species of chair." That the missionaries were not all of feather-weight is evidenced by the fact that "it required four to carry several of us." General Solar, deputed to meet the colony, conducted them to the palace of the governor where *dejuener a la*

fourchette had been prepared, at which he himself attended them and then preceded them to the capital to arrange for their reception.

On this trip, they set out at midnight in carriages over roads slushy from recent rains, five horses to a carriage. The journey consumed several days, and during the progress the religious were a spectacle to angels and men; a curious throng assembled wherever they stopped to water or change horses. The trip was a continuous triumph. The reception at Amatilan, city of General Solar, is characteristic of the enthusiasm of the southern nature. They were met half a mile from the city by a detachment of cavalry in full array, who presented arms at the sight of them. The carriages passed between double files of soldiery, which followed them to the city, the captain and trumpeteer at the head. At the Grande Plaza they had difficulty to make head, so thick did the populace crowd round the vehicles to get a glimpse of the religious. While they were breakfasting, the National Guard gave a brilliant serenade in the courtyard. (Among the pieces was *The Daughter of the Regiment.)* The breakfast room was decorated with flowers of surpassing beauty. The captain presented the superior with a bouquet composed of almonds and raisins.

Embarrassing as the ovation was, the nuns endured it as gracefully as possible, since they realized all was done with the intention of impressing the people with the importance of Christian education. The ladies of the city were assiduous in their attentions and eager to get a close-up view of the nuns. To facilitate this, some ventured to make an offering of money through the general, who grandiosely waved them aside with—

"These religious do not depend on alms."

However, he graciously accorded the privilege of an interview. The Sisters have sufficient of the "eternal feminine" to note the costume of the ladies—

"A large shawl which envelopes them from head to foot. Bonnets and hats are articles unknown."

They feel in their proper sphere only when welcoming their future pupils, the children presented to them.

A spectacular reception awaits them at the church, where two members of the Third Order of St. Francis greet them in tertiary habits. They witness the ceremonial of the Rezados, postponed for their arrival, for which thousands of people had assembled. The poor victims of this enthusiasm had to pass through two files of soldiers, who present arms as they approach, while the band bursts forth in brazen melody:

"The statue of the Blessed Virgin is placed on a magnificent dais on a gilt throne ornamented by artificial flowers, surrounded by four angels; this is placed on a float drawn by four horses; the curé sits in front reciting the rosary in which all join."

The procession starts at five and finishes at nine, in that time having completed the circuit of the city, and the celebration ends with fireworks, witnessed by the guests from the governor's palace.

But this was only a prelude to the glory that was to cover them in Guatemala.

En route to the capital, they note with interest the products of the plantations, observing that bananas grow as plentifully as cabbages in the Belgian kitchen gardens. Most marvelous are the Indians, never before beheld:

"Short in stature, they have large faces, copper-colored skin, and very long hair which the females roll in red strings and twist on top of their heads like a *toque,* giving them a singular aspect.

"Three miles out of the city waited the escort, ladies and gentlemen, with about thirty carriages."



NOTRE DAME VILLA, SARATOGA, CALIF.

Thirty carriages and seven nuns, and each proprietor of each carriage calling:

"We have no Sister. Please give us a Sister," resulted in an arithmetical tangle and a delightful scramble which was too much for Mr. Serigiers, the gallant gentleman who was conducting the colony.

The coadjutor Bishop met the procession *en route;* with him was the Bishop of San Francisco. On their entrance, all the bells in the city began to peal, and continued to clang welcome till the *Te Deum* had been sung in the cathedral. This the nuns had entered in state, met by the Bishop and his clergy at the door, and escorted to their "carpet" (no *priedieus* in the churches there) by young girls strewing flowers.

The services ended, the subjects of this ovation were borne on the shoulders of enthusiastic Dons to their carriages, thronged by ladies, and driven to their domicile, the approach to which was adorned with festoons of rare flowers. In the *patio* a general reception was held. Cake and wine were served, and congratulations mutually offered. Their entertainers then withdrew to return, about forty in number, with a fully prepared dinner. At this they did themselves the honor to wait on the nuns, who exhausted all their Spanish in efforts to manifest their gratitude and appreciation. There was constant reiteration of—

"Me alegro mucho de verlas a Vds."

We may suppose that the vocabulary of the nuns had reached a *"Si Señor"* and a *"Yo Tambien,"* not very polished, mayhap; but whatever they said, they delighted their hosts and hostesses.

Next day, they were conducted to their convent at Belen, a large roomy but rather neglected mansion, soon to be transformed under Belgian thrift.

Thus mid enthusiasm and splendor passing bounds, did the humble little group of religious plant their colony in the southern American republic. Little did they dream that in fifteen years they would be driven out in the name of Liberty.

"Ah Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Mère Julie in heaven must have smiled at their confidence in material pledges, for she had again and again repeated to her daughters, *"We must build on the cross."* But the cross was waiting.

The pious General Carrera, after more than forty years of rule, was ousted by a minority of liberals. Rufino Barrios, with the ease with which such volcanic constitutions rise, was installed. Treachery, however, aided this inauguration; it is said that the malcontents secured control of the state magazines in such wise as to mingle sand with the gunpowder; when the defenders of the old government, who had stocked this adulteration, primed their guns they found themselves helpless, at the mercy of the attackers. Resistance was useless. The Barrios faction was triumphant. Their first measures were the enforcements of the anti-religious constitution of the Liberals.

One by one, the religious orders of priests were exiled. The Sisters of Notre Dame saw the blow coming and prepared. They gave freedom to the professed, as well as the novices of the country to return to their homes; they disposed of as much of their equipment as possible; they were ready when the blow fell and the emissaries of the Liberals ordered the Belgians to take off the religious garb, or leave the country. The native religious they commanded to remove their Habits but to remain. The Belgians, with the sturdy independence of their race, and with the strength of their Divine vocation, refused com-

pliance with the infamous law, and declared they would leave immediately. In this protest the native Sisters joined, asserting undauntedly that they would not be separated from their community. If refused passports, they declared they would sail from another State of Central America, but go they would with their Sisters.

An insert in the records of the Mother house reads:

"September 1875—Les nouvelles de Guatemala sont très mauvaises. Il est à peu près certain que nos bonnes Soeurs seront expulsées. Notre chère Mère désire même leur depart; . . . Le désarroi des bons est général dans la République. Les Soeurs originaires du pays témoignent à peu près toutes d'un remarquable attachement à leur vocation et suivront en exil leurs Soeurs venues de l' Europe."

News of the state of affairs had been communicated to Sister Mary Cornelia in California; she wrote immediately:

"Come, we will receive you with open arms. Do not wait till you are beaten out with clubs."

Of the entire group of forty-four, two only—these young novices—returned to their families. The other forty-two entered the arena and won the crown of fidelity, even the little postulant, Sister Mary of the Cross, long known as sacristan of the chapel in San Jose. There is no more striking instance of the assimilating power of Religion than in such a case, where an entire body is transported to a foreign soil and clime, to manners and customs strange, to scenes unfamiliar, to a place where they hear not their native tongue, and yet to an environment they may indeed call "home" from the cementing power of Faith, religious charity, and the bond of a common Rule.

They came, a small minority of them Europeans; the rest natives who had generously left their people and their father's house in deed, and in truth. In the cold gray of the winter morning, they set out that they might not

cause a commotion, but the emotional populace had been watching in fear lest this exodus come. The little children in their impulsive fashion clung to the wheels of the carriages, and had to be torn away; the women wept; the men stood sympathetic, but helpless and hopeless. It was with the utmost difficulty that the carriages made their way to the gates of the city, slowly, on their journey of woe to the port. They were making their *Way of the Cross,* after a decade and a half of triumph.

Exiles, victims of a political tyrant, they came to be apostles in the new land that received them, and to draw thither the children deprived of Christian education in their native country, children who would return confessors of the faith that their rulers were persecuting. They came, God bless them! Year by year has their number lessened, but the memory of their heroic sacrifice lingers, an inspiration to noble deeds for God and Notre Dame. Five only live to see the glory of the Diamond Crown; they are: three members of the community at Santa Clara, Sister Magdalena of Guadalupe, Sister Philomene of St. Joseph, Sister Ynez du S. C.; one in San Francisco, Sister Sophie; and one in Salinas, Sister Isabelle du S. C.

For weeks before the arrival, preparations had been made in San Jose. However, the date of the arrival was indefinite. Sister Mary Catherine and Sister Mary Theresa (Vallejo) were sent to San Francisco to await the travellers because of their knowledge of the Spanish language. One day, as the community was at noon recreation, a telegram was handed Sister Mary Cornelia:

"Forty-two Sisters will leave for San Jose at three o'clock.
"FATHER MARASCHI S. J."

Such a flutter! This number far exceeded the expectations. "Bon Maître!" exclaimed the big-hearted superior,

her hospitable joy augmenting with the increase of guests. All joined in the effort to make the poor exiles comfortable. All vied in giving up something for the accommodation of the heroic colony. It was the depth of winter; the Guatemalians were accustomed to a tropic climate. Bedding was a problem. The Superior was the first to offer blankets:

"I would rather do without covers," she declared, "than to know that one of them was cold."

The fatherly Archbishop Alemany had immediately gone to meet the exiles, to give them warm welcome to his diocese, to assure them that California appreciated the gift which Guatemala had rejected. It was indeed a comfort for the poor Sisters to hear their native tongue in that of their new metropolitan. They were dazed at the novel sights of American progress. Some had never seen staircases, as the buildings in their city had all been of one story on account of the frequent earthquakes. None had seen a railroad; in fact, the life about them was strange as a night-mare. Some familiar association came with their arrival at the San Jose convent, where they met from all a hearty—

"Me alegro mucho de verlas a Ustedes,"

less pretentious than that given at the inception of the southern republic establishment, but perhaps with more practical sincerity.

Next day came their baggage. Surely San Antonio had a hand in its transportation, for, not to enrich the tyranny of Barrios by so much as a clothes-pin, they had left their houses empty and carried along *"se et sua omnia."* We trust that good Sister Mary had some influence in placating the tyranny of genial Uncle Sam in his customs duty. Many tributes are paid to the delicate attentions of Sister Mary Cornelia in the memoirs of these poor lonely exiles,

whose bleeding hearts she soothed by tender ministrations of thoughtful charity. In due time they were settled in the various houses of the province, or in some of the Eastern foundations. Two are held in loving memory by the "old girls" of San Jose, the dear little bird-like pair, Sisters Eulalia and Maria Josefa, notable for their needle-craft.

Nor can the names of the dauntless Belgians go unmentioned. The noble Sister Philippine did not long survive; grief for her beloved orphan *protegés,* whom she had been obliged to abandon, shortened her life. Sister Mary Beatrix, in charge of the central house, was placed superior of Santa Clara, an office she held for thirty years, winning love and esteem from all who came in contact with her unselfish personality. Nor can that woman of rare spiritual gifts and splendid financial acumen, a seeming paradox, be omitted, Sister Louise des Seraphins, a giant in intellect, with a heart burning with love for the Sacred Heart of Christ, she with a passion emulating that of a medieval Theresa, combined with a strong sense of the practical, a modern mystic, a saint soaring on wings of love yet firm on the safe basis of the faithful commonplace. Nor can we pass Sister Marguerite du S. S., gifted beyond the gifts of genius, the marvelous teacher, who has trained hundreds of talented women in the high Cecilian art. Graduate of the Conservatory of Liege, a student of famous Parisian artists, she laid the foundation of the reputation of the old pioneer school for good music. Her child-like devotion to the Blessed Mother was inspiring, and her delight was to adorn the Grotto for the season of the Lourdes apparitions; indeed something of the light of heaven was wont to shine on her face at the mention of Our Lady. Lastly little Sister Leontine, with her incessant activity and her eagerness for the well-being of the *"shildra."*

CHAPTER VII

Like to a Grain of Mustard Seed

The Early Foundations—1856-1888



HE annals of the maison mère record the opening of the school at Marysville:

"1856 Marysville situè à 40 milles de Sacramento, contient 8000 habitants, presque tous protestants mais desquels le Père Pierre, Passioniste a le' entière confiance. Ils lui disaient que s'il y avait des Soeurs dans leur ville ils leur donneraient leurs enfants. En consèquence le Père se rendit chez nos Soeurs de San Jose pour leur demander des Soeurs. . . . L'Evêque de San Francisco écrivit aussi à la Supérieure de San Jose pour lui dire qu' il serait heureux si sa Supérieure Génèrale envoyait une colonie de Soeurs de Notre Dame pour Marysville. Soeur Marie Cornelie écrivit le tout à notre chère Mère, et pendent le mois d'octobre 1856 trois soeurs partirent de San Jose pour aller commencer l'establissement de Marysville."

This good priest had promised all spiritual aid to the Sisters, as well as financial security. He erected the initial building, three stories of solid brick. Sister Mary Bernard, as Superior, with two other Sisters, and Miss Louise Prevost, already mentioned as the niece of Archbishop Blanchet, formed the first faculty; in the year following, three Sisters were sent to their aid. Foreseeing the prospect of a flourishing boarding school in this district contiguous to the gold mines, Sister Mary Bernard proposed enlarging the building. At this juncture, Rev. Father Maggonoti was recalled. Before departing, he donated the property to the Sisters. Gradually the grounds were extended by the purchase of adjoining lots, and additions made to the primitive buildings.

A notable drawback to this foundation (amusing at the present) was its distance from the central house. The

journey, now made in five hours, then occupied almost five days, by boat to Sacramento and on to San Francisco, thence by stage down the Peninsula to San Jose. Such conditions existed till the coming of the railroad in 1868. Traveling expenses, even by rail, were enormous.

Marysville was in continual danger from floods because of the raising of the river beds by hydraulic mining, and from the fact that the valley cities lay at the river levels. When the heavy winter rains made the Feather a raging torrent, there was little security in the levees for the pretty little town. Such inundations occurred in 1861 and 1867 without great injury to the convent walls, but when the bed of the Yuba, filled with debris from the mines, rose so high as to fling the waters over the dykes in 1875, the raging tide of ruin coursed through the city, broke the east wall of the convent and flooded the lower stories, even threatening the destruction of the buildings. The harrowing experiences of this cataclysm lead to a temporary suspension of the boarding department in 1876. The ravages of the insidious foe, malaria, also influenced the decision. However, due to representations of the saintly Bishop of Grass Valley, the work was resumed a few years later. Modern engineering with the progress of medical science has obviated the two difficulties in the way of success, and the obstacles to effective education have been removed.

The friendly spirit of the citizens of Marysville was ever an off-set to the incommodities; their generous cooperation has been excelled by no foundation. In this paradise of the North, the old monastic-like convent became the Alma Mater of many of the influential women of the state. Its memory lives in beauty of bowers of roses and golden citrus fruit, fertility of soil replacing the mineral wealth of the mines. As Benicia was once considered

the rival of San Francisco, and Grass Valley exceeded Sacramento, so the inner valley towns held pre-eminence now lost by geographical limitations. Marysville shared their fate.[1]

A note on the inundation of 1875 is found in the annals of the Mother House at Namur:

"Janvier 1875. Notre chère Mère vient de recevoir la nouvelle que la ville de Marysville a été le theâtre d' une terrible inondation. (Here follows a description of hydraulic mining.) En un moment le mur qui formait l'enclos des Soeurs fut renversé par le courant et le rez de chaussée de leur maison envahi à une hauteur considérable. Quelles que fussent les frayeurs des soeurs et leurs pertes matérielles, elles n'eurent aucun accident a déplorer. La ville a été fort ĕprŏuvée, mais déjà on prend des mesures pour empêcher a l' avenir de semblables catastrophes."

The name of Bishop O'Connell is intimately connected with the Marysville convent to which he donated his rare library as a testimony of interest. The kindly pastor, Father Coleman, leaves a golden memory. On the part of good friends, not only have benefactions been made to the Marysville house, but two friends of the early Sisters there made generous donations to the central house. These are Mrs. Jane Sexey and Mrs. Keller, both of whom were commemorated by beautiful memorial windows in the chapel at San Jose. Thus, if Marysville commercially has not fulfilled the promise of its youth, it has fully justified the hopes of those who laid there the foundations of the convent of Notre Dame.

San Francisco, 1866.—The work of the Sisters of Charity, already alluded to, embraced the center of the fast growing metropolis. Don Timoteo Murphy had donated a lot on Market St., running back to Jessie St., now the site of the Palace Hotel, on which the Roman Catholic Orphanage had been erected in 1852. The education car-

[1]An instance of such blasted hopes is the fossiliferous remains of "New York of the Pacific" in the Suisun marsh.

ried on by the Sisters was not, however, restricted to the orphans. Some of the most notable women of the state, daughters of sturdy pioneers who caught at any opportunity of giving their children an education in the faith, began their school life at St. Vincent's. Meanwhile, the Mission was becoming a center for another group of pioneer Catholics, many of whose ancestors had been confessors and martyrs under the Cromwell regime. Children thrived there like flowers in spring meadows. These, the zealous pastor, Rev. Father Prendergast (later Vicar General) grieved to see growing up without adequate instruction in religion. Unable to secure nuns, he engaged the services of a Catholic lay teacher whom he directed himself.

As this did not prove wholly satisfactory, he applied to Sister Mary Cornelia. Regretfully refused because of the lack of subjects, he persisted, and his importunities conquered. Sister Mary Catherine was sent to reconnoitre; pending arrangements, she lodged with the kind Sisters of Charity. The core of the plant was an old frame building in the former Mission orchard, a high structure with one-story extensions, on either side, like two big wings ready to flap; one of these rooms had served as chapel when Mission Dolores boasted the Seminary. As the established system of "free and pay" went into force at the outset, one class occupied each room. The faculty alternated in either. The campus served impartially for both. A small addition transformed the mid-structure into a convent.

The provincial house launched the project by a mortgage on the convent property of San Jose. This method was characteristic of all early purchases; for them the provincial house went security. Gradually the secondary houses reimbursed it. As far as convent properties went, the central house likewise equipped the parochial houses.

With the growth of a self-supporting system, the canonical regulations can now be carried out. The public owes, nevertheless, a deep debt to the generosity of the pioneer Orders of the State for their unselfish adjustment.

The primitive community comprised Sister Aloyse of the Cross, Superior, with Sister Madeleine de Pazzi, and Sister Anna Raphael, a novice. At the white veil of the last, the Rev. Pastor remarked that they had given him two Sisters and a half. Sister Anna Raphael was soon recalled to San Jose and replaced by Sister Mary Xavier, whose magnetic personality makes, to a great extent, the history of the Mission convent. A postulant, Sister Mary Francis of the Five Wounds, came to their assistance after a few months. This energetic laborer was not called to her long Home until 1924, though for a decade or so she had endured an enforced *rest* through incapacitation by paralysis.

Economic or psychic conditions brought it about that the "free" soon out-numbered the "select." The former group was then divided into two rooms, one of which was on the third story of the central section. Two brave novices, Sisters Cecilia and Mary Dolores, increased the community to carry on this expansion. In this Diamond year we have seen, they are yet members of the Mission household.[1]

Select or unselected, children have about the same nature. The novice in charge of the noon-hour campus had her hands full in keeping the youngsters of both "sides" from eating the wild mustard in their common playground; the golden reminiscence of mission days had a marvelous attraction for them, and as they played hide and seek in the fragrant maze, they could indulge their gustatory propensities with impunity. The best indication

[1]Cf. note, p. 185

of over-supply was absence from school next day (suggesting a possible external application). The ground at the rear of the convent had been the scene of rodeos, barbecues, and bull-fights in the days before the Gringo came; when it was being converted into the present beautiful garden, excavations brought up interesting remains of the quondam *fiestas*. Verily it was historic soil.

In 1869, the school was enlarged by erecting a second story over each of the side wings. To none of these expenses did the parish contribute, but the people showed appreciation by kindly tokens, particularly at the Christmastide. One holiday season, a large fruit cake was presented. It did not appear at table, but nothing was said till Sister Madeleine de Pazzi, the saintly and ascetic cook, was discovered eating it at luncheon; this went on for three days; at last she was questioned regarding it. Then was it discovered that she had taken it for the common European "black bread," and had eaten it for "mortification" to spare the rest of the community.

The Superior, Sister Aloyse of the Cross, was a clever and progressive English woman. Her motherly sympathies went out to poor young curates. Indeed many a present substantial pastor of the diocese recalls her with grateful memory. An occasion is recalled on which her generosity was hardly appreciated by her hard-working community. A delectable roast chicken had been placed on the Christmas supper table, when Sister bethought herself of the "poor Fathers" across the way. Alas, a change! Over went the savory morsel to grace their table, and the hungry nuns had to content themselves with cold mutton or some equivalent. Did it affect their *"agimus tibi gratias"?* They were human.

Shortly after their arrival, strange noises were heard. Bells rang at all hours by unseen hands. Suggestions about

souls in purgatory did not allay the apprehension. Valiant Sister Xavier set out to investigate, and her reconnoitering resulted in the purchase of a rat trap. The ghosts were laid.

In 1871, a boarding school was opened. The revenue accruing enabled them to add a much needed wing to the original structure. An addition to the community was Sister Mary Elizabeth, who has opened the door to the third and fourth generation. Even with the new wing, quarters were crowded. A house in the vicinity was rented. This was a "flat." Only a board partition divided the convent from the family on the other side. Imagine the former in monastic silence hearing from the adjoining room, *"Ladies and gentlemen, take your partners for the quadrille."* Music and a sound of shuffling feet, and, *"Ladies to the right. Gents to the left. All promenade."* Not conducive to slumber, though only indicating a birthday party on the other side of the wall.

Father Cushing, the next pastor, was also confessor to the nuns; the busy community may not always have welcomed his standardized penance:

"The full of your beads, my child."

Father Brennan succeeded. With Rev. P. Powers, Thomas McSweeney, and F. Birmingham, he dedicated the new building in 1877. The goodness of Father Brennan, cleric of the old school, to the Sisters was proverbial. Father Powers, on his transfer to Livermore, sent the nuns a horse for their coupé which they named "Mayflower." Until the inauguration of the convent bus, he had a peaceful and by no means over-taxed existence.

To recompense the kindness of the nuns in placing "The Villa," a residence later acquired on 17th St., at his disposal during a mission, Rev. Father Cook, Redemptorist, gave a lecture for the benefit of the Convent which

realized $2000. This benefaction was very welcome. In 1893, Rev. Father Brennan erected a new parochial school on the parish property opposite. Here the Christian Brothers assumed charge of the older boys; the Sisters retained the girls. In this school some of the most progressive men and women of the metropolis have received the foundations of their education. Later, as the boys increased in number, the girls returned to the convent school, where they are now accommodated.

The next year brought a heavy cross to the community in the death of their efficient and loved Superior. She was replaced by Sister Julia Theresa, under whose administration the old building was torn down, a melancholy experience for those who had passed there the bright days of religious youth. On the Sunday previous to its demolition, a sad procession wended its way through the deserted halls, echoing with voices of the Past. Bitter tears were shed by the pioneer members of the community. Even the prospects of the splendid new construction (completed to perfection just before the conflagration of 1906) could not wholly cheer for the loss of the dear old rambling structure that had housed them for thirty-five happy years.

No record of San Francisco would be complete without a special reference to Sister Mary Xavier. Yet to do her justice, one would consume pages in vain. She was indeed a wonderful character, wonderful as an educationist, an educator, a religious, a woman. The words of Mrs. Garret McEnerny, in characterizing her, best suggest her personality. She remarked in her address to Rev. Mère Marie Aloyse in 1910 that she was most impressed in recalling Sister Mary Xavier saying:

"I love to think that David, although he had committed murder and adultery, could, by sincere penitence, become 'a man after God's own heart.' "

Strong words these, and bold, words that show the strong-souled, high-minded, lofty-toned woman beneath the pious nun. Pity, love, sympathy, mercy reflecting the Infinite Mercy, sound in the above words. Only a great soul would dare them. Only a high soul could mean them. Only a loving soul could utter them. Sister Mary Xavier had a heart as broad as humanity, a soul as deep as eternity limits. It was her *womanness* that made her great. Her memory is a benediction because of her quality and her quantity of mercy, for it was not "strained." She was one of the greatest educationists that the Pacific Coast has produced; she was a great educator; thousands of women of all ranks look to her with reverence; she was a great religious, for she was faithful in that which is least; she was a great woman, and as such she has left her stamp on all the above characteristics.

Sister Mary Xavier was the spirit force of Notre Dame of San Francisco; she is the soul of the school and the cloister. Faultless, she can not have been, for she was human. Yet who points to a fault of hers? Her very faults were excess virtues. Physical attractions she had none, whatever; yet her magnetism was marvelous, immediate, universal, irresistible. She charmed instantly. It was mysterious; nor was the source of her *attrait* clear before one became fully acquainted with her inner greatness. Loved was she as perhaps no teacher in the province has been loved, and deservedly. Dear human Sister Mary Xavier, not only Notre Dame, not only California, but the world is richer for her keen intellect, her soaring spirit, her tender heart. She lives yet in the stamp of true womanhood that she has set as seal on the thousands of young souls that came under her capacious care, her motherly guidance.

Santa Clara.—The pioneer friend of the Oregon Missions, Father Accolti, was the inaugurator of the founda-

tion at Santa Clara. Prudent as was Sister Mary Cornelia, aware of the danger of too rapid expansion, she availed herself of any sufficient increase in subjects to enlarge her borders. The Sisters did not forget how the pioneer Jesuits of Santa Clara College had cheerfully walked the league span each morning in order that the community and children might have Mass and Holy Communion, before the inauguration of the parish in San Jose, and they as cheerfully put up with the many inconveniences attendant on the establishment of the school at the mission town.

Sister Mary de Sales was appointed principal; Sister Aurelie was her assistant. Each day they travelled to and fro in the public stage that preceded the "bob-tailed car" and the later trolley. They carried their luncheon, with the indispensable coffee in a corked receptacle (before the days of the thermos bottle). One day, before a crowd of the "college boys," the cork came out of the bottle, with what results on the gravity of the lads, we may imagine. Later, the convent "coupé," drawn by the redoubtable "Montezuma," conveyed the missionaries. Much might be said concerning this steed, but space confines us to an instance. In his prime, Montezuma had been a circus horse. He had borne the light-footed lady-leaper and the syren of the tight-rope; his *complexes* were associated with tinsels and tights and the blare of brass-bands. Thus he had a susceptibility to music. Alas for the stability of the convent gig! As it made its rounds on missionary deeds intent, it was no unusual occurrence for this aged charger to begin to execute the light fantastic whenever the sound of brazen instruments (common then at stately funerals) struck his ear, to the dismay of the driver and the danger of the driven.

The primitive school was a high shack near the old mission. No school yard was provided; one room was up

and the other down stairs. There is not a hint of the characteristic conveniences of the present; not even facility of procuring a drink of water. In one room, crowded sixty pupils, under a ceiling so low that, standing on a box which served as platform, the teacher was able to reach it. Privations were innumerable. When the Forbes residence, the center of the present plant, was purchased by the Sisters, under the floor of this shed, then demolished, was found a human skeleton. In conjecturing the previous character of the place, the pious annalist writes:

"May the good there done make reparation to the Divine majesty for the crimes there committed!"

During eight years, however, the Sisters went back and forth from San Jose. The chronicle notes the tender solicitude of Sister Mary Cornelia for the travellers; not content with procuring warm shawls and heavy cloaks, she came every morning and lovingly tucked in the comforter lest they be chilled during their drive. At evening, she watched with affectionate eagerness for their return; nor could she be content till she knew that *"les petites soeurs"* from Santa Clara were safe at home.

Certain legal difficulties rose on the purchase of the Forbes estate which had an interesting and dramatic history. For it the poor nuns had paid $8000. Shortly after, an attorney waited on them with a demand for a further $20,000. After legal consultation, a compromise was effected. The Sisters gave an additional $5000. Such a price seems exorbitant for property of its kind, at that time. Essential improvements had added to the financial burden. Although the residence was one of the most imposing in the Valley, it was not adequate to the demands of its new occupants. First additions were made in 1872.

Sister Aloysius was the first regularly appointed Superior. Sister Mary Beatrix succeeded; she added a sub-

stantial brick wing, known as "Mother Julia's building," in 1881. This pious Superior had placed a relic of the then Venerable Mère Julie in her purse to "multiply her cents"; she found placed there in an inexplicable manner an increase of $400 which formed the nucleus of this building fund. In the same year the chapel and music building was completed by the initiative of Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., then rector of Santa Clara College, who on his own account collected for this purpose $5000. The dedication accounts preserve the names of Rev. Fathers Demasini, Testa and Calzia S. J., loyal friends of the Institute. The traditions of good will toward Notre Dame have been perpetuated by the successors of the pioneer Jesuits of Santa Clara College.

Santa Clara kept its glorious Golden Jubilee in 1914 by a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving. His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, occupied his throne in the sanctuary, with Rev. R. H. Bell, S. J., as celebrant of the Mass. At its conclusion, His Grace, in his impressive manner, offered his congratulations to the Sisters and expressed his gratitude for their zealous efforts.

The present pastor, Rev. George Butler S. J., has erected a substantial and attractive parochial school on the former Arguello estate, opposite the convent.

Alameda.—The inception of the school is due to the zeal of that pioneer Pastor of the East Bay region, Rev. Michael Gleeson, whose long and fruitful labors form an invaluable chapter in the history of the Church in California. The city of Oakland was the special field of his endeavors A. M. D. G. There in a telling manner for several decades he wielded the sword of the Spirit, dauntless whenever Catholic Truth was attacked, as it frequently was by the bigotry of that then provincial little settlement. Even in old age, like the Hebrew war-horse,

he scented the battle from afar. A formidable opponent was he with his broad and deep philosophical and historical, as well as theological, training, verily a Master in Israel, pious as zealous, never neglecting his own santification in ministering to the needs of others. Early morning found him at his meditation before commencing the labors of the day. Arduous labors were they, embracing a field now covered by eight or more parishes from the east coast of Lake Merritt (then Brooklyn) south to San Leandro and over the estuary (Creek of San Antonio) to the peninsula of Alameda. His bearing had the simplicity and the dignity of an apostle; of his charity to the poor, volumes might be written; of his profound learning, his books give ample testimony. Such was the Father to whom Sister Mary Cornelia confided her little flock of four with Sister Marie du Sacre Coeur as Superior.

The provincial house purchased a lot in a delightful situation near the Bay, on which they erected a modest but attractive building which still forms a part of the present academy. The surroundings have, however, greatly changed. Where now rise blocks of pretty homes surrounded by lawns and flower gardens, stretched green fields shaded by giant oaks with an unobstructed view from shore to shore of the beautiful bright Bay. No wonder that little Alameda became the delightful rest-house, and that by its blue bay shore relief was found for weary brain and body.

The generosity of Sister Aloyse of the Cross and of the pupils of the Mission convent had stocked the little house with utensils, etc., and with provisions for several months when the community arrived. Archbishop Alemany dedicated the little home on March 27, assisted by the Pastor and the genial Rev. J. B. McNally, then the Chrysostom of the Archdiocese. Two kind Jesuit friends,

Fathers Brunengo and Messea, were likewise in attendance. The Archbishop delivered a stirring discourse on Christian Education; it was a happy day for pastor and flock, a day of hope for the Sisters.

Punctual as the clock, every morning, rain or shine, the devoted Pastor came in his primitive gig over the rough roads to celebrate Mass for the four little nuns. His assistant, at this time, was the Rev. Hugh Gallagher, who later gave his splendid energies to the Society of Jesus, and in that guise, further kindly service to Notre Dame. The annals relate that, riding one day till late on ministrations of mercy about the vast parish, he forgot till supper time an engagement to give Benediction at the Alameda convent. Too considerate of his jaded horse, already stabled, he set out on foot, arriving to the astonishment of the disappointed community. Thus did these great-hearted, selfless pioneer priests co-operate with those who were devoting their lives to the welfare of their flocks.

Rev. Father McNally of Oakland had made request for Sisters shortly after the Alameda foundation, but was regretfully refused because of the paucity of subjects. He was wont to say in his witty fashion that he wished the entire Alameda convent might be transported to The Point (West Oakland) in the manner of the holy house of Loretto.

Schools had opened with thirty-seven pupils on March 28. On August 28, the first band of children, twenty in all, approached the Holy Table for the first time. The heart of the good Pastor was full. To his keen vision the future was now assured.

The institution of the Children's Mass, now a common feature, was inaugurated by Father Gleeson. He was wont to say:



STATUE OF THE SACRED HEART, NOTRE DAME VILLA

"On these little ones must we depend for the future of the Church. Let us build *schools* rather than *churches* that our children be taught to respect their Church."

This institution led to a rather embarrassing experience in the next regime. As even "saint differs from saint *in* glory," so many pastors differ *before* glory. On the first Sunday of the new Pastor's administration, he (Father McNaboe) announced from the altar that he preferred that the children should not occupy the seats of the parishioners who were paying for them; furthermore, it was "not edifying to see religious out of their cloister." (The good priest had been accustomed to cloistered nuns.) For the nonce, the children's Mass was discontinued.

Under the care of Father Gleeson, the Sisters were showered with kindnesses; if he heard one of them coughing during Mass, he insisted that she remain in the convent and in bed (fires were not a factor in church services in those days). If she objected to losing her Holy Communion, he offered to come and communicate her in the chapel after his thanksgiving. Such tenderness was overwhelming, and we can suppose strenuous efforts to suppress winter coughs.

The Pastor rode over to the school every week to inquire about the behavior of the children. To stir emulation, he invited the kind Christian Brothers to inspect the classes, which they did with a delicate courtesy much appreciated.

To liquidate the embarrassing debts contracted by the Sisters in the purchase of lots and in the erection of the building, certain ladies of the parish organized musical and dramatic programmes at the local Opera House. At another time Archbishop Riordan graciously consented to lecture for the same cause. By these activities, a sum of $2400 was realized; this may not seem much, but in those days fortunes were not counted in the tens of millions.

As Alameda was opposite the terminus of the Overland Route, the Sisters had frequently the pleasure of entertaining Notre Dame travellers to and fro, east and west, a delightful diversion in their quiet life.

Redwood City.—Redwood City, where the huge logs were docked for shipping, after rolling down from the nearby mountains, was a thriving town of early days. The parochial affairs of the Catholic body were attended to by the Pastor of the neighboring town of Menlo Park. In 1885, this was Rev. Michael Riordan who applied to Sister Mary Cornelia, at the suggestion of the Archbishop, for a Catholic school in this city, since here was the greater number of young children who would profit by such an institution.

The house was erected by the parish, but, in accord with former customs, equipped and provisioned by the community. We find for this purpose a loan of $1000 by the provincial house. The liquidation of this debt was very slow, for we locate a balance of it on the books as late as 1906, a period in which the house was temporarily abandoned because of its partial demolition in the disaster.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, dedicated the school on July 26, assisted by the Pastor and by Rev. John Conlon, ever a kind friend of the Sisters. The convent was a section of the school building. On this occasion, His Grace delivered one of his magnificent discourses on Christian Education, a mighty theme, ever measured rather by intrinsic value than by local outlook. The great prelate spoke with as much grace and eloquence in a poor frame church as in a glorious cathedral.

Two years later, Redwood was constituted an independent parish, with Rev. William O'Sullivan pastor. Sister Louis de Gonzague, gentlest of mortals, about this time replaced the foundation superior, Sister Julia of St.

Joseph. The latter had been considered perfectly orthodox, for had she not made her noviceship at Namur? However, she instituted a proceeding for which she certainly found no precedent at the maison mère—or elsewhere. Kind and motherly as she was, she devised a novel recreation for her little community which might be found seldom outside the primitive Franciscan annals. William, the factotum of the estate, arrayed in Sunday best, straw hat and blue ribbon, hitched to the wheezy spring wagon the staid steed of many a winter; in piled the four nuns, with the chubby, cherub-faced Superior, for a ride to the hills on Sunday afternoons. Though few saw them save the birds and the wild rabbits, the young nuns were covered with due American confusion, and heartily wished that the front wheel would come off the asthmatic vehicle, ere it left the gate. However, the news of these tours reached San Jose, and henceforth William was left to smoke his sabbath pipe in peace.

The kindliness of the people of Redwood City from the outset to the little group laboring in their midst can never be over-estimated. Constant have been the proofs of their appreciation and good will. Since in a restricted space full mention is not possible, selection might imply discrimination; hence, we have generally omitted names, which is not, however, indication of an absence of gratitude. Brief as are the simple annals of this Peninsula City, they are bright with tokens of its hospitality.

Recently the Pastor, Rev. Cornelius Kennedy, purchased the beautiful former home of the Hanson family, which has been transformed into the attractive "Mt. Carmel Academy." Here dwell the Sisters and a small group of pupils. The older building is relegated to school purposes exclusively.

Petaluma.—Of this foundation, the annals of the mother house at Namur gives us the following entries:

"Le 26 juillet 1888, nos Soeurs de la Californie s' etablissent a Petaluma. Ma Soeur Marie Gonzague est nommé superiéure.

Pendent le mois de juillet 1892, nos Soeurs de Petaluma sont remplacées par les Soeurs de Charité. Elles avaient peu d'enfants dans les classes et nos autres maisons n' avaient pas le personnel suffisant."

The Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin took up this foundation, relinquished in 1892. The Notre Dame Sisters had assumed its control at the request of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop. On their acceptance, a new structure was begun, which, in August, was blessed by the Pastor and the Rev. Joseph Sasia, S. J., then President of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. On this occasion that able orator delivered a masterly discourse on the value of Christian education.

Meantime, the Sisters had inhabited the decrepit old structure, the condition of which may be judged by the fact that during a violent windstorm in the following October, it completely collapsed. The good will of the people compensated for many incommodities.

Sister Mary Gonzaga died in 1891 and was replaced by the former mistress of novices, Sister Mary of St. Patrice.

After designating the conventional round of school duties, the annals close abruptly with the entry of the June "Distribution," 1892.

CHAPTER VIII

Sister Mary Cornelia

Golden Jubilee, 1886—Crossing the Bar, 1892



In 1886, fifty years had sped on the cycle since the happy novice, Sister Mary Cornelia, had pronounced her religious vows in Notre Dame. It was the earnest wish of Sisters and students, past and present, to pay tribute of loving veneration to her, but knowing her shrinking modesty, they armed themselves with a mandate from higher powers before assembling their plans. Namur set the seal of approbation on the homage. There was nothing for the subject of it to do but submit. A clipping from the local paper, *The San Jose Mercury,* of June, 1886, gives a suggestion of the significance to the outside world:

"The pupils and ex-pupils of College of Notre Dame, numbering several hundreds from all parts of the Pacific Coast, united in celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the religious profession of Sister Mary Cornelia, Superioress of the College and the six establishments in the State. The scene at the college as the trains arrived is not easy to describe. The gathering was a notable one and will never fade from the memory of those who participated. Many of the former pupils had not for years seen their teachers and guides and the meeting was one of inexpressible joy. The daughters of the college embraced the beloved teachers with a warmth of filial affection, and spoke words of gladness that could not but touch the venerable women who had so patiently and tenderly cared for and trained them in the days that are no more. It was an occasion of joy and sisterly intercourse, kindly greetings, loving remembrances, grateful feelings, and that appreciation of noble work on the part of the Sisters to which they are justly entitled by their unwearying and unselfish devotion to the cause of pure education under the eye of the Master. . . .

"The leave-takings had a vein of sorrow quite as deep as the joy manifested upon arrival. One lady who had attended the college in 1853

remarked, 'You can't imagine how young it makes me feel to see around me so many faces that have exchanged smiles as I have with dear Sister Superior.'

"The Golden Jubilee was a magnificent success and one of the pleasantest events in the lives of those in attendance; with one voice the departing guests echoed, 'What a happy glorious golden day.'"

Addresses were read by the students delegated and by Mrs. Louise Prevost Auzerais, Mrs. Jennie Wilson Veuve, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, Mrs. Eugenie Van Damme Melville, Mrs. Mary Fuller Grant and Mrs. Kate Mahoney Nesfield.

The Very Rev. Vicar General, Father Prendergast, a warm personal friend of the pioneer Sisters, who presided at the exercises, made the proposition that an alumnae association be formed. This was taken up enthusiastically and materialized in *The Cornelian Society,* formed largely by the efforts of Sister Mary of St. George, who had previously suggested this activity in connection with the jubilee. Of the preliminary meetings, Mrs. Kate Mahoney Nesfield writes:

"There was a warmth of interest evinced that gave assurance of deep devotion to Notre Dame and respectful reverence for the noble superior who has since gone to her eternal reward. Looking backward through the years, this gathering for the first time of the individuals whose interests had become wide-spread was out of the ordinary. These women, some of them silvered with the trace of time, some mothers and grand-mothers, some pressed with care and responsibility, some whirling in the very center of life's activities, some young, gay, with thoughtless love of the bright future's promise, put all aside and attended the meetings, actuated by the desire to honor so great and good an educator, and to attest admiration for the pioneer educational institution they knew as *Alma Mater.*"

The officers elected were: Mrs. R. T. Carroll, President; Mrs. F. B. Edgerton, Mrs. E. W. Sullivan, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Luke Robinson, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Josephine Saunders, Recording Secretary. The Board of Directors were: Mrs. D. C. Nesfield, Miss Fan-

nie C. Davies, Mrs. J. C. Nougues, Mrs. James Wainwright, Mrs. Walter Turnbull, Miss D. Lucas and Miss M. C. Shafer.

A money gift, $1800, designed to cover in part the erection of a marble altar in the convent chapel was made. However, it was discovered on inspection that the foundations were not adequate to this pressure; the memorial was therefore appropriated to other purposes, since the renovation of the chapel as a whole was an approaching necessity.[1] This extension and renovation was made in 1894.

We have no further records of the Society save that they in a body attended the obsequies of Sister Mary Cornelia in 1892, which they largely directed and the expense of which they to some extent incurred. It was indeed a solemn and touching sight to behold these devoted women gather with tear-blinded eyes about the bier of the departed, whose warm heart was stilled and whose counseling lips were silent forever; but all realized that she watched them from a better land and that she was nearer to them than before, as vitally interested in their welfare as when she smiled on them as care-free school girls.

The Sisters celebrated the event of this jubilee with religious commemoration, a solemn Mass, and the exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament; this on the very anniversary of the happy day of the sacred troth-plight of the happy novice of fifty years agone.

The death in the December of 1886 of the great-hearted, high-minded Sister Louise, Superior of the East-

[1]The money raised for the marble altar was devoted to the erection of the monument over the grave of Sister Mary Cornelia. That some discussion rose regarding the administration of the funds we have evidence in a legal decision of Attorneys Sawyer, Burnett and Mahoney, dated September 27, 1886. This opinion placed the entire funds in the absolute control of the "Council of Administration of Notre Dame College." The appropriation of the funds to that purpose is left to the discretion of the Superior, then Sister Emelie of St. Joseph, as is clear from a letter of Mrs. Luke Robinson, Secretary of the Golden Jubilee Committee, in September, 1892.

ern Province, and foundress of the Order of Notre Dame in America, profoundly affected the loving heart of Sister Mary Cornelia, who held this grand woman in the deepest veneration and admiring friendship. Her own weakening constitution doubtless warned her that the separation would not be long, that soon she would rejoin in heaven that dear soul loved on earth. These two marvelous women who laid the firm basis of the Institute in the United States, who had drunk at the fountain-head of the Order's spirit, who in many ways were similar, yet in other ways so interestingly different, project the ideals of Blessed Julie at their best in the time in which they flourish.

It is striking that Sister Mary Cornelia, the foundress, as Sister Mary Bernardine well styled the second foundress, should be stricken in the very year in which the Jubilee crown was placed upon her brow. The former, however, lingered longer before being called to her eternal crown. For nigh six years she was left with her devoted community, giving them opportunities of evincing their affection and exercising their tender care toward her who had never spared herself in their behalf. Still those days were sad, and the lingering painful, particularly when the paralysis began to affect the once keen intelligence, the inevitable result of this malady when death does not come speedily. After the jubilee celebration, not many months of service were given before the blow struck.

On learning of the incapacitation of Sister Mary Cornelia, the Mother General sent Sister Emelie of St. Joseph to act as visitatrix, later to take temporary charge of the province. Sister Emelie of St. Joseph was an efficient administrator; she had almost the power of bi-location, for with bird-like swiftness she passed from place to place, letting nothing escape her care and attention. It was indeed a relief to the Sisters, sorrowing under the weight



CONVENT AT SALINAS, CALIF.

of their dear Superior's incapacitation, to have so alert and effective a guide at the helm of affairs.

The final summons came in January of 1892, after nearly all the community had been prostrated by one of the first attacks of that mysterious and invincible epidemic now commonly styled "flu." At early dawn, the eyes closed to earth to open to paradise; the hands that had labored so faithfully and unwearyingly were folded on her breast; the feet, tireless in the Master's service, had taken their last steps. Sister Mary Cornelia was dead, and with the tidings a great wave of sorrow swept the State from north to south, and surged far beyond to wherever a child of the old pioneer school lived yet to remember. Hundreds came to experience the sad consolation of weeping beside her loved remains. The city of San Jose, the State, in fact, was in mourning.

Because of her great public services, the demand that she be buried from the parish church of St. Joseph's rather than from the little convent chapel was acceded to. The great edifice was thronged from sanctuary to steps by a reverent assemblage. Her passing was deemed a civic bereavement. Hundreds followed her flower-palled hearse to the final resting place in the silent city at Santa Clara. A touching eulogy was delivered by Rev. Robert Kenna, S. J., President of Santa Clara College.

So she was laid to rest in God's acre where, year by year, her pioneer companions had been laid in their simple cross-crowned graves, where silently those who yet remained were to gather about her in the glow of the sunlight and the fragrance of the flowers, where in two decades her loved successor was to find her last resting place at her side, where together they wait the call of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

PART FOUR

~

And It Becometh a Great Tree

CHAPTER I

The Gift of the Daughters of Louise

Sister Mary Bernardine, Provincial



s the sweet and tender personality of Sister Mary Cornelia permeates the history of Notre Dame up to the last decade of the century, so the magnificent womanliness and spiritual strength of Sister Mary Bernardine, who may well be styled the second foundress, makes the history of the two decades following. Not that the power of either ceased with death. Not only do their works follow them, but their ideals are immortal; it would be hard to separate their individual claims, or to estimate their respective influences. To Sister Mary Cornelia belongs the glory of the pioneer, a fame always singular; to Sister Mary Bernardine was given the less distinctive, but not less important, task of expansion in accord with the demands of the rapidly developing State. There is no rivalry among the saints. Each would yield rather than divide the crown. It is characteristic of the high nature of Sister Mary Bernardine that she gave full measure, nay measure replete and running over, of credit to her predecessor. Her profound reverence for the pioneer group was indicative of her own splendid powers. Often she has said in the sincerity of her great soul:

"I have reaped where I have not sown. Others have sown, and I have entered into their labors."

To do justice to either of these noble women in many volumes would be impossible; much less is it possible in this brief survey, extending over so long a period and em-

bracing so many personalities and such a variety of events. We must leave much to fond memory, and to the intuitions of grateful affection.

One day in early September of 1892, a lonesome postulant, with traces of tears on her face, heard a kindly disposed Sister remark to another as she passed them: "Wait till she sees Sister Julia."

Little did "Sister Julia" mean to the poor child, whose soul was torn between joy at her long-desired *"in domum Domini ibimus,"* and the persistent "No place like home" that jangled in her *"Laetatus sum."*

Sister Julia came; she saw; she conquered; wonderful woman she was, one in a thousand. Accompanying her was a pale queenly woman with a soft voice and a sweet face, whom the postulant learned was to be "the new Superior." She, too, won all hearts, not in the rapid campaign of admiration characteristic of Sister Julia, but by a thrill of magnetic sympathy. This was Sister Mary Bernardine, the gift of Louise's generous daughters to the bereaved West, she whom Sister Julia fondly called her "Benjamin of Superiors," of whom she made the sacrifice to the Province that had lost a mother in its cherished foundress.

The efficient financial administration of Sister Emelie of St. Joseph left the new Superior unhampered by the debts that had for some time crippled improvements. Her twenty years of administration wrought a wondrous work. During it, five new houses were opened; three destroyed by fire were rebuilt; in others, improvements were made on an extensive scale; three new parochial schools were organized; the house at San Jose was extended to twice its compass, to say nothing of its complete renovation and modernization. To detail all would demand space incompatible with our plan. A brief view shows how well Sister Mary Bernardine deserves the title of second found-

ress. It was hers to bring to modern perfection what her illustrious predecessor had so solidly established. Not a single room in the entire institution but showed her efficient hand. Her particular delight was the beautifying of the dear chapel; this she did by enlarging and remodelling it to the harmonious cruciform; by the placing of new altars, radiant stained glass windows; exquisite statuary, delicate frescoing, to say naught of beauteous vestments, altar furnishings and decorations. To adorn the Home of the King was the joy of her generous heart.

Under Sister Mary Bernardine, the attendance at the schools was doubled; under her, two hundred religious consecrated themselves to the work of Notre Dame, and all this after she had given thirty-two years of her life to the Eastern Province. Thus we see her accomplishment in California was at a period in which most women have passed their prime. This exception may be placed to several causes, among them a marked trait, perennial youthfulness, the fruit of which was an exuberance of spirits. Sister Mary Bernardine did not lose the elasticity of youth in attaining the poise of maturity. Her vital potentiality was as strong when past the proverbial threescore, as at the outset of her forceful career. To this was added an iron will, a powerful intellect, best of all, a great warm heart, a heart large enough to embrace the entire world. She had the power of personal love, individual affection that enfolded every one under her care.

Sister Mary Bernardine was peculiarly gifted; she combined the artistic temperament with the powers of a clear-sighted executive. In the lovable qualities of her heart, we must not lose sight of the wonderful qualities of her mind. In whatever sphere of life she chose, she would have been marked. She chose that of a servant of Christ, *"Ecce ancilla Domini."*

An activity particularly dear to this superior was the organization of the Tabernacle Association devoted to the adornment of poor churches. To this work she delegated a Sister whose sole charge was to minister to the Sacramental King in His abandoned sanctuaries. She was furthered in this praiseworthy cause by the interest of Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, and the co-operation of many devoted Catholic women of the city.

Another evidence of fervent devotion to the Eucharistic King is the institution of the annual Procession of Corpus Christi. No sweeter memory of vanished Notre Dame than those bright days when again God walked in a garden. How the pictures flash of the long lines of color, the deep harmonies of hymns and prayer, the glow of sunlight on greenery and flower plots of rainbow hue! No more may the Master walk through His Eden in the heart of the restless city, but no commercial advance can obliterate the memory of the triumphant progress of the King of Notre Dame.

Sister Mary Bernardine may be said to have held Notre Dame of California in the hollow of her hand; but her influence was not confined to her province. Scarcely an event of import in her Order in which she was not concerned, for her wisdom and her experience were highly valued by her superiors.

In the history that follows on these pages, we pass from the glow of romance into an age of progressiveness, for the most part prosaic, lacking the glamour of distance, and having not the advantage of perspective. Events crowd, and selection is difficult. Limited space, however, forces selection.

The first event that stands out in the early "90's" is the Exhibit of Catholic Schools in the "World's Fair" at Chicago in 1893, directed by the Very Rev. Peter C. Yorke

of San Francisco and carried successfully through by his perseverance and genius. Souvenirs of proficiency from the Three R's to the mystifying "ologies" of Sister Anna Raphael show the gigantic effort. Not a few prize medals were won by Notre Dame schools of California.

Another progressive feature was the accrediting of the high schools in San Jose and San Francisco to the University of California, by which students recommended by the faculty may be admitted without matriculation tests. Too much can not be said of the courteous kindness of the officials and the visiting professors of the university, of their helpful suggestions and friendly interest, a contact of inestimable benefit to teachers and students. Though considered at the time (1899) somewhat of an innovation, the far-sightedness of the movement is evident from the fact that now, twenty-five years later, nearly every representative Catholic school is accredited to the State University.

Some commemoration might be made of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Order on the Coast in 1894, though its emphasis was confined to the Commencement Exercises. In 1901, that in the State was duly celebrated by solemn Mass, at which His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop presided. The oration of eulogy was delivered by the eloquent Rev. Jos. C. Sasia, S. J., ever ready to give of his intellectual endowment, as to flash his sword in defense of the Faith. On the former occasion the Alumnae Association of College of Notre Dame was organized, with the former "Cornelian Society" as a core. Such a solidifying after fifty years seems a belated activity, and the procrastination is indeed to be regretted, since it essentially hampers the unity of the society, in spite of the efforts of faculty and members to retrieve the losses. The first officials were: Honorary President (and Treas-

urer), Sister Mary Bernardine; President, Mrs. Sarah Webb Burt; Vice President, Mrs. Minnie McLaughlin Auzerais; Secretaries, Mrs. Kate Comerford Chandler and Miss Stella Light Eaton; Poet, Mrs. Mary Sullivan Spence. The last contributed The Bugle of Memory, an artistic tribute in verse, so inspirational that we regret space forbids its full insert.

"Up from the Vale of Youth's morning, and on to the noon of Life's hills.
Beyond them, and over, and downward to the purpling foothills of eve,
Silvery the voice of a bugle rings out with a cadence that thrills
The dreamer that turns in her wanderings, the doer who ceases to weave."

Here fifty years of glorious service were completed. Many who laid the deep foundations had gone to their reward. Few of these saw the gleam of the golden crown on the brow of Notre Dame of California.

Two receptions stand out at the poles of the period; to the Papal Delegate Monsignor Falconio, at the close of the century, and to Cardinal Farley in 1912. Of all the musical recitals, that of Madame Schuman Heink, a gracious gift, flashes out in brightest memory.

The disaster of 1906 which involved the entire reconstruction of the province cuts like a wedge almost midway in the administration of Sister Mary Bernardine. Absent at the time in Europe to attend the Beatification of the Foundress, her loving letters were a strength and consolation to the sorely-tried Sisters in their hours of agony and terror, as in the disheartening labors of reconstruction. Her return infused new life into the work, and under her impulse a greater Notre Dame rose, phoenix-like, from ashes.

To the zealous efforts of Sister Mary Bernardine are we indebted for much of the material used in this compilation, supplementing the original journals. Thus it hap-

pened. Sister Mary Catherine in her later years became totally blind from an affection of cataracts. At the suggestion of Sister Superior Julia, on her second trip to California, in 1895, recourse was had to an operation. This was performed by that prince of surgeons, Dr. Barkan, who by a miracle of science restored her long lost vision. She who had for years plodded her feeble way with the aid of a stick among familiar haunts, loved scenes and dear faces—so long

> "Cut off and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with a universal blank
> Of Nature's works,"

truly had said

> "So much the rather, thou celestial light
> Shine inward."

Yet now, all unasked, the wonderful gift had been vouchsafed her, and with it came new life, as she faced the sunset with undimmed vision, even as the single eye of her pure purpose had ever been lightsome. The eminently good physician absolutely refused all financial reimbursement, declaring that the joy of restoring the blessing of sight to this noble pioneer was ample compensation for service. The first use made of her restored sight was to write her *memoirs,* at the request of Sister Superior Mary Bernardine. She did this in part by pen, and in part on a class-room blackboard. The latter, Sister Marie du S. C., copied and translated from the original French. The crippled fingers of Sister Mary Clara painfully typed these thrice precious documents, our source of much of the early history of Notre Dame in the West.

CHAPTER II

Increase and Multiply

The Later Foundations—1894-1906



s already noted, five foundations were made in the provincialate of Sister Mary Bernardine. Five foundations had been made previously between 1854 and 1888: Marysville, 1854; Santa Clara, 1864; San Francisco, 1866; Alameda, 1884; Redwood, 1888. Those established by Sister Mary Bernardine were: Notre Dame O'Connor Institute, 1893; Watsonville, 1899; Saratoga, 1905; Salinas and Santa Barbara, 1906. No further establishments are made until 1922 and 1923 in the parochial schools at St. Columbkille's, Los Angeles, and at Visalia.

O'Connor Notre Dame Institute.—In 1893, Judge and Mrs. O'Connor of San Jose offered their spacious home with a then ample endowment for fifty children to the Sisters of Notre Dame for an orphanage. Though this work was not common among the Sisters in America, it was accepted by Sister Julia, then in charge of the province of California. Sister Mary Theresa (Vallejo) as superior, with four Sisters, assumed charge. The generous benefactors made valuable additions to the already almost palatial home, and strove in all ways to add to the comfort and well-being of the little ones. Other kind friends in the city interested themselves in the work, in particular, Mr. Edward McLaughlin, who made joyous the holidays by practical benefactions and generous gifts—great-hearted pioneer as he was, whose beautiful mem-



O'CONNOR NOTRE DAME INSTITUTE

ory is a blessing, whose noble life a shining exemplar.[1] Sister Clare, who succeeded Sister Mary Theresa when incapacitated by illness, is intimately connected with the progress of the work. Her tragic death in 1914 was a heavy blow to the province.

Tabernacle Hall was an addition to the primitive building, designed for the use of the Notre Dame Tabernacle Society, and intended to house temporarily the splendid art collection made by Mrs. O'Connor, copies of masterpieces in European galleries. When the city of San Jose failed to erect a home for these masterpieces, and invested the funds raised for that purpose in the McKinley Memorial in St. James Park, the collection was presented to Trinity College, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame in Washington, D. C.

The high cost of living climbed higher and higher, but the endowment could not proportionally increase *in se*. Adjustments were made by accepting a small fee for such orphans as could be partially paid for; thus, as time went on, the institution had to be adjusted to the exigencies of the hour. The donors had left the alienation of the endowment, under certain conditions, to the corporation of the College, but, in spite of every difficulty, the original has been held to. Later adjustments belong to the last decade.

Watsonville.—A loving mother's grief was the inspiration of the Moreland Notre Dame Academy. Two fair young girls had gone to heaven through the gates of Notre Dame, Bessie Byrne of Cupertino and Josephine Moreland of Watsonville. The devoted mother of the latter dreamed a beautiful dream of securing for hundreds of young girls the graces that had been her daughter's in

[1]Mr. McLaughlin is the donator of the sole scholarship ($10,000) given to the College of Notre Dame; this was established in the year of his death in memory of his four daughters.

a Christian education, and of thus perpetuating the name of her idolized child, to whom she had been looking as to the light of her life, as that life passed toward the shadows. That beautiful dream came true. Instead of the gentle daughter who was to console her lonely old age, she found grouped about her hundreds of happy girls who looked to her as beneficient god-mother, and this joy was hers till nigh her ninetieth year.

In 1899, the ideal was actualized. Moreland Notre Dame Academy opened its doors to a throng of bright, joyous children, with Sister Mary Veronica as founding superior. The situation of the school, in the beautiful Valley of Birds, in the quiet suburbs of the pretty little city of Watsonville, beside the sea, beneath the bounding hills, was unsurpassed. Even before the late attractive additions, the building had a beauty all its own. Rising high, white, and stately above its green lawns and shrubbery, it appears like a graceful snowy ship afloat on an emerald sea.

The spirit of Josephine Moreland permeates the place. As one of the faculty writes:

> "Within these sacred walls as the years speed on, the name of Josephine Moreland is held in deepest veneration, and the spirit of the gentle maiden still lives in the countless blessings, spiritual and temporal that mould the character and shape the destinies of many young girls there educated."

We may easily suppose that this bright young soul, taken from this life ere its sorrows and stains had touched her, is indeed the gentle guardian spirit of the home built by her grieving but great-hearted mother. It was fitting that one who so loved Mary should give her name to one of Mary's homes.

"She said to me," remarked the sad-faced mother, with a far-away look in her eyes, pointing to the little madonna

on the simple altar, " 'Put flowers before her till I come back,' and," the voice broke in a sob, *"she never came back."* But there were the flowers, sweet garden roses, before the little statue of Our Lady.

It was a happy circumstance that Sister Mary Veronica, with her warm heart, should be the first superior of the house, for she had been the teacher and friend of the dear departed. To have known "Josie" was the path to the mother's heart; thus was it a great consolation to have guiding her benefaction, one who had been intimately connected with her beloved child.

Mrs. Moreland, though endowed with a generous portion of this world's goods, was not in any sense a wealthy woman. She gave practically her *all* in founding the Academy. Her benefaction entailed many a sacrifice known to God alone. Though deeply attached to the beautiful home she had made, she was unobtrusive in her gift, never forcing herself, receiving with the grateful appreciation of a refined nature any little attention that the Sisters were able to show, abstaining with rare delicacy from any officiousness. Sister Mary Veronica by her tactful consideration did much to brighten that lonely life, and made use of every means in her power to manifest the gratitude of the community, in fact of the entire Congregation, which was debtor to this good Christian woman for its service-opportunity to labor for the little ones of Christ's fold under the benefaction from her generous spirit.

The Sisters entered a well-arranged building. The house was blessed and the corner-stone laid by the Rt. Rev. George Montgomery, Bishop of Los Angeles. Rev. Patrick Hassett, who later succeeded the pastor, Rev. Father Marron, and ministered for many years to the community, celebrated the first Mass. The dedication sermon of the saintly prelate, one of the giant intellects, as well as one

of the kindest hearts of the Catholic episcopate, is almost prophetic in its utterance:

"The twentieth century on which we shall soon enter will call for the solution of many social problems which may involve the very existence of the Republic. In this republic the people delegated the power of governing to their representatives, and the only thing that stands between them and the abuse of that power is the conscience of these same representatives. The strength and honor of the nation is in the religious sentiment of the people, and to cultivate that sentiment is the duty of every citizen."

This splendid address did much to stir up enthusiasm for the new school in which the Bishop, while charged with the diocese, ever showed a kindly interest.

Many kind friends, among them a number of past pupils of the pioneer Notre Dame of San Jose, were met in Watsonville. The foundation was made under delightful auspices, and its history shows no failure in fulfillment of the bright promise.

After years of successful achievement, Moreland Notre Dame was partially wrecked in the disaster of 1906, then gutted by fire. It was, however, almost immediately restored to its former beautiful style and proportions. Meantime, the Sisters secured a dwelling house nearby in which they lived and continued classes with many laughable experiences, unmarked in the annals, but fresh in memory.

One of the pretty customs of the school was the visit of a delegation of young girls on Foundation, or Moreland Day, to the home of Mrs. Moreland to offer their words of appreciation and bouquets of beautiful flowers which were placed on Josie's grave, or on the little altar in her room, the bereaved mother's heart-sanctuary. These delicate attentions were characteristic of the desire of the Sisters to brighten the lonely days of the dear benefactress. The custom was continued till she passed to her

eternal home in November, 1919, to the welcome of the angel daughter—the maiden who verily "is not dead but sleepeth."

Salinas.—This house, founded in the very year of the great disaster, 1906, was an instance of the dauntless spirit of Sister Mary Bernardine, who sought new fields even while striving to repair the ruin of the works already existing. Father Griffin had pleaded for Sisters for an already erected school. Sister Mary Bernardine, on visiting, found the school satisfactory; but she was disconcerted at the convent provided—a pretty four-room bungalow. Her ingenuity, however, found a way. She proposed an exchange of houses with the pastor; this was agreed upon. While waiting the transfer, Sister Flora and her six Sisters slept on the floor of a class-room and dined as best they might.

The former residence of the pastor was well dubbed by Bishop Conaty "the chicken house"; it was an odd little affair formed by pushing two shacks together as symmetrically as possible, so as to secure all available space. It contained nine miniature apartments and a long narrow passage running the entire length of one side, so narrow that only skillful door-dodging obviated collisions, since even by squeezing against the wall no two material bodies could pass each other. The erstwhile parlor was converted into a chapel. In this, two Sisters drew back their chairs and waited in the vestibule while the priest said the *Confiteor,* returning when he ascended the altar. The sanctuary was a rug 6x2 feet. The dining-room accommodated but the table and a fringe of chairs drawn close. The assembly room of the community might be well described in the expression of the wag who declared that his room was so small he had to go outside to change his mind. It contained, moreover, all the domestic appliances. Two

bedrooms of similar proportions and a tiny kitchen completed the suite. Some of the community slept on a narrow rear porch open to the breezes that swept over the salty Monterey marshes. There were certainly many discomforts in the house.

Yet never was a group of nuns happier, and nowhere did a visitor more enjoy a sojourn than with big-hearted, motherly Sister Flora and her cheery little community, in whose souls the sun was always shining. Many an annoyance was laughed down in the funny little "chicken house."

A sorrow waited the founders on the very threshold. After his earnest labors in the church and school construction, the pastor had gone for a few days of rest to Hollister. Here he was stricken with paralysis. Only once he had rallied from the coma, and in that moment had asked kind Bishop Conaty, who had hastened to him:

"How are my Sisters and children?"

These were his last words. He was brought home in his coffin.

The new pastor, Rev. P. Brown, erected a beautiful church. The queer little convent cottage still served the Sisters. From the outset, Mrs. Pedro Zabala had proved a generous friend. On one occasion, when going around the garden, she chanced to look on the rear porch. There a curious sight met her gaze. On the floor at irregular intervals were placed pans and buckets of varying capacities; one even lay on a bed.

"What is this, Sister?" she asked Sister Flora. The genial superior explained that the leaking roof called for these emergency appliances. The dear lady, greatly shocked, determined on a remedy. This was none other than the erection of a new, attractive and commodious convent which she presented to the Sisters with the consent of Bishop Conaty, as follows:

"To Sister Flora, Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Salinas City.

"In memory of my late daughter Maria Manuela and in recognition and appreciation of the invaluable services rendered by you and the Sisters under your charge towards the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the children under your care in Salinas, I hereby offer and give to you for the noble purposes and uses of your confraternity, the building which I have caused to be erected on Stone St. in Salinas City, County of Monterey, California."

Salinas has ever made generous response to the efforts of the Sisters who have been constant recipients of the good-will of the civic community.

Santa Barbara.—In the same year, Notre Dame took up an abode in the city of perpetual summer. Rev. P. J. Stockman had there erected a school principally for the children of the laboring class, largely Mexicans. As he was a Belgian, he was familiar with the work of Mère Julie, and so applied for Sisters of Notre Dame. The chapel of this convent is perhaps the very first dedicated in honor of Blessed Mère Julie. Sister Paul of the Sacred Heart was named Superior. Concerning Sister, an interesting insert is found in the annals at Namur.

"Juin 1876. A la mission de Dolorès, les conversions se succèdent au pensionnat. . . . Le dimanche des Rameaux, trois élèves recurent le baptême. Mademoiselle M. Haun et les demoiselles Kanadys (Kennedy's). Ces deux dernières ont eu depuis le bonheur de convertir leur mère à son lit de mort. Dès avant sa conversion, cette dame avait fait don à Mons. Alemany d'un terrain pour y bâtir une église. Celle ci étant terminée, Monseigneur demanda quel nom elle voulait donner. 'Oh! je ne connais pas vos Saints, répondit la protestante; demandez-le à mes filles.' Celles-ci répondirent d' une voix 'Veuillez placer la nouvelle église sous le vocable de Notre Dame du Sacré Coeur' ce que Monseigneur accepta très volontiers. . . . Mademoiselle Sara Kanadys (Sister Paul S. H.) ajouta: 'Pour le petit morceau de terre que Maman, a offert au bon Dieu, Il lui a donné, je l' espère, une place dans son royaume.'"

Father Stockman had erected the school—a solid structure of small compass. Social conditions in Santa Barbara of that day were peculiar; there was but a small body of "middle class" Catholics, that class which forms the repre-

sentation of the Church in any section. The wealthier were mostly descendants of the high Spanish grandees, with all the religious fervor of their chivalrous race. The greater population was of tourist transients. The school children had, for the most part, Mexican faces and hybrid names, as Patrick Soto, Tony Maguire, etc., showing the omnipresent Hibernian in the strain. These conditions gave rise to individual characteristics in the school, later changed by an influx of the solid *middles;* for these, the little school house became as inadequate as the house of Alice in Wonderland. The Rev. Jesuits, who succeeded the zealous pastor erected a fine commodious school nearby to suit the new demands.

The convent was in accord with the old-world ideals of Father Stockman; on it he did not spare money, for it was erected at an expenditure of $20,000. It was solid, red brick, rather in the type of a cloistered bit of monastery, not in keeping with the needs of modern teaching Sisters. The lower panes of the windows were forbidding corrugated glass; there was almost no walking space; moreover, one wall of the convent formed the limit of the yard of the neighboring undertaker, making meditation on Death very *objective.*

The Rev. Pastor then set out in happy mood for a visit to Belgium. Fatherly Bishop Conaty determined on the exodus of the nuns from this prison-like structure; accordingly he purchased a pleasant house across the street, better suited to a teaching body. With the kind consent of generous Father Stockman, the convent goods and chattels were transported across to the former Club-house.[1] This had a flat roof on which the Sisters wished to set a garden. No sooner had they placed the wires for vines than the front door bell rang violently, and the "boss" of a Chinese

[1]Such a purpose the structure had been serving.



NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

laundry in the alley enquired breathlessly, *"You takee washee?"* fearing in the nuns prospective competitors.

Father Stockman had been a pioneer missionary in the State. He had a fund of anecdotes that made him a delightful entertainer. In his broad experience, he had met all sorts and conditions of men, and he had a marvelous memory; his visits were a treat. One particularly interesting character is recalled in the devout Californian (Spanish) lady who insisted in appearing at daily Mass clothed in the colors of the liturgical vestments, violet, green, red, etc., of the season, or feast.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty, with his characteristic far-sightedness had suggested to Sister Superior Mary Bernardine the purchase of some lots in a subdivision recently opened on the Mission lands. She, with equal far-sightedness, secured the property at a nominal sum. At that time it lay far on the outskirts of the city beautiful. It is now the center of a magnificent residence district, and forms the site of the new Academy. The simple Franciscans had a genius for marvelous sites; no exception is the Mission of Santa Barbara, lying at the foot of the opaline mountains of Santa Ynez, with their ever-shifting lights of amethyst, cobalt or gold—afar the ocean, a blue mirror of the blue sky, and all around the bloom of garden and orchard—a beautiful "dream come true."

Notre Dame Villa.—The Villa at Saratoga in the Santa Cruz foothills, overlooking the full sweep of the Valley of Heart's Delight from the Alameda shore line to the heights beyond Gilroy, was in truth a gift from Providence. Rev. Michael Mackey, S. J., the pastor of the little mission church, was instrumental in interesting Sister Mary Bernardine in the spot. The little home is a monument to the tenderness of her loving heart for the wearied or suffering members of her communities. Its acquisition

was one of the keenest joys of her life; nothing gave her more pleasure than to know that Sisters and children were enjoying its bracing air and scenic beauty. From the first glimpse of its charming setting, *Saratoga* became a word to conjure with; it was a tonic-word, infusing life and vigor into weary or broken frames. Its mention brings up visions of smiling valley, wooded slopes, golden sunlight on green canyons or fields, a riot of wild flower color. It brings the lilt of the lark, the carol of the linnet, or the peevish cry of the spotted quail, all the heart-gift of a mother to her loved children. How she revelled in its beauty, and how her Sisters revelled in her child-like delight! Saratoga was the seal of her life endeavor to make her children happy.

On its sixty acres stood a substantial twelve-room house which was easily transformed into a country convent. Rev. J. F. Collins, S. J., blessed the dwelling and its appurtenances on Trinity Sunday, 1905. On Corpus Christi the same kind friend celebrated the first Mass in the little chapel, a bower of blossom. The King of Glory took up His abode in the home among the hills. Nor can the kindness of Rev. John Lally, pastor of St. Patrick's of San Jose, be ever forgotten.

Sister Paul of the Sacred Heart was superior and the sole permanent factor in the community for the year. The adventures and incidents of the first summer would fill volumes.

The village was provincial; for years it had been a lumber camp. Then it was transformed to a town without a railroad, long without a car line—an almost inconceivable situation which gave it a peculiar atmosphere. About a year before the purchase, a trolley had begun to run to it and to Congress Springs, a resort two or three miles up the canyon. To some of the inhabitants, genteel New England folk, Sisters were a curiosity; but they gave them

a courteous welcome, perhaps rather formal. The sight, however, of a dozen or more enthusiastic nuns climbing into the springless red fruit truck, drawn by two sturdy plow horses (antecedent of "the family Ford") at the village station, and jolting on camp stools up to the villa, broke the ice, and laid any yet flitting ghosts of *Maria-monkism* or phantoms of Strawberry Hill conjuring.

Had the above establishments met with no obstacles to their progress, their records might have been less entertaining, although the Sisters would have been glad to sacrifice the dramatic elements which in these obstacles often verged on the tragic.

Fire! Fire! has a terrifying sound at any time. It rang horror into the little group of nuns praying peacefully in the chapel at Alameda in the gray dawn of a spring morning. Rushing out, they beheld flames leaping through their roof. The Sister in charge of the sleeping children had already marshalled them downstairs to the residence of a kind neighbor, who gave them hospitality. In half an hour the nuns were homeless, their pretty little convent ruined by water and flame.

Immediately Sister Mary Bernardine hastened to the stricken community, bent on bringing them all to San Jose till the building could be repaired; but the Sisters, fearful that their pupils should be deprived of religious instruction in their absence, pleaded to remain.

This created a problem, for the house was utterly uninhabitable. The pastor, Rev. Patrick Foley, suggested that the parish hall across the street might be used for classes. Below this was a stuffy double-hall apartment, one serving for the C. L. A. S, the other for the Y. M. I. These might be used as temporary dormitories. This expedient was determined on. The beds were moved in here. In the blackened and water-soaked convent kitchen the

cook set up her culinary department; here the meals were taken. In this condition, suffering all sorts of inconveniences and discomforts, the community lived for eight months until their convent was repaired, all this rather than that the little ones intrusted to them should lack spiritual nourishment. Later, the rains added to the general hardships, but they bore all uncomplainingly, nay, even, as nuns are wont, with many a merry laugh in the very face of misfortune, enjoying the mirth of calamity. Even the advent of the inevitable "Parish Fair" and the tripping over their weary heads of the, not always *light,* fantastic in the inevitable *dansants,* drew forth more merriment than moans.

However, more than one Sister later bore evidence of the untoward conditions and physical hamperings. "The Fire Sisters" won the admiring gratitude of the Catholic Alameda population. Four years later, they had the consolation of opening their renovated academy in hospitality to the refugees of the San Francisco fire, the valiant, tried Sisters of Mission Dolores.*

This convent had been practically rebuilt under the efficient administration of Sister Julia Theresa, equipped to perfection, so that nothing was wanting to the ideal home of education, as to the well-being of the Sisters. It was sacrificed in the holocaust of 1906. The blowing up of this large structure with its extensive grounds did much to save the rest of the city, and the flames did not leap Dolores St. The Sisters, in spite of the relief money poured into the city, received no reimbursement for their loss, perhaps owing to the persistent hallucination that *Notre Dame nuns are rich* (!). This loss involved thousands of dollars, not only of building, but valuable equipment, for

*The present pastor, Rev. Bernard Praught, has recently erected a fine parochial school on the site of the former church. This latter, a beautiful specimen of Gothic, destroyed by fire, has been replaced by an attractive church of modern design.

they saved *nothing*. In fact, they made no effort at saving anything, any more than did thousands in the stricken city, who, dazed and terrified, either abandoned their homes, or watched the tide of flame rolling nearer and nearer for three terrible days, hoping against hope that the heroic efforts of the fighters would avail. Later the Sisters with difficulty obtained a small fraction of the donations, ($500.00). Still the structure would have gone up in flames, if it had not been dynamited, and in spite of the good will of many friends who offered to transport the furniture, it might have been impossible to save anything because of the lack of storage space and the inevitable looting that accompanied the general havoc; such conditions paralyzed all efforts to save property.

Thus, ordered by the soldiery from their convent, on the third day of the terror, the poor patient nuns joined the long line of wanderers, finding a night shelter on the heights back of the Mission in some shacks erected on the grounds of the Franciscan hospital. The number of aged and infirm Sisters made this exodus pathetic; nevertheless it afforded some amusement in the midst of woe, as when precise little Sister Aloysius kept calling like a persistent quail, *"Too many people! Too many people!"* Droll Sister Kotska failed not to find due mirth in the situation, though her mental condition made her somewhat trying to her kindly guardians.

Finally, an appeal to the Governor, for the city was under martial law, gave them transportation leave, by teams to the ferry, thence to Alameda until the flames abated.

With the brave spirit characteristic of San Francisco, the reconstruction began on the very track of the flames. Notre Dame was not behind; under heavy indebtedness, the convent was rebuilt on a solid and commodious scale,

a task encouraged by the enthusiasm and appreciation of the Mission populace. Meantime, they conducted classes in the residence of Dr. Edward Jones. Shortly after the rebuilding, Sister Julia Theresa returned to the Eastern Province. With her she carried the gratitude of the West for her devoted labors. Sister Berchmans Joseph succeeded, under whose gentle rule the work went on increasing almost hourly.

The sustained interest of the kind pastors of the Mission church was of incalculable aid in the upbuilding. The genial Father Cummings succeeded the patriarchal Father Brennan and emulated his fatherly watchfulness over Notre Dame.

In 1921 the Golden Jubilee of the Mission Convent was observed with due ceremonial by a magnificent open-air Mass, presided over by His Grace, Archbishop Hanna. Recently, through the kindly cooperation of the present Pastor, Rev. John Sullivan, a splendid new school for the primaries and intermediates has been erected on the grounds, giving ample accommodation to the high school students in the formerly crowded quarters. Although the new structure places the Sisters under a heavy indebtedness, they hope that in a short time the school will be freed from this pressure. In this hope, the loyal activities of the Alumnae are a large factor.

CHAPTER III

Miserere

Earthquake in California



N the clear bright morning of Wednesday of Paschal week in 1906 as one gazed across the beautiful vale of Santa Clara, he would have viewed the lovely vale in its loveliest aspect, in its glorious "blossom-time," its season of expectancy prophetic of lavish harvest, a season in which the beauty of nature seems to vie with the triumphs of human industry, and seldom in history had the promise been so fair. The lines of the poet might well come to the lips:

> "Never did sun more beautifully steep
> In his first splendor valley, rock or hill,
> N'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep,"

When memory harks back to that peaceful dawn hour and revives the sense impressions as the emotions of the beholder, the black tragedy of the cataclysm stands out in sharp relief on the golden background of nature's charm. One can not but marvel how no premonition of disaster touched the mind absorbed in contemplation of that beauty. Such lack of intuition seems incomprehensible. It shows how near indeed in life we are to death. Nor in the very moment of terror was the mind fully awake to the significance of the situation, reacting as it was from the calm of that beauteous scene.

From purple range to range, the Valley of Heart's Delight lay in a drift of fragrant blossom snow, with, here and there, a golden poppied field emphasizing the splendor of flashing white. The echoes of the jubilant *Alleluia*

persisted in the call of morning birds; the thuribles of thousands of garden-blooms sent incense in the light dawn-breeze—a scene of beauty and a joy—forever

Forever Hark!

"O, God what was that sound?
As ere the storm
The first low rumbling of the weighted skies
Rolls o'er the blackening wastes, and fluttering wings
Of wild things pulse along the darkening air,
So on it came
The Terror. From oblivion's golden bounds,
Men woke to doom and death.
Nearer it came—
Tower and steeple, buttressed-wall and spire
Quivered in its wild clutch one instant, crashed
In ruin.
All is over.
Thank God!
Nay, nay. The fury but takes breath.
It comes. It comes.
O God have mercy, spare.
Shrieks rend the golden air, prayer, anguish, dread—
As dash the waves in one long, heavy thud,
Dull on the dim dark shore lines, so it passed.
The red sun shot the sky, a swift soul-sob
And we, the living, looked upon the dead."

This tale has been told by many a tongue and pen, from the first lurid headlines in the "dailies," through the local color short-stories and novels, down to the occasional reference now, twenty years later. Nor has it ever lost its fascination. The story of Notre Dame differs little from the common, but the personal interest of many of our readers will save it from the monotony of the twice-told tale.

Tragedy and comedy mingle in this drama. We are not, as we have said, to detail the history of "the earthquake," the inevitable tendency of all who lived through that horror, those adventures between the smile and the tear,

those days between life and death in which the irrepressible spirit of the West asserted itself, and in which saving faith came, yet so as by fire.

When the members of the community who were so lucky as to be in "costume" at 5:16 A. M., reached the third story of the children's sleeping rooms, a scene met their eyes that yet, on recalling, wakes mingled emotions of terror and gratitude. The bright morning sky was visible through the wide spaces which the plunging roof-beams left in their collapse. On beds, as on floor, were piled masses of broken brick from ruined chimneys; the atmosphere was dense with plaster-dust. Yet not a child had received a scratch. White, trembling, sobbing, but safe, they were conducted down the brick-strewn staircase to the lawn, all filing out at the signal as if going to class.

Such was the instinctive submissiveness to regularity that the familiar "clip-clip" of the traditional wooden signal, that pedagogical sceptre of the Notre Dame nun, sent them swiftly, but in due order from the nigh demolished dormitories, with no rush or outcry even in the midst of the terror, for never in their short memory had *terra firma* showed itself so deceptive, nor had *earthquake* spelt aught save a momentary oscillation.

Hardly had the tremors subsided, when friends rushed to the convent gate, anxious and terrified, certain that destruction had been heavy to life as to property. Among the first came Professor Woods of the State Normal and Senator Charles Shortridge, the former enquiring breathlessly:

"How many are killed?"

"None; not one has even a scratch."

"Thank God," he ejaculated, looking with terror on the mass of ruined roof, "it is a miracle."

One hundred and twenty-five children had been sleeping under that demolished covering, now gaping to the open heavens.

A few minutes later came Rev. Father Joseph Hickey, S.J., pale and anxious, with the same eager enquiry. When told that all were safe, he exclaimed gratefully:

"It is a miracle. The Blessed Virgin did it."

Immediately Father Hickey began to prepare for Mass in the nigh ruined chapel. Shortly after came the Pastor of the Italian Church from a near-by flaming hotel, where some of the inmates had been caught under the debris. In violet stole and surplice, he had come to anoint our dying, while the ashes of the now ignited city were falling thick on the lawns.[1] All this, with the dew yet bright on the Easter lilies and the golden Paschal sunlight flooding the blue air.

The poor frightened children had been strengthened somewhat by a warm breakfast, perhaps the only group in the city so provided, since the convent fire was made before the shock, and the chimney on this wing (earthquake proof) stood intact. Their beds were carried by the Sisters to the frame school building of the little boys, where an impromptu dormitory was set up, dubbed by the girls "The Barracks". Many a merry prank did this makeshift sleeping apartment witness as the weeks wore on. Nor will memory of rendezvous by the old *Pump* fade.

Too much can not be said of the splendid cooperation of the senior class of that year, who by their efficient service and high courage, did much to keep up the *morale* of the other students.

Several violent shocks were experienced during the day while the adjustments were going on. Some of the younger Sisters alternated their labors with pious pilgrimages, re-

[1]San Jose was saved from conflagration only by adequate water supply.

gardless of their blue aprons and dusty gowns, the students following in order through the grounds.

"Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." Over and over came the petition from pale and trembling lips. Never did they pray as on *that day without a tomorrow,* for so it seemed. And Mary, Queen of Notre Dame, heard and heeded.

Ever and anon came rumors of what had happened elsewhere. Suspense and anxiety concerning relatives and friends hung heavily on Sisters and children. With the coming on of darkness, fear again gripped the entire populace. Many of the townsfolk afterwards related how the fresh young voices of the children ringing out on the tense night air in familiar hymns, as they huddled on the porches outside the improvised shelter, gave hope and courage to desponding hearts.

When fatigue induced the children to go to bed, the aged and infirm Sisters were housed in the primitive frame convent or the old "academy", while the stronger members, wrapped in blankets, sat watching on the porches renewing the sputtering candles, the sole illumination, since the outer wall had fallen, and with it gone, the sense of security was lessened. Every few minutes shocks could be felt, and a fetid odor of sulphur impregnated the air. It was a night of terror. At midnight, with the arrival of Mr. Weston and his theatrical party, came the first definite news from San Francisco, though rumors that it was burning had been reaching us all afternoon. Even the truth did not startle as it should. Only those who have experienced the dread uncertainty, the peculiar apathy, that results from a doubt of the actuality of the next hour—nay, the next moment—can understand the sensation of living without a future and how it tends to block any effort at adjustment, to say nothing of progress.

This tendency to sink in apathy demands a strong volitional effort to combat it and forces one to tremendous energy. Even the most fragile Sisters had worked like giants. Unceasing effort was the sole remedy for strained nerves and numbed brains. When at last the day dawned, sharp, crisp and clear, all took a fresh hold on existence. Mayhap we were yet to live.

With breakfast came the recital of "experiences", reminiscences from which twenty years has not taken off the edge of interest.

"I grabbed my Ivanhoe and ran," said a First Year. And then every one was fairly "tingling to tell".

Not one had saved anything of value, but a vague sense of securing something had possessed all. Each tried to outdo the other in excited narration of scampering under beds when the bricks piled on top, of snatching pillows when the plaster fell, etc., etc., and the spell of horror was broken.

The chapel problem was adjusted by using the Sisters' assembly room. By a happy coincidence, the altar-piece used was the historic picture of The Sacred Heart, the feast-day gift to Sister Loyola at the Bar of the Columbia; it seemed to infuse into the stricken household some of the strength that had nerved those valiant pioneers in the face of Death.

School was held from the second day. The entire front, part of the east wing, and the chapel were found on official inspection to be unsafe; thus from the moment when, with *Pius Aeneas* in hand they retreated from bowling alley in the burning winds of the San Francisco fires, the valiant *senior class* "camped" school in any convenient location and led their comrades in cheery endurance.

Full of hope and splendid courage as he showed himself, Archbishop Riordan who visited the convent shortly

after the calamity did much to infuse strength and courage into the community and the children, though heart-crushed by the ruin of half the diocese.

Commencement Day was memorable. The brave '06 had valiantly held the helm. In all, not more than a half dozen students withdrew. The children seemed to feel a special security under the mantle of Notre Dame, and their parents, pressed with anxieties, were content to leave them. Vice-President Corral of Mexico, who had hurried North to withdraw his three daughters, determined, on arrival, to leave them at the school; his confidence did much to allay the anxiety of parents in the southern republics. Thus Commencement was carried on with a complete student body and in the manner of other years, for the excellent concert hall was in no way injured. The courage of the Sisters in holding the traditional Exercises did much toward the general *morale*. The apt quotation from Virgil by Rev. J. D. Walshe, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, presiding at the Commencement:

"forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"

has often been recalled in pleasant reminiscence of those days, "dies irae," but days, too, of gratitude and often of pure merriment.

Notre Dame campus had meanwhile become the parish church. Even confessions were heard in the open. The things of eternity gave due proportion and perspective to the things of time.

The loving sympathy of the members of the Congregation all over the world, from America, England, Scotland, Belgium, and even Africa, was a source of unfailing comfort to the stricken Province. The Eastern Province was generous in substantial aid, fully appreciated and warmly welcomed in the financial crisis, and in the tremendous

work of reconstruction. Though the absence of the Provincial was a trial, all rejoiced that she had been spared the anxiety and strain of those early days of the disaster. On her return, actual reconstruction was begun with such effect that in the following August studies were resumed as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The financial loss ran high, uncovered by any insurance; it aggregated over $60,000. The erection of a $75,000 Science Building was going on when the cataclysm came. Thus the economic pressure was great. From its strain, the house of San Jose did not fully recover before transference, almost twenty years later.

Another work, dear to the daughters of Blessed Julia and undertaken extensively by them before the expansion of the Sisters of the Holy Family, was that of the Sunday Schools. This minor apostleship was inaugurated in the provincialate of Sister Mary Bernardine. In all the parishes of San Jose this instruction was carried on. The Sisters were happy to sacrifice their Sunday morning up to noon-hour in this cherished occupation of teaching the Christian Doctine, mindful of how their Foundress had taught the Eternal Truths in the sunny harvest-fields of France or the gray-walled towns of Belgium. Not only in San Jose, but from Boulder Creek to Palo Alto, scarce a town in the Valley but has at one time known their zeal for the children whom Christ has bidden be brought to Him.

CHAPTER IV

Magnificat

Beatification of Mère Julie



EANWHILE in grand old Rome was Sister Mary Bernardine witnessing the superb drama of Beatification, its stage the world-church, St. Peter's; its chief actor the Vicar of Christ; its theme, the peasant woman of Cuvilly, lowly Julie Billiart.

On that bright morning of May 13, 1906, as she looked from the Plaza to the stately basilica, she saw, hung high against the sunlit heavens, the glorious representation of the Blessed, one calculated to draw public attention, namely, Julie and her daughters nursing the wounded after Waterloo, a subject of passing value but tending to impress a populace, always more susceptible to the dramatic than to the routine of simple duty. As she enters the basilica, gorgeous in gold and crimson, aflame with thousands of lights, she marks the yet veiled *apotheosis* of the *Beata,* About it hung representations of the authenticated "Cures" and a beautiful depicting of the ecstasy of Candlemas Day, that jubilant dawning of the *Lumen ad revelationem gentium.* The Arms of Namur and of the Order were suspended high and glorious. A little thrill of excitement seems to run through the assembly as the delegation of Notre Dame nuns is led to the tribune nearest the altar, since the spectators recognize in theirs the Habit of the *Beata.*

All is picturesquely detailed in the letters of Sister Mary Bernardine to the home-circle. It is easy to imagine how her loyal, loving heart thrills at the exaltation of her who

was the humblest of God's creatures. His *"good little nothing"*, of her who is *her* Mother. Yet in the midst of all this splendor and enthusiastic delight, her fond thoughts travel to her children beside the sun-down seas, sorrowing in the shadow of the Cross. The gorgeous procession, scarlet of the Cardinals, purple of the Bishops, surpliced priests, religious in the varied distinctive Habits, seminarists, acolytes, throngs of Roman citizens in gala attire, moves in. The Brief of beatification is read. Then as the massive edifice resounds to a sea of music breaking loud in the *Te Deum* the relics of the *Beata* are brought in and placed on the altar. The great throng falls on its knees to venerate the little peasant woman of Picardy. At this moment, the veil is lifted from the *apotheosis,* or the representation of the Servant of God in glory. So the Mass proceeds.

However facile the pen, and Sister Mary Bernardine was singularly gifted, such an experience beggars description. We would fain quote from her delightful letters but our restricted space forbids detail.

At the afternoon ceremonial the Holy Father attends. Sister Mary Bernardine can not bring her happy self to realize that she is actually looking on the great Father, the Vicar of Christ. Despite the regal splendor surrounding him, he is the sole center of attraction, a gracious figure in pure white in a mass of glorious color, borne aloft in his *sedia* by his brilliant *domestici.* Her emotion is beyond the power of expression. But what are her feelings as the little group of Notre Dame nuns are led to him and she feels his hand in blessing on her head, and his kind clasp of her hand. Surely the words of the Blessed ring in her ears, echoing triumph, jubilance, supreme exultation, *"Qu'il est bon le Bon Dieu."* Deep in the joyful soul of the sorrowing Provincial of stricken California, the *Fiat*



BERCHMANS HALL (RALSTON-SHARON RESIDENCE) COLLEGE NOTRE DAME, BELMONT

echoed on the *Magnificat,* and she murmured, *"Comme le Bon Dieu veut."*

One who has witnessed can never forget the sight of the Vicar of Christ kneeling to venerate the relics of the peasant woman whom he had raised to the altar. Once, long before, when the successor of St. Peter, Pius VII, was captive at Fontainebleau, in 1813, to an ambitious French Emperor, Julie, then a victim of prejudice and persecution, had knelt at his feet, and on coming out with tear-blinded eyes, had murmured to her waiting companion:

"We have wept together over the sorrows of the Church."

And now another Pius kneels in veneration before the mortal fragments of the once humbled and persecuted refugee who had sought solace for her own deep sorrows in weeping over the greater sorrows of Christ's Vicar.

In quiet fashion, though with no less love and gladness, was the event celebrated in California. On the great and glorious day, all the convent chapels were arrayed in their loveliest, including the temporary sanctuary of The Holy Family at San Jose, where the gentle human countenance of the Savior, in that beauteous representation (retrospective of that indefatigable zeal and courage nigh superhuman that characterized its first venerators over sixty years before) looked from its bower of blossom on the tried but trusting hearts of their successors.

Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, S. J., delivered the eulogy on this occasion. Not a little did his eloquent words contribute to lift the cloud of anguish, and to hearten the hours of discouragement.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made. Let us be glad and rejoice therein. Today your hearts are tuned to the joy that thrills holy Rome. And with good reason. A patroness is given you before the throne of God. Rejoice and be glad; she will plead your cause with Jesus and His Holy Mother. She will beg for you the genuine spirit of your Institute; she

will ask that you be true children of hers, her joy and her crown. A Mother is given you. For each of you she has a Mother's love, a Mother's solicitude, a Mother's instincts. She knows your individual needs.

"It is a day of joy for children when they see a Mother loved and loving lifted up by the hands of God Himself, crowned with glory and presented to the gaze of an admiring world, arrayed in the vesture of the Blessed. And today in Rome, where the daughters of the Blessed are gathered at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, there is an undercurrent of sorrow on account of the calamity that has befallen a portion of her children.

"On the lips of your Blessed Mother one thought was paramount—the Will of God. For that she lived. All else was naught. So must it be with us."

Thus with the jubilant strains of the paschal *Alleluia* mingled the piercing *Miserere*. Thus, fast on the sob of the *Fiat*, broke the triumphant *Magnificat*.

CHAPTER V

Namur to California

First Visit of a Mother General



CTOBER, 1910, brought a wonderful joy to the province in the visit of our first Mother General in the person of the saintly and gracious Rev. Mère Marie Aloyse. Provincials and superiors had crossed continually, but never before had a Notre Dame General set foot on American shores.

Owing to a delayed train service, the revered guest arrived after nine o'clock at night. Hence the initial greeting was simple. In turn, however, the various schools at San Jose as well as the secondary houses had the joy of welcoming the Mother, who seemed indeed a living relic of the Blessed Foundress, the incarnation of the sacred ideal of "Namur," Notre Dame's household-word.

A glorious reception was given in San Francisco, in which the alumnae participated. This had not been possible at San Jose because of the precarious condition of the health of the Provincial, who had been stricken in the preceding August; in fact, the anxiety over her condition cast a gloom over the brightest hour. At the above reception a beautiful poem was read, all of which we would fain quote, but we must be content with the opening lines:

> The road is long
> Between Namur and our out-swinging Gate;
> But hearts are strong
> And often have they winged the distance o'er
> To fetch in dreams, a Mother to our shore.
> Ah, but in dreams, for waking hours must wait
> Life's barge, slow drifting down its sluggish streams.
> Now Time has moored a treasure-ship before our very door.

will ask that you be true children of hers, her joy and her crown. A Mother is given you. For each of you she has a Mother's love, a Mother's solicitude, a Mother's instincts. She knows your individual needs.

"It is a day of joy for children when they see a Mother loved and loving lifted up by the hands of God Himself, crowned with glory and presented to the gaze of an admiring world, arrayed in the vesture of the Blessed. And today in Rome, where the daughters of the Blessed are gathered at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, there is an undercurrent of sorrow on account of the calamity that has befallen a portion of her children.

"On the lips of your Blessed Mother one thought was paramount—the Will of God. For that she lived. All else was naught. So must it be with us."

Thus with the jubilant strains of the paschal *Alleluia* mingled the piercing *Miserere*. Thus, fast on the sob of the *Fiat*, broke the triumphant *Magnificat*.

CHAPTER V

Namur to California

First Visit of a Mother General



CTOBER, 1910, brought a wonderful joy to the province in the visit of our first Mother General in the person of the saintly and gracious Rev. Mère Marie Aloyse. Provincials and superiors had crossed continually, but never before had a Notre Dame General set foot on American shores.

Owing to a delayed train service, the revered guest arrived after nine o'clock at night. Hence the initial greeting was simple. In turn, however, the various schools at San Jose as well as the secondary houses had the joy of welcoming the Mother, who seemed indeed a living relic of the Blessed Foundress, the incarnation of the sacred ideal of "Namur," Notre Dame's household-word.

A glorious reception was given in San Francisco, in which the alumnae participated. This had not been possible at San Jose because of the precarious condition of the health of the Provincial, who had been stricken in the preceding August; in fact, the anxiety over her condition cast a gloom over the brightest hour. At the above reception a beautiful poem was read, all of which we would fain quote, but we must be content with the opening lines:

> The road is long
> Between Namur and our out-swinging Gate;
> But hearts are strong
> And often have they winged the distance o'er
> To fetch in dreams, a Mother to our shore.
> Ah, but in dreams, for waking hours must wait
> Life's barge, slow drifting down its sluggish streams.
> Now Time has moored a treasure-ship before our very door.

San Jose crystalized its spirit in the lines:

> Yes, we the children of those children Past,
> Who shared the love and fostering tenderness
> Of those brave souls who came,
> The peerless Pioneers of Notre Dame,
> Love's flame to cast
> Far through this distant western wilderness,
> We welcome you, and bless
> This day that links in new allegiance pure
> Our Western Land to memory-shrined Namur.

Another sorrow threw its shade over the first days of the Mother's visit. The valiant Sister Seraphine had been, as it were, fighting off death until she should look upon her Mother's face; that consolation granted, she peacefully resigned her spirit, and her requiem was the first function that Mère Marie Aloyse attended in the chapel. Namur had known and reverenced Sister Louise des Seraphins and, though her death was but the home-going of a beloved child of God, it had its grief for the tender-hearted Mother.

Ma Mère Marie Aloyse and her companion, Sister Marie des Stes Anges, Provincial of England, were ardent admirers of the natural beauty of California; they were entranced, and their expressions of delight had an unquestionable sincerity. Both went into raptures over Saratoga, to the inexpressible joy of Sister Mary Bernardine. The simple dignity of Sister Marie des Stes Anges impressed all, and she easily won hearts; even the animals instinctively knew in her their friend, and the convent dogs frisked gleefully about her as about an old acquaintance. On the visit to Salinas, it was whispered that the pretty kitten that usually had the run of the house was temporarily immured in the basement (the basement was a piano-case shoved dexterously under the house). On learning of the captiv-

ity, Sister could not finish her dinner till the furry prisoner was at large.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man and bird and beast."

At Saratoga, a magnificent memorial of this visit stands on the hillcrest above the Villa, commanding a view of the entire Valley as if blessing The Land of Promise. It is a beauteous bronze statue of the Sacred Heart of *Montmartre,* of heroic size but exquisite workmanship, and was set just a year after the departure of the Mother General from the Coast; it bears the inscription:

IN MEMORY
OF HER FIRST VISIT TO
CALIFORNIA
OCTOBER 1910
THIS STATUE WAS ERECTED
BY THE REV. MOTHER
MARIE ALOYSE
BELOVED SUPERIOR GENERAL OF
THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME
DE NAMUR
AND PRESENTED TO
HER DEVOTED DAUGHTERS OF CALIFORNIA
Merciful Heart of Jesus
Deliver us from evil

The rare beauty of this representation makes an indefinable impression on the beholder, and attracts reverent visits of those without as within the Fold. Standing on an

elevation 800 feet above the Valley, in an amphitheatre of wooded hills, it is a gem of art set in the glory of nature. As it faces due north, it recalls the lines of Tennyson:

> "and flame
> At sunrise, till the people in far fields
> Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
> Behold it crying, 'We have still a King.'"

So when the clear sunlight flashes on the benign brow and the blessing hands of this beautiful image of the Master, we, too, whose hearts have been saddened by the riot of rebellious thought, the hollow rationalism, and the cold materialism of our day, may look with loving hope upon the symbol of Love Eternal, and know that *we have still a King.*

On a glorious autumn afternoon, Rev. William Culligan, S.J., Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, assisted by a large gathering of local clergy, blessed this memorial of maternal affection. No fairer memory than that of the half-mile mount of the procession up the gold-green canyon road with all the Notre Dame-taught schools of the Valley in line, save perhaps that of the sublime spectacle of the thousand worshipers kneeling on the summit in the splendor of the sloping sunlight for the magnificent homage of the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, and the chant of the *Te Deum* by five hundred jubilant voices.

Joy thrilled the hearts of all in the nigh unhoped-for presence of Sister Mary Bernardine; all that was needed for completion was the presence of the dear donor. Yet a little more than a year, and she was to behold unveiled the Glorified Savior, to whom, on earth, she had brought such homage by her munificent gift.

The weakness of the cherished Provincial greatly alarmed the Mother General; she saw the immediate necessity of entrusting the government to sure hands. Sister

Mary Veronica, who for many years had been a factor in the San Jose community and was conversant with the needs, was named Superior of San Jose and acting Provincial. The Sisters recall with gratitude the care she lavished on the stricken Superior, to whose comfort she brought all the resources of human aid.

At the approach of Christmas-tide, the dear Mother took her departure. On the day after New Year's, Sister Mary Veronica came to take up the burden which she was to bear until relieved of its weight ten years later, in accordance with the requirements of canon law. Two years more was the dear invalid to linger, wasting under a malignant disease, suffering untold agonies without possibility of relief until a merciful God broke the fillet of mortal life for the Life Eternal.

CHAPTER VI

Sister Mary Bernardine

Golden Jubilee 1912—Death 1913

EVER and anon since the slight clouding of her clear mind, Sister Mary Bernardine had lost the keenness of her mental faculties. The Christmas-tide of 1912 brought back much of her old alertness; she seemed even to have a certain insight. Her words are life-treasures to those favored with her last counsels. To the end remained her tender love for her dear Sisters. During the last days of agonizing pain, when she felt the blindness of death coming on, she would ask who were the members of the community praying in the room, adding sadly:

"The dear Sisters. I can not see them. I shall never see them again."

Even in the terrible darkness her bright humor at times broke out. Her interest in the poor and suffering never left her. One of the watchers mentioned a destitute family to her; even in the midst of an excruciating attack, she sent the Sister to ask Sister Mary Veronica for clothing for the sufferers. All her life she had manifested a remarkable tenderness for the poor, and many a wretched family had she kept above want in the cruel winter. Only God's angels know how many. She was lavish with alms, and Providence seemed to pour money into her charity-purse for the suffering. No call for aid went unheeded.

She had a personal word for each until silence fell, and with fluttering pulse, she lay in coma in the last battle between life and death. Now and then the stupor was

broken by pangs of agony of which there could be no conception—the culmination of over two years of hopeless pain (she had asked for her purgatory on earth), which we may believe won for her a peculiar bliss in paradise.

As His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, said in the funeral eulogy, Sister Mary Bernardine had the secret of government. She knew how to blend sweetness with firmness in that happy medium that makes for authority.

Moreover, she had the power of bringing out the best that was in others, of making them, as it were, excel themselves. In her, was none of that narrowness that fears to praise; she lauded generously and gladly. She identified the success of her Sisters with her own happiness; she even rejoiced more than did the winner in the triumph won. Nor was this a pose; it was sincere, spontaneous. She had a power of inspiring others with confidence in themselves through their confidence in her. Not only did she work unceasingly herself, but she worked in others, infusing into them something of her own splendid energy.

To herself, Sister Mary Bernardine attributed nothing; she ascribed all to the cooperation of her communities. No mock-modesty here. Like any sensible woman, she was fully conscious of her powers; she took herself simply for what she was, and she gave others the credit of doing the same with the same balance of judgment. Thus she never hesitated to allow a subject to make use to the full of her natural powers for the better service of the Lord and Master. Fear to commend, as fear to permit individual initiative is the subterfuge of a small spirit masking under prudent precaution. In every department of the organization was the influence of Sister Mary

Bernardine felt; she was the heart of the home and of the working body.

Not only did she reach out to her Sisters, but every pupil found in her a mother; it was her wish that every child find in the school a *home*. For years she gave the daily instruction to the older girls; the benefits of this counsel can not be estimated in time. Eternity shall tell. As one woman wrote, "Sister Superior knew the world though she was not of it." Hers was almost an infused knowledge; she was able to warn the future woman of her danger and, by her supernatural insight, to cast a light into dark places.

She took the truths of Religion for the basis of her counsels, for she held that, if the strong foundation of sound doctrine is laid, the inculcation of moral principles, as of spiritual science, will be easy. She insisted that the novices also be firmly grounded in doctrine, and trained to intensive knowledge. Of her gift of "instruction" she was conscious; she used it generously. Its source was natural and supernatural. Inly, it was the burning love of God. Outwardly it was the fluency and beauty of natural eloquence, clear logic, a sympathetic voice, a mobile countenance animated by spiritual and natural attractiveness. Her listeners fairly hung on her words.

She strove to ground her young clients on *solid* devotions, largely the devotions of the Church, the liturgical prayers of the Church. No mere prettiness in prayer for her. She endeavored to instil a strong personal love for the Sacred Humanity of Christ. Hers was a rare and beautiful enthusiasm, the ever fresh impulse of affectionate and generous sacrifice, a gift of the perennial youthfulness before noted.

Of her inner life, though it be the mainspring of her words and acts, none has the right to speak; it is too

sacred to touch upon. "My secret to myself," she was wont to say. Like a rare perfume from a sealed casket, these communings revealed themselves in her language. Who dares peer into the sanctuary of a soul?

It had been her desire that her Golden Jubilee be purely a community affair. The Sisters were obliged to limit their celebrations to the physical strength of the dear stricken one. To their joy, however, Archbishop Riordan overruled her desire for a simple low Mass, and gave directions for a solemnity, graciously adding that he would be there himself. He was, and he delivered an address (of which she did not hear a word) characteristic of his golden eloquence. The day had about it an atmosphere of chastened calm, a subdued gladness; in its joy were premonitions of the pain to come.

In the convent feast, all went in the traditional fashion; the old words were said, the old songs sung, but no song could chase afar the shadow that hung over the happy home, though the dear jubilarian made brave effort to appear her bright self. Her endeavors had a peculiar pathos in the face of her increasing weakness.

From all over the Institute came tokens of affection and tender greetings and congratulation; that from the Mother General touched her deeply. The beautifully adorned chapel delighted her. In less than half a year it was to witness her obsequies. In her Jubilee memorial (alas prophetically) was written:

> As she nears the heavenly gate, and the song of the singers by the crystal sea comes faintly to her ears, slowly closing to the sounds of earth, surely she looks back with no regret but with deep thanksgiving to that happy morn when, in the glow of bright youth, with all fair hopes and pleasant promise, she had consecrated her life, her very being, to the thorn-crowned King of Glory, in the service of His Blessed Mother in Notre Dame.

In less than half a year was she to reach that heavenly gate, to pass beyond its portals of pearl, past the jasper battlements of the New Jerusalem, with their flashing sapphire and amethyst of which she loved to read. She has been given the mystic "white stone" on which is inscribed the name she is to bear for all eternity. (Often did she wonder what it would be.) She has harkened to the harpers harping by the crystal sea, and her ears have been gladdened by the jubilant *Alleluia,* and the resonant *Sanctus* of the great white marching host, as they follow Him that was slain, choir on choir, in radiant circles set above the swinging spheres and the wide spaces of the stars.

The rest is silence. Nay, she yet speaks. Her life is a book, a voice of one crying in the world's wilderness. Hers is a glorious volume in the glorious folios of the story of Notre Dame. She was great because she was tender, and trusting, and true, because she loved—for "The greatest of these is charity."

At cock-crow on the third of January, three in the morning, the summons came and she answered *Venio.* Liturgical regulation forbade a requiem on her burial day; thus, by a beautiful chance, only the plain wooden coffin spoke the dignity of death in the radiant chapel, lovely in white and gold. The jubilant Christmas strain of the Mass of the Infant Jesus, the plumy palms, emblems of victory, massed beyond the gleaming altar, symbolized the trials past, the triumph won. The celebrant of the Mass was the devoted Rev. J. F. Collins, S.J., assisted by the kind Rev. J. A. Lally and Rev. W. Melchers, S. J. Rev. Paul Anderson, one of her cherished "boys," was master of ceremonies.

The words of eulogy that fell from the lips of the gracious Archbishop found an echo in every heart.

"She was faithful to perform what she exacted. She ruled not by harsh measures but by mother-love."

CHAPTER VII

Sister Anna Raphael

"God Sent His Singers Upon Earth"

To delineate a religious woman is a difficult task; unusually difficult when the religious is a Sister of Notre Dame in the ranks, living her life unobtrusively under the eye of God alone, when her sole greatness lies in doing small things with great heart and and in great hopes. Even under the eyes of those in the cloister the lives of companions glide by unnoted. Everyone is doing much the same thing; no one stands out, save such as are delegated to direct, such as are clothed with authority; thus all external works go with little recognition. Yet there is one thing that does stand out, be it in the given tasks of service, or in the household life, and that is *character.* Not what is done, but how and why, makes the distinction in the cloister as in the world.

Thus, when the life of a nun is presented, the external facts are mere accidents. Withal, to merge one's personality into an aggregate and still preserve individuality is the ideal; it demands poise; it calls for a strong and stable character. In all phases, convent life demands character; religion is no place for *willy nillies,* and the *novel-nun* is indeed a novelty in the convent.

When one deals with Sister Anna Raphael, the emphasis is on character. True it is that her scientific and her literary work brought her into prominence in the State, and particularly in the Santa Clara Valley, of which she was, in truth, the laureate. True it is that hundreds of women in the State have gone from her hand strengthened by her

teachings and blest by her example. Still, to write verse is not so uncommon; to be a naturalist is not so uncommon; and to teach well is a work being done by hundreds in the length and breadth of the land. If these activities of Sister Anna Raphael's life had not been vitalized by character, they would deserve little recognition beyond the mere recording of her name.

Three characteristics of Sister Anna Raphael stand out to those that know her exteriorly—her ardent love of nature; her keen appreciation of poetry, and her rather unique religious devotions.

No one can think of Sister without recalling her love of "The Beautiful about our Way". She loved the stars and the stones; the flowers and the birds; the butterflies and the crawly bugs; in fact, anything in nature, static, or vibrant with life. To the admiration of a beautiful soul for the beautiful, she added the technical interest of the scientist, or better the naturalist. And it was impossible to come within range of her influence without developing a new interest and new joy in nature. Her wide knowledge and her personal enthusiasm made her a fascinating teacher. Yet she was most concerned with the common things—pebbles, wayside weeds, such objects as we pass without thought. Though she could not give to others her scientific acumen, she could impart to them something of her affection for nature. Those trained by her in later years saw with her eyes; the memory of her was present in all magnificent phenomena; the "specimens", sent from near and far, were the sweetest testimonials of admiration and love of the teacher, as well as cogent proof of the sustained interest she had been able to create. By her influence was the magical power of vision so vouchsafed them, that ocean beach, flowered field, or shaded forest held larger and deeper meanings.

Above all, the starry heavens, night by night, unfolded a new story on their eternal scroll to those who with her had watched the night sky. "Star-gazing" is one of the fondest, as the brightest, memories of a C. N. D. girl. Of Sister Anna it might be said with reverence:

"She knoweth the number of stars; she calleth them all by their name."

No feature of the wide-reaching universe had such attraction for her as the purple dome of infinity, studded with the mystery of world-lights, paved with suns, and flecked with the dust of systems.

But she loved everything *living*. Despite the pressure of occupation, no one ever knocked at her door with a "specimen" without receiving a glowing word of appreciation as reward. This was no pretense; it was supreme delight. To bring Sister a "specimen" was joy to all in the house, from the Superior to the tiny tots. By all in the house nature was, to some extent, seen in her and through her. No higher tribute to her characteristic love of God's handiwork. If it may be supposed that we carry our personality beyond this to our life eternal, what a rare happiness will she find in the Infinite Beauty she who so loved the beautiful and the true.

The scientific side of nature study was evidenced in her interest in the microscope. If duties had not interfered, she could have stood over it for hours "just looking". The lure of the lense is prettily manifested by her in such lines as

THE SALVIA POLLEN

"Today I laid the scarlet sage
Upon the microscopic stage,
And as its pollen met my eye,
The belted glory of the sky
In miniature—'O, God,' I cried,
For star and flower be magnified."

Next to love of nature came love of poetry. Gifted with a marvelous memory, she had assimilated verse from childhood, much of it while riding horseback across the then scarce-trodden Santa Clara Valley, silvered with waving wild oats and golden with poppies, when, untrammeled by later conventionalities, the people lived in friendliness and brotherhood that might be in part a heritage from the Spanish land-kings of California. Those were golden days, and

> "Blissful it was to be alive
> But to be young was very heaven."

Poetry came with the air that she breathed. These pioneer days formed the theme of many of Sister's poems. They were the ancient font of her inspiration, for not only did she love to read poetry, but she was gifted in writing verse. In this verse her gentle spirit was reflected as in a calm bright mirror. Her thoughts, pure and noble, high as heaven-born, can not fail to reach the sincere soul; calm and unruffled as the trend of her daily life, their melody is echo of her serene spirit. Social questions do not touch her. Her inspiration is nature in peaceful mood—the field flowers, the bright-winged birds, the spotted butterflies, the lone swinging planets, or the marshalled stars. Her theme is, God—His Love, His Providence,

> "As a crown of joy I set this on every moment's brow,
> God has never failed me yet, and He will not fail me now."

As she grew into years, mayhap the theme nature appealed less, and the thought of the all-dowering God absorbed more of her inspiration.

Her poetry was widely called for; there was not a public celebration of any note in which the Valley figured where she was not the poet *par excellence*. So much was she valued that the Native Daughters of The Golden West voted her an *honorary* member of the Association



SHARON LAKE, COLLEGE NOTRE DAME, BELMONT

(she was born in Canada), a fact that led to some good-humored raillery on the part of her companions, as she had identified herself with the Golden State in such wise that residence in the land of her adoption seemed to span her existence.

Not only did she write easily herself, but she had a facility of making others lisp (or limp at times) in numbers. To this nurture of embryo talents, not a few women prominent in literary circles throughout the country owe their fame, while hundreds of her pupils in every walk of life are indebted to her for their recognized power of self-expression.

It seems one of the strangest coincidences that her song was silenced just as her admired personal friend, Archbishop Riordan, passed from earth to heaven. To him had she dedicated some of her most feeling lines, and it would have been a sad, sweet consolation for her to have written his memorial. It was not to be. Her feeble hands strove to hold the pen, and her suffering body to impel the soul to sing, but the pen fell from the nerveless hands, and the song was only a sob—then a silence. Was not the soul-lyric of sacrifice heard by him at the throne of God?

As a teacher, Sister had two marked characteristics—gentleness and the power of keeping people busy; she was ingenious in finding occupation for others. As to her mildness, it was proverbial. All her students were "angels". There is one class of nine who arrogated to themselves the title sole, but to Sister, all were such. No one ever heard her say a harsh or impatient word in class. Of course some one had to "check up", but it never happened that she was that one. In her discipline, her love of nature and of knowledge were her aids. These obviated many difficulties of management which were encountered by the less resourceful.

Not that Sister Anna Raphael was by natural disposition mild. Evidences are that she was quick-tempered and strong-willed, but, by long effort, by prayer, and by self-conquest, she had so disciplined nature that she had nigh changed it. Nor did this sub-conscious mass of repressions exert any untoward effects on her personality, all to the contrary in modern psychology notwithstanding. Her mildness was accompanied by latent firmness. If such is not the case exuberant youth is likely to interpret it as weakness or feebleness of will. The result is anarchy in the class room, for, though the mature mind may comprehend abnegation, the young must have evidence of inner strength to compel their obedience, even though they are merciless to a loss of balance on the part of their over-taxed superiors. Thus the pedagogical success of the gentle Sister Anna is an evidence of her reserve force.

If a further characteristic lingers long in memory of her students, it is her kindness in word. She never judged unkindly; she never cut with criticism. In this she was not posing; she sincerely believed in the inherent goodness of everyone. Here she was an ideal optimist.

Any characterization of Sister would be incomplete without mention of her "devotions". After the nine choirs of Angels, "All ye holy patriarchs and prophets" rather than modern saints, was the keynote of her spiritual inclinations. From "our primal-parents", through Moses to the Machabees, she traced her favorites. Elias strove with Moses for supremacy. David the psalmist completed the august trinity. Nor must we omit Jeremias. The apostle St. Jude, and, among the later saints, the lonely Benedict Labre, and the rather modern "Holy man of Tours", summed up her litany. The sole "popular" saint, so to speak, in her calendar was "Everybody's Saint Francis". A first contact with such spiritual leanings was somewhat startling to

those whose martyrology did not extend back of "Blessed John the Baptist".

No one can recall Sister's "devotions" without a sweet memory of her tender love of the Face of Christ in His Sacred Passion. Her old pupils will recall the little lamp that ever burned brightly at the entrance of the old senior class room, and the fresh flowers daily placed before this symbol of the Savior's love and mercy. Consoling is the thought that this devoted client of Christ under His veil of ignominy is now gazing enraptured on the unveiled glory of His face.

A charming characteristic of Sister was her delight in the success of others. It is not a rash venture to say that in Sister Anna was not a drop of that venom, the vice *(dicitur)* of woman—jealousy. One reason may be her absorption of self in her Order, her perfect *sublimation.* Nor was there here any pretense; her expressed sentiments were perfectly sincere. Again, she had a very strong sense of humor, not wit, but good round humor; she could enjoy a laugh at her own expense more than at the expense of others. Father Benson states that saints, as a rule, lack humor. It is hard to see how any one can attain to sanctity without a sense of humor. One of the great detriments to spiritual progress is to take one's self too seriously; against this, a sense of humor is an antidote. At the same time, it is a powerful aid to humility, the foundation of spiritual life. Sister's sense of humor verged on merriment; it had about it a contagiousness that was delightful. She might have been a success as a humorous writer, but, strange to say, that element nowhere enters her work.

On the inner side, the religious, the study of Sister Anna Raphael is simple, so simple that it is difficult to follow, for there is less of the tangible, more of the subtle. Furthermore, the personal *vision* of the soul is not to be projected

in cold type. She never made parade of her spiritual emotions, and we respect her reticence.

Her relation with her religious superiors may be summed up in her own expression, called forth by the sally of a school girl—"I would be a nun if I could be the superior"—meant of course to *shock,* as girls are wont.

"I should wish to be the strong right hand," was the serious semi-rebuke. And that she was—the strong right hand, a support, a strength, loyal and faithful to those above her, kind and comforting to those who were in the ranks. At the call of anyone, her work, however engrossing, was laid aside, and patient attention given to the applicant. A "sister" was she in the sweetest sense of the word.

Only fragments seem the details of her last days and hours. Her gentle life faded like a slow sunset. Yet, as she was in living was she in dying, serene, calm, unselfish, ever grateful. Strange to think how the golden stars swept unmarked across the purple night-heavens; strange to think how the roses in a riot of color danced beyond the blue wistaria, the pampas, and the palms. Strange that the sunlight flickered unseen on the gay dandelions along the playground paths, and the yellow butterflies hovered unnoted on the woodbine outside the darkened window. On an April day the eyes, closed for weeks to the loved beauty of earth, opened to the eternal beauty of heaven. She was borne in her simple casket out the gates of her Alma Mater and her Convent, from the dear chapel, stripped of its lilied loveliness, across the cloister garden, out to the clanging street, the bruit of which drowned funeral dirge and solemn toll of bell, out along the "Beautiful Way" where her footsteps had wandered in childhood, gathering the golden poppy and the snowy harebell, to the silent city where she lies at rest with so many dear ones

gone before. A simple white stone marks the spot where all that is earthly reposes of the sweetest Singer that God sent to Notre Dame of California.

I can but think how never more thy feet
Will wander here.
What matter that! Lo a more beauteous Way
Thy spirit freed has taken, and today
Finds joy more meet
And drinks long torrents of intense delight,
Above the bastions of that twelve-fold height,
Jasper and sapphire and chalcedony
Rising in flashing acme, tier on tier,
Sardonyx, chrysoprase and topaz, so
On to the amethystine coronal glow
Of the New City where the Lamb is Light
And lo!
The *Alamedas* of eternity
Open wide to thee.

PART FIVE

~

Excelsior—Onward, Notre Dame!

CHAPTER I

The Iris of the Years

Seventh and Last Decade in San Jose



S WE enter this last decade of the pioneer school in its pioneer location, events so crowd that selection becomes even more difficult. Yet the years of the World-War crowd all other events out of perspective. That tremendous upheaval, with its significance for humanity—as yet but guessed at—minimizes all lesser occurrences, however intrinsically important. Still, before we enter on that *via crucis,* we make a brief survey.

The first event of note is the reception to the then Coadjutor Bishop of San Francisco; the enthusiasm waked by the first glimpse of the beloved Prelate, now our cherished Archbishop, has but deepened as years go on into reverent affection. The words addressed the students on that bright day echo clear in the chambers of memory; they manifest the vital interest, the noble enthusiasm, the veneration for the task entrusted him, and his regard for those who had preceded him:

"The traditions of Notre Dame are among the best educational traditions we possess, those of high and noble womanhood, of keen strength, and this strength infused with sweet piety makes perfect womanhood. They tell us that nobleness of ancestry imposes high deeds and great obligations. You of the faith in California have a line of forebears you should be proud of, and you of Notre Dame have a knowledge that should make you proud of your prowess. May you prove worthy of your high estate, not only of the great Church of God in California and of the Golden West, but of the great traditions of Notre Dame!"

From his first coming, the great Metropolitan has identified himself with the interests of the State, civic as relig-

ious, never glancing back from over his ploughshare, but ever forging ahead.

The secondary house to claim special attention is Santa Barbara. As the city closed about their new home, the Sisters ever looked with longing eyes to the beautiful free spaces near the Mission hills. They stormed heaven for a generous patron to erect their castle in new old Spain. He came in the person of Mr. W. E. Walker, who contributed sufficient to erect a solid and commodious, if somewhat unbeautiful, house (called the band-box on the hill), in which they took up their abode in 1909, and, in an attractive advertisement, offered accommodations for resident students. They were somewhat surprised to receive, as a result, an application addressed:

Sisters of Notre Dame
"Between the Santa Ynez Mountains and the Sea."
Santa Barbara, Calif.

A "bus", manipulated by their factotum Guadalupe, *alias "Barney"*, conveys them daily to their field of labor in the town below, where not long after a second mission was confided them through the benefaction of Mr. Orestes Oreña, who erected a school somewhat on the *settlement* plan in another district of the beautiful city. This, too, by an influx of new population, is developing into a flourishing institution.

Santa Barbara, the City Beautiful, was struck down in 1926 by the devastating power of earthquake, but is rapidly rising in new loveliness. A spacious school for primary and intermediate, and one for secondary students are planned to replace the structures practically demolished by the recent disaster.

The great sorrow that sent its thrill through the State, even through the United States in December, 1914, in the death of the grand Archbishop Riordan, was a personal

grief to Notre Dame, to which he had ever proved a true friend. Hardly was his diocese restored to its pristine glory, than he was called to the reward of his splendid service. Despite his magnificent courage, the strain of the 1906 earthquake had told heavily on him, and he was never the same after the blow. He had said, as he came to bring cheer to the hearts of Sisters and children in those days of agony:

"In the calamity that has visited the State, we must remember that all comes from a powerful, wise, and infinitely good Father who permits these things to happen for our good, and though we have to begin again in many cases the work of fifty years, which has been entirely blotted out, we must begin with renewed energy and not pine over the past. After all, it is only the human evidence that has been destroyed. The real work, all that was done for God, the energy and effort we put into our work for pure love of God, for the salvation of souls,—that remains. It has gone before us. *We can not be spiritually affected by the destruction of material things.*"

This peerless Prelate lived to see the realization of his high hopes; to see the queenly city, to which he had given thirty years of service, rise from her ashes to new splendor. His splendid optimism and indefatigable energy had no small part in its success. It was not given that city beloved to lay the crown of golden jubilee at the feet of its distinguished citizen. As his saintly predecessor had fain sung his *Nunc Dimiltis* when he gazed upon his youthful successor, so had he answered *Venio* when he beheld his beloved Coadjutor ready to take up the burden.

The year that brought the World to San Francisco, throned by her Golden Gate, bore from her her greatest citizen, and from the Church of the West her greatest Prelate, with the glory of fifty years of service on his brow. Notre Dame had hoped to lay a wreath of jubilee-homage at his feet. It was given her to lay on his bier a tear-bright garland of grateful prayer.

Venit inluctabile tempus. When the first boom of the guns of the great World-War, the first shock of that black wave of war that was to roll its deluge of butchery on Europe, sounded on our western shores, though a thrill of apprehension ran through Notre Dame for brave little Belgium, its Motherland, confidence in the strong old forts that had stood a hundred onslaughts, that had protected the little land of heroes as surely as her green-banked dykes, lessened the sense of alarm. But when the wires flashed the news that Liege had fallen, the tension became unbearable. The news that Namur had yielded to the invader relaxed the terrific strain of uncertainty, which gave place to new alarms.

Then came a period of unutterable sorrow for the Notre Dame world, cut off from its center for the first time in its history. The Mother was separated from her children, for gradually the net tightened, and all intercourse was blocked, save guarded and cryptic messages surreptitiously sent by trusty friends at the personal risk of the messenger; for tidings came in spite of the rigid censorship.

Notre Dame was proud of its soul-country, proud of the valiant little State that refused to barter its honor, proud of the heroic Nation that preserved its trust in the fiery test, proud of the valor of Albert, the supreme splendor of Cardinal Mercier, the gracious heroism of Elizabeth. More did it glory in the dauntless Mother, who, with dignity born of magnificent courage, held her household secure in the peril of panic as in the horror of war; held her heart high in the hour of deepest depression and direst danger, claiming her rights as a religious, as the head of an organization devoted to the good of humanity. That she was able to safeguard her household as to shield the precious, priceless household treasures of medieval reliquaries (of which an inventory had carefully

been taken on "possession")[1] art works of incalculable value, bestowed by Cardinal Vitry, in those days of universal loot, is due, after God, to what chivalry remained in the Bavarian garrison, as to her own fearless fortitude. But with the pride came the heart-break, for California knew the Mother of us all was treading the Way of the Cross with bleeding heart.

A deep debt of gratitude is owed to the Provincial of England, Sister Marie des Stes Anges, who, true to the spirit of her illustrious ancestors who had kept the faith in the days of Elizabethan blood and terror, made dauntless efforts for the Mother-house, and managed to convey "messages" (war-code for *money*) to the Belgian Sisters through the war-phalanx, jealous of its power even over a few frightened women and children. By this means was America able to give aid to Namur even in the darkest hours.

Gradually, by war-fright and atrocity rumors, less faith was put in the stereotyped *"We are very well"*. The early tidings, gained through Sister Marie Winifrid, American Secretary, caught in Belgium during the war and unfalteringly remaining at her post, were reliable, but this communication, *censorship* soon stopped.

Tidings came of the enforced migrations of the helpless nuns. From Visé, the community fled the burning village, the Superior carrying the Blessed Sacrament rescued from the flames, the shelter of Christ, once more, as in the flight to Egypt, a woman's breast.

At last, America entered the war, driven in by inexorable fate. In the resultant activity, outlet was found for long-pent emotion. In every sacrifice made for Country, additional joy was felt in the thought that we were in

[1] "You have sent them to America," was the stern reproach of the emissaries of His Imperial Majesty, taking it for granted that nowhere on Belgian, nay, on European soil, could they have been foiled in a find.

some sense helping to repay Belgium for her supreme sacrifice for Honor, that we were coming to the aid of our Sisters, innocent victims of national ambition in the terrible holocaust to the insatiable pride of race.

So on, till the day of the Armistice, when the long-prisoned tides of feeling broke in tears of joy and gratitude. When communication was established, the delight on learning of the perfect security of the Sisters during the days of occupation was modified by the news that two had been accidentally killed by a bomb on the very morning of the signing of the Armistice.

In October, 1920, the second Mother General, the heroine of the World-War, set foot on Californian soil.

Meanwhile, in the throes of war, Notre Dame of California in 1916 had kept the Centennial of the Order. Bravely as possible America did honor to Julie, though the poet of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., had well written:

"How can we praise thee in an evil time,
How shall we lift the song, God's name to bless?
.
In thine own Picardy, the village chime
Is hushed; the ploughshare rusts in idleness
The strong young peasants to the battle press
Their ruddy faces dark with cannon grime
.
But all thy life denies
That steadfast good, save from the Cross is won,
Ill can prevail, or sorrow hold full sway."

April 8, 1916, saw the glorification of the Blessed Foundress, of her hundred years' accomplishment, in the pioneer chapel of Notre Dame, San Jose, a dream of liturgical splendor at the very edge of Passion Week purple. His Grace, Archbishop Hanna, delivered the panegyric in his rich vibrant voice, a tribute that is a classic for its perfect structure, eloquent expression, keen grasp of time and

place, and prophetic thought that soared out to encircle, not only the age and the world, but the untried and yet terrifying future.

Not only the brilliant intellect, but the warm heart permeated the tribute to the little peasant-woman, "the Saint with the smile," as the Namur folk were wont to call her.

A few lines from the panegyric will be suggestive:

"She saw around her the wreckage of the world's greatest Revolution; she saw Religion defied, the counsels of Christ set at naught. She saw the old political system breaking in twain, a system that regarded not aright the sacred rights of man, and she saw the poor, the enslaved, mad with the sight of their unworthy rulers, rushing headlong to destroy all law and order. Only Christ could save the world, and He must save it through a return to His ideals. Only Christ could save the world, and He must save it as He did when He came, save it through womankind.

She saw, too, that this work must be largely with the little ones of the flock, who are always the hope of the future. . . . But to mould the child-life unto strength, unto strength necessary for the next generation, meant, not only love for Christ, not only zeal for His cause, but it meant a knowledge of His Law, a knowledge of the problems that vexed the world, clearer insight into the ways of applying the doctrine of Christ to the healing of the Nations, meant a race of women devoted to Christ, consecrated to the cause to which He gave His Life, moulded unto His Image, in patience and love, and trained unto that wisdom, and that knowledge, without which the ideal teacher is impossible. And Blessed Julie, under God, gave all this to the Church, all this to the world.

That we are passing through a Revolution greater than the French Revolution, yes, the outcome of that Great Denial, needs no proof. For a century, men have been attacking, not only the ascendency of Christ and His Church, but the very foundations of belief, of hope, of morality. Verily the Kings of the earth have risen up against the Lord and against His Christ. Gifted by God with a rare understanding, schooled unto the highest culture, investigating with patient determination, mastering nature's great forces, talking loudly of the rights of man, standard-bearers of the New Democracy, these kings of the earth have declared that Christ and His Covenant must pass, and that under their direction would come progress, liberty, brotherhood, and abiding peace.

In a single night, a foolish world, lulled to sleep, awakened to the horrors of a revolution greater than the world has ever known.

For progress, there is a return to savagery; for liberty there is martial law; for brotherhood, there is deep race-hatred; for peace there is the clang of arms.

But now, men, finding no hope in the arms in which they trusted, are asking whither they must turn, and as they look up, the figure of Christ appears to them. They understand that liberty as the world has known it brings tyranny, or license, and only Christ can make them free while He disciplines them unto obedience, unto perfection. They finally know that gold and commerce make not the nation great, but justice, and right, and truth must prevail if the nation hope for stability or greatness. Are we, His chosen ones, equal to the great task? Are we enough like Him to have His spirit? Do we know how to apply His Wisdom unto the needs of our generation?

It is when questions like these press upon us, when we feel our own weakness to perform our great task, that we invoke Blessed Julie. In a crucial time, she met the great need of Holy Mother Church. She met it by becoming Christ-like, by training others to feel and work as she did, by moulding her children unto perfect womanhood, by training them unto real scholarship, by enthusing them with zeal for souls, by making righteousness and holiness supreme in their own lives. She met it by teaching the children under her care, truth, and justice, and purity, by inculcating dependence on God and submission to His Holy Will, by making them know as she knew "How Good the Good God is!" She met it by striving *to restore all things in Christ.*

In other days, in other places, you of Notre Dame have proved yourselves worthy of your Mother. Your forerunners here by the Western Seas left all a woman's heart esteems, that here Christ's kingdom may flourish, and in this mighty solemnity, thousands rise to bless their kindly fruitful ministrations.

Shall we neglect no opportunity to learn Christ's thoughts and Christ's ways that we may teach them to others? If we do, the work of Notre Dame, like the work of Christ, will stand forever. God's blessing will multiply our conquests, and the children that learn through us will help this old sad world to solve its problems, will bring light into the darkness of night that has fallen upon us, and strength and power for *the restoration of all things in Christ.*

Plague followed, as it accompanied War, slaying its tens of thousands where War had slain its thousands. It was the joy of the Sisters of all convents to give service as needed; nor was it forgotten that the daughters of Mère Julie had nursed the wounded of Waterloo.

Yet was all obliterated in the joyous hour that brought the Mother to her children, that Mother who had stood



DIAMOND JUBILEE ALTAR

on Calvary in the shadow of the Cross, who had emerged with the light of another world in her eyes. Verily it was with a thrill of exultant pride that California opened to her its doors and its hearts. A light seemed to go out of our lives when, three months later, she left us. Yet had we the joyful hope of meeting once more.

Canonical legislation, which limits the term of superiority, removed Sister Mary Veronica from the provincialship and restored her to the beloved Watsonville convent. On Sister Berchmans Joseph was laid the burden of this government. In 1922, she returned from the General Chapter of the Order, stricken with the fatal malady which, on the beautiful feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, after a seemingly successful operation (followed, however, by pneumonia poisoning), ended her gentle, loving life. The sunset of the Feast found her, we may hope, at the feet of Our Blessed Mother, found a province sunk in woe under the heavy shadow of the Cross, for her passing waked universal grief. In a short space, she fulfilled a long time. Her life was made long by her charity, a charity evidenced in word and in work, blossoming from kindly thought. Many were her gracious qualities, but her lovingness, like an ambient sunlight, flooded all. Keen in intellect, sound in judgment, the dominant impression she created was that of kindness flowering from tender charity for all, charity co-extensive with humanity. It was not given her to make a special impression as *Provincial;* her work was principally connected with the houses in Alameda, Marysville, and San Francisco which she had governed. Her office of provincial gave promise of the bright future that was not to see fulfillment, the gleam that is not to break in glorious day. Her loss is not one that can be measured in material achievement; nor could its full significance be expressed in words.

At the request of many friends, her obsequies were first conducted in the church at Mission Dolores, since she had died in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco. Thus on a cold, gray December day, from the home that knew her for years, the convent at the Mission, her corpse was borne to the thronged church in pelting rain. Archbishop Hanna pronounced her beautiful eulogy. Thence the cortege proceeded in the drear, dank rains to San Jose, where breaking hearts were waiting, and, finally, after all due religious rites, to the silent City of Notre Dame's last abiding. Here, too, His Grace officiated, blessing the grave, and the pallid corpse, all that remained of the bright, sweet life, save that recorded in eternity and in the hearts that loved her.

This event places in perspective all others that round out the last cycle of Notre Dame in San Jose.

Sister Julia of the Passion, as vicar-provincial, was charged with the administration of the province on the death of Sister Berchmans Joseph. At the meeting of the General Council for the term appointments in August following, she was named Provincial. To her, fell the heavy burden of the transfer of the provincial house to its new location, and the adjustment to new conditions.

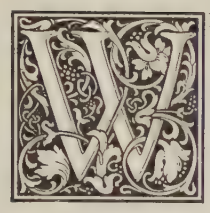
In the year of transference, two additional foundations were made, one in Los Angeles at St. Columbkille's School, with Rev. Daniel Noonan, Pastor; the other in Visalia at the earnest solicitation of the Rev. P. F. McLoughlin, who had been "a boy of Notre Dame" in the famous old St. Mary's parish, Boston.[1] In both these kind pastors the Sisters found indeed true and devoted "Fathers", who ministered generously to their every need, spiritual and material.

[1]Only two years did the Visalia community share the bounty of the generous heart of their devoted Pastor, who was called to his reward in 1926.

CHAPTER II

Old Order Changeth

Dismantling of the Pioneer Home



HEN the story of the Centenary of Notre Dame will be told twenty-five years hence, the compiler of that day will write, "Belmont was by Divine Providence tossed like a sparkling gem from the lavish hand of an indulgent father to a favorite child," for truly such will seem the beautiful acquisition—a glorious gift. Yet to those who are paying the price of the delight of future generations, the words of Blessed Julie ring clear,

"We must build on the cross."

Belmont is no exception to this firm foundation; the anxiety and suffering of some must be the source of others' pleasure. The consolation of such suffering is the realization that it *is* this source. The disappointments, discouragements, oppositions, that are concealed in the cornerstone of "Belmont Beautiful" are written only in the memory of the hearts that have endured them, and in the Mind of God for whom they have been endured.

We have seen in the course of seventy-five years the tides of trade surging from the old pueblo *plaza* of '51 up to the convent wall, encircling the little closed garden in their onsweep, till an impression grew that—blocking as it did the progress of commercialism in the civic center—the sentiment of seventy-five years of service should give way to industrial development. On the other hand, the inmates, though the broad acres allowed the students

full physical liberty, and the intrinsic calm preserved the atmosphere of study, had long realized that the location no longer suited a boarding school. The idea of changing the site had been mooted for twenty or more years. Negotiations had begun in the provincialship of Sister Mary Veronica. Sister Berchmans Joseph, who had allowed an option on the sale of the property, had, after an extended investigation of sites, chosen the former Ralston-Sharon estate at Belmont, in January, 1922.

Much as the Sisters would have liked to make their new settlement in the old Santa Clara Valley with which the pioneer tradition was associated, no site in all respects adequate had presented itself. Water supply for sanitation, sports, and fire emergency; police and fire-protection; proximity to the highways of travel, and to railroad; quality and character of soil; connection with other educational institutions, all these, and more, had to be considered. Possibilities did not loom up in any of the places available for purchase in the vicinity of the city that sprung from the old pueblo. Many, though mayhap in embryonic condition, were found in the Belmont location. On such occasions, though the heart is wrung, one must not yield to mere sentiment. *Belmont* became the place of dreams.

At the time of the purchase, there was no intention of immediate occupation. This was brought about by circumstances which precipitated action, circumstances which, at the time, brought forth a deal of controversy, and appeared anything but fortuitous. However, as we look back, we realize that all must have been in the wise designs of a loving Providence.

In January, 1923, a favorable offer came for the San Jose property, which had actually been on the market for about a year. On due consideration, it was accepted. Six months were allowed the owners to evacuate. Prelimi-



ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF COLLEGE NOTRE DAME, BELMONT. J. J. DONOVAN

nary moving to Belmont began in March, and continued through the summer. In mid-August, the prospective buyer forfeited his bond and broke his contract, demanding a change in arrangements. An instability of purpose, evident in previous negotiations, determined the Board of Trustees to refuse new conditions. The transaction was accordingly broken off when half the "properties" of the convent were in Belmont, and half in San Jose. The transfer was, however, inevitable, since the school was practically dismantled. Thus, burdened with the unsold city-property, and hampered by a mortgage on the newly-acquired estate, but conscious that *God is rich,* even if they were poor, the Sisters took up the work in the new field, and left the scene of seventy-three years' labor, the work which had been founded with the securities of *25 cents,* and *"Trust in God."*

The June Commencement was permeated with the idea of the transfer. The last lines of the Pageant presented at the Exercises (the Masque of Pandora—Longfellow):

"Only Hope remains behind,"

were full of suggestion. For the labor of seventy-three years, only the strong hope of those who could hope against hope remained. On this occasion, the Alumnae Association as a testimonial of gratitude presented a check for $1000.

Since nuns can find a funny side to most things of life, the moving afforded no little merriment. For six months the *drive* for *boxes,* and *boxes,* and yet more *boxes* went on. Yes, *boxes* were borrowed, and *boxes* were bought, and sometimes pitying friends donated *boxes;* hundreds of *boxes* went out the convent gate bearing the goods and chattels of seventy-three years, for all the convent possessions were transported in the single convent Packard

"truck". Even now, a peculiar faintness comes over the actors in this drama at the arbitrary grouping of the letters M-O-V-E

The keenest sacrifice was the division of the community into two groups, those who were to follow the fortunes of Notre Dame to Belmont, and those who were destined to continue at San Jose for the work of the parish grade schools and the central high school. O'Connor Notre Dame Institute had been fitted up as a community house for the latter, and the inmates had been transferred to a substantial and attractive structure built for them on the grounds of Notre Dame Villa, Saratoga. The cleavage was the harder as they had all experienced what a sweet and pleasant thing it is to live together in unity.

The ceremony of last Mass in the cherished chapel was witnessed through the mists of tears. For some things, time has no compensation. The devoted chaplain of nigh twenty years, Rev. J. F. Collins, S. J., consumed the sacred Host and administered Holy Communion to the little group of Sisters who had remained to see to the general denudation of the convent. It was a sad and sacred moment, when the Divine Guest, Who had been so joyously welcomed to His temple and tabernacle seventy-three years before, abandoned the sanctuary from which He had disbursed so many thousands of graces, spiritual and material. Before that altar had nigh every Sister in California been clothed in the livery of Christ's service; before it, had each pledged her love and life by vows to His cause. Only those who have made the renunciation of the once bright and happy home, the heart of which was this dear sanctuary, can measure the sacrifice.

When the first contract was signed with a purchaser, and the settlement of evacuation made, immediate steps were taken for the construction of a high-school to replace

the one to be demolished. Plans were drawn by the corporation of the college, and preliminaries of a contract arranged for a new structure on Reed Street on the property of The Institute. The falling-through of the sale disturbed all these calculations. The Day High School was then maintained in the old buildings, pending a new adjustment of the property. Meantime, the Most Rev. Archbishop, with his far-reaching vision saw the advisability of the school, so long maintained exclusively by the Sisters, being placed on a wider basis, and proposed the purchase of the former college buildings and a portion of the campus for a Central High School under joint parochial administration. This was acceded to by the corporation and the transfer made in June of 1924. The property became the Archbishop's. The partially denuded buildings were fitted up and adjusted to an adequately equipped high school, which opened with a representative attendance in the following September. The Sisters of Notre Dame were engaged to conduct the school; thus no break in the continuity of its life resulted from the transfer. Later complications rendered new adjustments necessary, and resulted in the abandonment of the entire property and the seeking of another site for the school. Various negotiations with inevitable delays had held up the property meantime. The wreckage of the convent proper took place in 1925, a melancholy spectacle to those who witnessed it. Room by room, each rich in association, each peopled with the memories of loved inmates, fell under the ram and sledge, till not a stone was left upon a stone to tell of the happy years therein. Then did the words of noble Archbishop Riordan come back with redoubled force:

"We can not be spiritually affected by the destruction of material things."

The *Epilogue* on Commencement Day had striven to crystallize this thought:

"The inevitable strife,
Commercial and industrial strikes steel roots.
This venerable pile, built up by life-blood drained
From hearts that gave their all for God and Man
Freely and gladly, works that symbolize
The spirit-building of these seventy years
Of Notre Dame in San Jose, will fall
Yielding the while to the inevitable fate,
Aye, crash in ruin

Yet would
We keep the spirit of the Past,
The strong and splendid courage that has raised
By *Prayer and Labor,* this our Notre Dame.

The mighty spirit of those Pioneers
Who forged the anchors of our Ship of State,
Who set the Cross, and freed the starry Flag,
Who made us what we are, and yet shall be.
Was animate within that little band,
Of noble women, who by sun-down shore,
Built up the glory that we hail today,
By *Prayer and Labor.*"

CHAPTER III

Yielding Place to New

Notre Dame, Belmont

MIDWAY on the Peninsula between San Francisco and San Jose, lies the little hamlet of Belmont, named from the palatial home on the estate of the mining-king of the '60's, William Ralston, builder of the old Palace Hotel, one whose artistic tastes were not surpassed by his financial acumen. The residence lies about a mile beyond the station at the opening of the beautiful *Caneda del Raimundo,* now a portion of the old Half Moon Bay highway, or the present Skyline boulevard. The wooded hills enclose a lovely little valley with picturesque gorges running out on one side toward the calm blue bay, extending on the other through the mountain gaps to the broad, bright Pacific. The floor of this beautiful vale, not exceeding four hundred acres, is perfectly flat; from it, the foothills rise, not abruptly, but slope on slope to pine-crested heights of the Coast Range. The original Ralston estate comprised the greater portion of this beautiful canyon, meadow, and rolling land, and height.

The residence is of Italian Renaissance architecture; its graceful lines have been somewhat distorted by the utilitarian purposes of later possessors. It still retains much of its pristine elegance. Originally, it was indeed a *palace.* On it was lavished a fortune, in days of lavish expenditure. All about it bespeaks elegance and luxury, from the flashing chandeliers and glittering wall-mirrors, the Venetian glass doors with their exquisitely etched designs, to the

splendid polish of the hardwood floors, floors that have felt the tread of the highest in the land and the noblest in European society, for princes and princesses of the blood have been proud to be guests of its genial host, the kindly pioneer, William B. Ralston. The grand staircase leads to a balcony, boxed like an old-time opera house; here were hung paintings of rare worth, one of which, a masterly portrait of Wellington, yet remains in lonely majesty. The banquet room with its magnificent *buffet,* unique mirror clock, and superb wall mirrors, by an ingenious contrivance could be made one apartment with the billiard room by lifting the huge wall of panelled glass separating them; in fact, the entire lower floor could be thrown into one great hall, so that the guests, dancing in the regal ball-room could sail on the wings of harmony through the entire space. The woodwork was covered by a ninefold coating of white enamel, glossy as satin; all the hinges, railings, etc., were plated with silver; the library and other furnishings are of rich, hand-carved, Samoa wood. All this material was made in Europe, and transported around the Horn in the late '60's. The house itself was as solidly built as a stone structure, the beams being four times the thickness of ordinary supports, each floor being tripled, so that, even after years of misuse, it has all its pristine stability.

An interesting feature, a marvel of construction, was the Ralston "barn", built of living rock, hewn by hand from the quarry on the estate, set in place by hand in the style of the old medieval forts, which in extent and form it resembles, with its massive walls, two feet or more in thickness. Mr. Ralston was a fancier of horses. He often entertained a hundred guests, each of whom was provided with a mount. This capacity for entertainment will indicate the size of the mansion. It is related that he had a quarrel

with the officers of the Pacific Railroad. He refused to ride in their trains. To convey him to his office in San Francisco, twenty-five miles north, he established posts of horses. He was wont to bid his guests farewell at the Belmont railroad station, mount his carriage, and greet them at the door of the Palace Hotel on their arrival, for he took a keen delight in *beating* the train to the metropolis.

"Belmont", he called his estate from Portia's home at storied Belmont. It must have rivaled that queenly mansion. Yet when the Sisters of Notre Dame made the purchase, the beautiful home was in a state of sad degeneration. It resembled a glorious white lily trampled in mire; a pallid corpse without a soul. Labor and prayer and sacrifice were to restore it to its pristine loveliness, and make it a happy home for children. Surrounding the residence an estate of one hundred acres has been secured, meadow and rolling land, wooded slope and broad gardens, which with an additional fifty acres of canyon and hill-land surrounding a lovely lake (capacity 75,000,000 gallons), two miles along the highway in the heart of the *caneda,* forms the present possession. An extensive structure, with full modern equipment, is already erected (in architect's print) on the Half Moon Bay highway, the house of dreams, the hall of hopes, the new castle in Spain to be built by the *rich God,* (whose arm is not shortened in seventy-five years), in His "own good time".

Classes were "resumed" in the new location in September, 1923, with a representative attendance that has been constantly growing. The house was entered with every species of mechanic in full operation, and it was nigh a month before the sounds of saw and hammer were stilled. Every day, to the universal dismay, the truck dumped *boxes* from the old home-site; for months the precincts were strewn with *reliquiae,* and it was not till November

that the place took on a semblance of Notre Dame "order" and presented a condition for the liturgical blessing. This was given by His Grace, with his characteristic gracious accord. The Most Rev. Archbishop was assisted by Rev. Michael Murray of the Belmont School. A preliminary blessing had been given the chapel by the temporary chaplain, Rev. Father Rodergas. The ghosts of "The Splendid" were laid; where once the dancing feet trod out the flower-like hours, when California—

> "had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,"

the Sisters go quietly to and fro in the simple round of school or household tasks, and the quondam festive halls resound to the merry laughter and free voices of children. A new chapter in the old story, *"Ora et Labora"*, is begun.



"THE OLD IN THE NEW"
FIRST CONVENT (SAN JOSE, 1851) (BELMONT, 1926)

CHAPTER IV

Survey of 1926

And God Fulfills Himself in Many Ways



E would like to think that on that glorious March day on which Sisters Loyola and Mary Catherine rode down "The Peninsula" on their preliminary trip to inspect the site of their future foundation, Pueblo San Jose, that midway on this stretch between the blue bay and the sunset ocean, just before the land sanctified to St. Matthew yields to the beauteous vale devoted to sweet St. Claire, a psychic influence, a peculiar intuition, told them that, after seventy-three years of toil and triumphs of grace in the City of St. Joseph, this spot would be the future focus of the State activities of Notre Dame. Alas! we have no grounds for such a hope. All unnoted, as they journeyed down the Highway of the King, the future "Road of a Thousand Wonders", was the spot where now lies the little village of Belmont, at present pulsing with high hopes to be "The Port of San Francisco". Between historic *Yerba Buena,* dedicated to the seraph of Assisi, and the pueblo of Santa Clara Mission, San Jose de Guadalupe, no notable settlements existed. A few scattered adobes on the extensive *ranchos* marked the spots where would rise the chain of pretty little cities, and the villages of clustering homes bowered in rain-bow blooms, as the years went on toward the seventy-fifth mile-stone. Only the eternal hills, bathed in golden or crimson lights, or shrouded by shimmering silver-mists, only the restless bay, (blue or porphyry as the sun sweeps across its broad expanse) remain the same, symbol of the

steadfastness of God's purpose, then, as now often hidden from the comprehension of man. The faces of our travellers were set to San Jose; to them, the little paradise that was to rise in *Caneda del Raimundo,* the house of dreams of a lover of the beautiful, and a lover that could compass his desires by the power of unlimited wealth, that house which was to fade like a fragrant lily when torn from the love that inspired it, to be revived, not by wealth but by a like love of loveliness, loveliness not for its own sake but for the joy it might bring to others, that palace of pioneer pride, yet a vision in a rich man's soul, entered not into the thoughts of the poor nuns, hoarding carefully their purse's capital of twenty-five cents, trusting implicitly to the *rich* God, who indeed *fulfils Himself in many ways.*

> "God's plans like lilies slow unfold,
> . . . We may not tear the calyxes of gold."

Thus the veil of seventy and five years was not lifted on that glowing spring day as the two travellers saw for the first time the beauteous Land of Promise. But we dare hope that the Present is not unknown to them; we dare feel that they gaze from the true Land of Heart's Desire, and realize fully how,

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of."

Yet strange it seems, as we pause to think, that just three years before the Diamond Crown of seventy-five years of faithful service should be placed on the brow of Notre Dame of California, the old home should be broken up, the old traditions, as it were, uprooted, and the pulsing heart of the Order, the cherished cradle-home, be transported to another spot, to a new field; strange that a new scene should form the background of the glorious drama of Alma Mater's Coronation, when but three years

would have given her that glory in the dear old home. There is a certain sadness in the fact; still must we realize that it has been indeed all for the best, all for the greater glory of the Lord, whose humble handmaid she delights to be—*"Ecce ancilla Domini. Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum."*

On that bright June morning of coronation, when in the magnificent splendor of Catholic liturgy, liturgy rich not only in intrinsic majesty but in association, in the permanence of over nineteen hundred years, the work of the humble peasant-saint of Picardy was crowned, the labors of her daughters for seventy and five years in the Golden State, for eighty-three years on the Pacific Coast, were lauded, as His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop invoked the spirits of the Past in his heart-stirring eulogy, they seemed to rise before us. One by one, with faces that bore a smile of benediction, came the cherished pioneers already mentioned all too briefly in these pages, and a host of others for whom we have found space for not even a passing word. Those who preceded the beloved Sister Mary Cornelia to the eternal home; Sisters Mary Paul, Angela, Mary Walburga, Helena, Ludgarde, Mechtilde, Germaine, Mary Angela, Mary Cecilia, Mary Gertrude, Anastasia, Mary Lucia, Elena, Odilie, Mary Ignatius, Mary Josephine, Mary Antonia, Mary Camillus, Mary Regis, Mary Pauline, Mary Vincent, Mary Frances, Regina, Rose S. H., Mary Bernard, Maria Bernadette, Mary Ignatius, Mary Agnes S. H., Blandine S. H., Mary Pharilde,—a long line, yet not so long in the space of over forty years. Many of their names are repeated in the names of those who took up the burden dropped from their valiant shoulders. Those who followed the loved Superior, some already commemorated in these pages, some yet to be re-called, Sisters Stanislaus, Agnes Joseph, Mary

Alphonsius, Mary Joachim, Rosalie of the Sacred Heart (known as "Cassie Belden" of bright school girl days at Notre Dame, and culled by the Reaper in the flower of her beautiful life), Mary de Chantal, Clara S. H. Those who left for the true Home after Sister Mary Bernardine had fully taken up the care of the Province—Sisters Frances de Sales, Mary of the Sacred Heart, Camillus S. H., St. Ignatius, a convert from Hebrewism and a veritable confessor of the faith), Angela Marie S. H. (a rare, sweet spirit given by the Eastern Province in the vain hope of her restoration to health), Mary Victorine, Berchmans Marie; Sisters Josefina, Mary Gertrude (of sweet and saintly memory, called to heaven in the midst of her useful days), Sebastienne, Mary Anne, Marcella S. H., Mary of the Nativity, Mary Loretto of St. Joseph (one of the earlier pupils of Notre Dame San Jose, a gracious personality, who died when Superior of Marysville), Elizabeth of St. Celestine (one who came to Notre Dame, by rare exception, after choosing the more ordinary path of woman to service and salvation, the married state—perhaps the sole widow among the daughters of Blessed Julie), Imelda, Aloyse of the Cross (a dear, gentle child, named from the valiant Superior already catalogued), Mary of St. Ignatius (another zealous volunteer from the Eastern Province who gave valiant service in California), Mary Cecilia S. H., Pharailde (one of the last of the Namur gift), Marie Catherine, Ann Madeleine, Mary Immaculata, Madeleine (truly one of Notre Dame's valiant women, who for years was chained to a bed of suffering and deemed unable to wear her cherished religious Habit, until, by the kindness of Sister Superior Mary Bernardine, this happiness was procured for her, and she, in the sunset of her years, entered her "Second Spring"), Mary Francis, Julia Igna-

tius, Mary Monica, Mary Joseph (the kind and motherly, whose death plunged her community at Santa Clara in poignant grief), Julia Louise, Theresa of the Sacred Heart (whose holy death at the hour she foresaw and hoped for—3:00 p. m. on Friday, March 14—was but the crowning of her pure young life laid generously on the altar of sacrifice), Catherine S. H., Loretto S. H., Mary Dominica (whose devotion to Mary, Queen of Notre Dame, from whom she had received favors nigh miraculous, was even in excess of the heritage of Erin's holy daughters), Madeleine of St. Francis (of the English Province, who had bravely severed the tenderest ties for service in a distant land), Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament, Mary Patricius, Mary Cornelia (called after the beloved Foundress-Superior, at the request of her mother, Mrs. Mary Senter Hardy, a devoted child of earlier Notre Dame), Mary Angelina, Mary Monica,—all these preceding the revered Sister Superior Mary Bernardine to the heavenly crown in 1913. Then the few veterans of the Old Guard yet lingering; among them the self-sacrificing Sister Rose of Lima, whose thorny path of heavy labor must have won for her the beauty of unfading roses), Sisters Trinidad, Gertrude du S. C., M. Teresa de Jesus and Catalina (of the brave Guatemalian exiles), Marie Genevieve (likewise an exile, but a victim of the tyranny of Premier Combes of France, received by dispensation among the children of Mother Julia to end her days in convent walls, from which the ruthless despot had driven her); Theresa B. S. (who had in 1894 been charged with the principalship of the Notre Dame Academy, an office she filled devotedly and efficiently for over a decade of years, leaving a name held in loving veneration by the hundreds of girls who had known her care), Mary Celestine, Mary Angela, Mary Clare, Mary Berch-

mans, Mary of the Blessed Trinity, Mary Paul (veteran of noble service in simple tasks, preceding by eight years her beloved sister, Sister Martha, to the heavenly home), Mary Scholastica, Stanislaus of the Angels, Josephine Aloysius, Mary Bartholemew, Marie de St. Athanase (one of the last gifts from the generous *maison mère,* and for years as Novice Mistress, the strong but sweet upbuilder of the Institute on the Coast), Josephine Mary (for fifteen years the devoted and skillful "infirmarian" of the boarding department), Mary of St. Francis, Mary Lucilla, Mechtilde S. H., Mary Rosaria, Agnes Julie, Francis de Sales, Imelda B. S., Mary Lucy, Mary Imelda, Mary Agnes, Mary Pauline (one who from her long connection with St. Joseph's School at San Jose as Principal will be held in grateful memory), Francis Xavier B. S. (bearing with heroic patience the cruel malady that checked her zeal), Teresa Bernardine, Genevieve of the Blessed Sacrament (one of the earlier alumnae of Notre Dame of San Jose to dedicate her life to God in her Alma Mater's service, and giving long years of that generous service to the work of Catholic education in California), Mary of the Cross, Mary Borgia, Gertrude B. S., Augustine S. H., Mary Gabriel (likewise vitally connected with St. Joseph's School), Mary Victoria (the last valiant "exile" to join her companions in heaven), Leocadia of St. Patrick, Mary Baptist (devoted and efficient teacher, to whom hundreds of men in all ranks of life look back with grateful reverence), Marie Aimée (of the nightingale voice), Agnes Bernadette, Mary Scholastica, and the genial-souled Sister Mary of the Angels, another brave volunteer from "The East", sister of Sister Joseph S. H. and connected with the school at Santa Clara almost from its inception—all preceding the cherished Provincial Sister Berchmans Joseph to the glory eternal.

Then, Sisters Columba, Frances Assisium, Marie B. S., Joseph B. S., Mary Eulalia, Julia Louise and the valiant veteran of sixty years of service, Sister Mary of the Conception, closing the ranks of those who had gone before.Nor might we forget the generous spirits whose corporeal forms repose, not in the Silent City at Santa Clara but who in others of God's acres await the Resurrection—Sister Marie of St. Denis, the gracious and well-beloved Superior who, recalled to Europe, lived out her long, hidden life until the Terror of the World-War, to the hardships of which she, with other valiant workers, now broken with age and infirmities, fell victim. Sister Mary Bernard, "lent" to California and returned to the Eastern Province, who in the white circle of the Notre Dame plot at Worcester waits the Call. Sister Mary Euphrasia (Sister Marie Euphrasie), ever loyal and loving to California, to which she gave years of splendid service, she to whom the glorious triumph of Trinity College owes so much.

All these laborers of the Past must have hovered like starry spirits over Belmont on that bright June day of Coronation. They, with the valiant workers already catalogued, must have looked with special love on the few remaining veterans of the Old Guard, to whom it was given to see the glory of that day. Their Te Deum Laudamus must have echoed through the ringing skies, as they saw the *fulfillment of God's ways.*

Radiant indeed was Notre Dame's Coronation Day: beautiful with a beauty above earth was her Diamond Crowning. With the supreme splendor of Catholic ritual, with homage from the highest in the Church Universal and Eternal, the crown of seventy-five years of service to God, and to humanity for love of God was placed upon her brow. No more fitting ceremonial than the great liturgical function of the Holy Mass could have been found

for the occasion. This solemn service of homage, adoration, petition, thanksgiving, inaugurating the glorious Diamond Year was at the same time its central as its highest function.

It had been determined earlier to stage the Diamond Jubilee Pageant, *The Vision of California,* written for the occasion by a member of the Belmont faculty, and set to marvelous melody, verily "a mountain of music" by the gifted artist, Mrs. Charles Cale of St. Louis, composer of the wonderful "Pandora", staged by the students of College and Day High School on the occasion of the departure from San Jose, in 1923. Yet on second thought, it was considered that the Mass of Thanksgiving, with which we had intended to close the auspicious Year, was, in fact, the only fit inauguration. What pageant indeed, even in material splendor, could surpass the superb drama of the sacred Mass!

The fatherly kindness of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, who presided in full pontificals and *cappa magna* at the beautiful ceremony, as the gracious courtesy of Rt. Rev. Bishop Cantwell, who made the night trip from Los Angeles to celebrate the Mass, with the unexpected presence of the genial Bishop of Honolulu, Rt. Rev. Stephen Alencastro, gave special happiness to the happy day. Very Rev. Monsignor James Cantwell, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, assisted by Rev. William Sullivan of St. Mary's Cathedral, with his wonted kindness made all the arrangements for the function of the solemn Mass. The officiating clergy were: Very Rev. Monsignor Ribeiro of San Jose; Rev. John Sullivan of Mission Dolores Church, San Francisco; Rev. Stanislaus Dempsey of St. Francis de Sales, Oakland; Rev. Peter Weber of St. Vincent's, and Rev. Norbert Feeley of San Anselmo. The acolytes were young men from the Belmont School, under

the direction of the headmaster, Rev. John Ryan, impressive in their military uniform. The Mass was sung by the Gregorian choir of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Oakland, under the direction of Rev. Edgar Boyle, whose reputation for the philosophy and technique of Church-music is Coast-wide. Below the altar platform attended a group of fifty or more clergymen, whose black cassocks and snowy surplices were in artistic contrast to the golden splendor of the ecclesiastical vestments (glorious evidences of ecclesiastical art, lent for the occasion by the kind Pastor of San Mateo, Rev. T. Callaghan), and the purple glory of the Bishops and Monsignori. Nor did the cherub choir in scarlet cassocks and white surplices fail to add brightness to the scene.

Grouped under rose-garlanded canopies, the students in snowy white made a pleasing picture of youth and and youth's charm against the background of green hedges and towering pine.

Something of awe called forth by the sacredness of the spectacle mingled with the admiration of the congregation as this processional moved down the terraces and over the lawn to the open sanctuary, Rev. Patrick Ryan of Redwood City leading as Cross-bearer. This awe was the spell cast by the sense of eternity, hushing for the moment the careless on-rush of time. Even before the triumphal hour in which the Catholic Church left the fetid atmosphere of the Roman Catacombs, such gorgeous processions had been a factor in liturgical life. It might have been said to the spectators, re-moulding the words of Napoleon: "Nineteen centuries are looking down on you." Such was the source of the instinctive awe inspired by the majesty of Roman Catholic ritual.

Nor was the altar unworthy its function. Planned by the Sister in charge of the scenic treatment, and created by the

renowned artist, Mr. Michael O'Sullivan of San Mateo, it was a miracle of beauty; a semi-circle of bronze Corinthian columns topped by an elliptical arch, connected by illuminated panels, the central bearing the symbols of the Holy Sacrifice,—the chalice with elevated Host,—and flanked by two adoring angels in crimson and azure. The symbols of faith and wisdom, Cross and Torch, were duplicated on either side. The panels back of the episcopal thrones bore the coat-of-arms of the respective prelates. Along the frieze was set at intervals the seal of College Notre Dame Belmont in blue tones, and in the center of the arch, flashed the coat-of-arms of the Order (that of the *Blin de Bourdons*) in solid heraldic colors. Two stately angel figures bore at either end of the arch the significant dates *1851-1926*. Draping the panels on either side, were rich hangings of cloth of gold and silver; flung from column to column, bright festoons of gold leaves of oak and laurel caught the shifting lights beneath a sunburst of canary yellow which formed the altar canopy. Roman cypress flanked the rear columns; the base was lined with potted arbor vitae and huge jardinieres of azure delphinium and pink gladioli. In the background, rose the giant eucalypti, the Monterey cypress, and the towering pines against a sky, mist-silvered or anon shot with gleams of gold, cool, perfect weather crowning the scenic splendor for "a perfect day."

And thus was crowned our Notre Dame of California.

In the congregation of over twelve hundred were grouped alumnae of Notre Dame, as friends old and newfound, with the parents of the students (since the Commencement Exercises were combined with the Jubilee celebration), and after the solemn splendor of the august Sacrifice, His Grace conferred the honors of graduation on

those students privileged to be the Class of the Diamond Jubilee Year.

Though instinctive reverence maintained harmony in the large assembly, the courtesy of Chief O'Brien and Captain Casey of San Francisco, with Sheriff McGovern of San Mateo County, provided for such good order as sentiment might not adequately control, for the problem of traffic was not to be disregarded. Delegations from the various Sisterhoods of the Bay Cities and the Peninsula were present, with contingents from all the convents of Notre Dame in Northern California.

The entire discourse of His Grace, the Archbishop, forms the *Epilogue* of this volume, the magnificent close to the story of Notre Dame's eighty-three years by Sunset Shores, delivered in his characteristically majestic yet kindly manner, his sympathetic musical voice, vibrant with feeling, reaching far to the limit of his audience. Here as ever did he give his splendid powers of eloquence to the joy of his children.

And thus has God fulfilled Himself in the destinies of Notre Dame of San Jose, California, which was in embryo Notre Dame of California as we know it today. Though the Diamond Jubilee of that foundation is inaugurated in another spot geographical, there is no essential change; place is but accidental. The transfer to Belmont of the central house, the focus of the Order's activities on the Coast, in no way creates a new organization. As was noted in the Diamond Jubilee pamphlet, that transfer merely sets a pace for the old more in accord with the demands of education from the modern standpoint. Environmental changes are not vital; they are relative, not essential. Notre Dame has ever sought the path of progress, but of progress on the lines of fundamental principles. In

the new home all that gave worth to the old will be maintained; all that can add to that worth will be sought.

The little frame shack that housed the primitive community seventy-five years agone, as it stands on the flowered terrace of the historic Ralston estate, is symbolic of the Old in the New, the gradual working out of the high purpose of the noble-hearted women who gave their lives to actualize, to *realize,* the "ways of God". In this year of Diamond Jubilee, despite the bitter disappointments, the hamperings of financial limitations incidental to the disposal of that property purchased with the life-blood of unselfish women devoted to the Cause of Christ, it is hoped to lay the foundation of the first unit of the new and greater Notre Dame of Belmont, which will but perpetuate and perfect the high traditions of the pioneer Notre Dame of San Jose. Into this structure will go the lives of other women who are pressing on in the footsteps of their religious forebears, giving their *all* to the cause of Christian education in the Order of Notre Dame. Thus will be unified the work of the Past and the Present; thus will bloom the harvest of that seed, sown in sacrifice by the brave Belgian nuns who, seventy and five years ago, first entered the Land of Promise. And ever, as the old order changes and yields place to new, does God fulfil Himself in the work of that valiant woman, the peasant-saint of Picardy, Blessed Julie Billiart, *"who knew how to believe, and how to love,"* who passed the torch of that confidence and charity adown the years in the hands of her devoted daughters, whose life-purpose is but the will of her *Good God,* whose work, in faith, and hope, and love ever seeks to be, even in the darkness of modern paganism, a reflex of that Light which was divinely ordained to be the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of God's people, Israel.

EPILOGUE

ADDRESS OF

Most Rev. Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, D. D.

AT THE

Diamond Jubilee Celebration, June 8, 1926

Belmont, California

AMIDST the joys of our Jubilee celebration it is meet and just that we pause reverently and call to mind the noble women who have labored in Notre Dame through all these golden years and who sleep the sleep of peace. It is meet and just that we also remember those who, as children, have passed through Notre Dame's stately halls and who no longer abide with us. May they, from their high place with God, look down upon us and bless us!

Back of Notre Dame there stands a noble figure which in the days that followed the French Revolution did a mighty part in bringing back France to sanity of judgment and to peace with God. Of lowly but honorable lineage, endowed with keen intelligence and inflamed with a mighty love of God, she saw that the hope of France, nay the hope of the world, lay largely in the formation of womankind unto the ideals that are in Christ. She gathered about her women who breathed her spirit, and ere she won her crown in heaven, had covered Northern Europe with schools destined to form unto knowledge, unto piety and unto strength, the rising generation of the women in Europe.

This flame of knowledge and of love could not be held within the confines of the Old Country beyond the Sea, and in the beginning of Catholicity in the Great Northwest, a band of Blessed Julie's children came to the assistance of the Bishop who was striving to build the church of Christ along the Sunset Sea. For some reason this little heroic band was unable to accomplish the work for which they were called, and ere many years they came unto us in California and made for themselves a home alongside the old Mission of Santa Clara in the present city of San Jose. Tongues more eloquent than mine will tell the story of these diamond years, nor is this the place for the thousand details that make up the marvelous history of Notre Dame in California. But on this day, when we lift our hearts in gratitude to Him from Whom all blessings come, our next duty is the duty of thankfulness to the women who from the beginning upheld among us the banner of Christ and the cause of Christian education.

In my own name may I, this morning, lay at their feet our tribute of love, of veneration, of gratitude for all they have done to make possible the work of forming youthful minds unto the fullness of the age of Christ. And while I pay unto them the tribute of our love and veneration, may I also in the name of the Catholics of California, express my deep admiration for the perfect way in which they have accomplished their God-given task.

In the development of the Christian ideal, woman occupies a place so great that one finds difficulty in telling the greatness. She is verily the mother of the race, and the men and women of the future are "flesh of her flesh" and "bone of her bone." She, in a mother's way, makes the first, yea and indelible, impression upon the child's budding mind. By her great example and by her precept, the child grows in wisdom as he advances in age, and when

the fullness of life comes then, too, woman is the source of guidance and of inspiration unto the man who goes forth unto the world's battle. She comforts him when discouraged, and she lifts him up to the fulfillment of life's finest ideals. But in vain will we seek for women of this type unless they are schooled in the school of Christ; in vain will we seek for women of this high nobility unless their minds are enlightened by a special wisdom and their hearts made strong unto the battle for the finer things of life.

As I understand it, the great purpose of the Christian schools, the ideals that have influenced Notre Dame since its inception, have been to form the young that came to the feet of the Sisters, first unto the loving image of Christ and then unto the higher and better things that give dignity and power to life. To form Christ in the hearts of the young is their first task. Consecrated unto Him as the Spouse of their souls, giving unto Him all the love of their hearts, the fullness of the life of Christ flows out from them unto the souls of their children; the child sees in them the transforming power of Christ, and the love the nuns have for Christ prompts them to implant that love in the hearts of others. They spend their days, yea and their nights, in meditating upon Christ's love and upon Christ's life, and filled with His spirit they give it unto all with whom they come in contact.

But the Sister of Notre Dame, the child of Blessed Julie, has dedicated herself, not only unto Christ, that His love may catch fire in the hearts of others, but she has dedicated herself also unto the development of the minds and hearts of young women that they may take their place honorably in life's stern battle. In order to fulfill this part of their self-imposed task, the Sisters must not only fill their own minds with all the knowledge they are called

upon to impart, but also must they study the way of imparting this knowledge unto their pupils. It means long hours of faithful, constant toil; it means a deep knowledge of the ways of the human mind, and above all things it means a love and a sympathy for the children that come to them, for knowledge imparted without love, knowledge imparted without sympathy, rarely impresses the pupil's mind. The result of this type of education must be the formation of Christ in the heart of the child; must be a nice discrimination between right and wrong; must be a finer taste for what is best in literature, in art, in architecture; a finer taste for those things which tend to give character and distinction to our social life.

Who can tell what these women, consecrated to so noble a task, have accomplished in the golden years of their Jubilee; who can tell the conquests that their children have made as they have gone forth with the Light of Christ shining in their faces and panoplied with the virtues that characterize Notre Dame; who can tell the effect upon the world that is about us when the thousands that have known the cloistered peace of Notre Dame have taken their place and fought their battle for the higher things of life.

Do you marvel then, that on this day of Jubilee, our hearts are full of exultant joy, and our paean is a paean of victory? Do you wonder that we look up in awe unto the women who have done so much; do you wonder that our joy gives way to an admiration that knows no bounds? But we are children of pioneers and our gaze is ever forward. The world today needs Christ as mayhap it never needed Him before. This land we love needs His saving doctrines as it has needed them mayhap at no time since our nation began its march of triumph. Our Country, founded upon the rule of the people, must recognize man's

dignity in God, must recognize that all authority comes from Him, and above all things, must make its citizens willing to undergo any hardship, any sacrifice, that the liberties our Fathers gained for us by their blood may not perish from the earth forever.

These truths are the fundamental truths which Notre Dame teaches daily unto its children. Nor can we forget that the Church today is engaged in a warfare for Right, for Truth, and for Christ, a warfare so great that she will need all of the intelligence, all of the power, all of the battling strength of her children that in the contest she may be victorious. When these thoughts come thronging home, we turn again to Notre Dame, and judging the present by the past, we feel that the old strength, and the old intelligence and the old wisdom of the women that are gone will be the inheritance of those who today preside over her destiny, and they, imitating their Blessed Foundress, will do their mighty share to bring back Christ unto a troubled world, and to send forth unto life's great battle, women who will be an honor unto those that are gone, an honor unto their teachers of today, and honoring those who begot them unto wisdom and unto strength, help to bring back the world unto Christ, and through Christ, unto order, unto peace and unto love.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX I.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS*

At the Academy of the

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME

San Jose, July, 1852.

SUPERIOR CLASS OF GOOD CONDUCT.

First Crowns—Isabel Castro, Emma Barry, Charlotte Haro and Candelaria Haro.

Second Crowns—Charlotte Seymour, Virginia De Leon and Francisca Sunol.

Acc.—Dimas Fernandez, Amelia Hall, Cornelia Cashen and Elizabeth Brannan.

SENIOR CLASS.

DILIGENCE.

First Division.

First Crown—Emma Barry.
Second Crown—Amanda Brannan.
Third Crown—Bridget Kempsey.

Second Division.

Crowns—Cornelia Cashen and Mary Fitzgerald.

Premiums—Amelia Hall, Emma Metcalfe and Elizabeth Brannan.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

First Division.

First Premium—Emma Barry.
Second Premium—Charlotte Seymour.
Acc.—Bridget Kempsey.

Second Division

First Premium—Virginia De Leon.
Second Premium—Mary Fitzgerald.
Acc.—Francisca Ainsa.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

First Division.

First Premium—Amanda Brannan.
Second Premium—Emma Barry.
Acc.—Charlotte Seymour and Bridget Kempsey.

Second Division

First Premium—Mary Fitzgerald.
Second Premium—Emma Metcalfe.
Acc.—Adelaide Clark and Cornelia Cashen.

SACRED HISTORY.

First Division.

First Premium—Emma Barry and Bridget Kempsey.

Acc.—Charlotte Seymour, Amanda Brannan.

Second Division

First Premium—Cornelia Cashen and Mary Fitzgerald.

Second Premium—Elizabeth Brannan and Emma Metcalfe.

Acc.—Adelaide Clark.

PROFANE HISTORY.

First Division.

First Premium—Emma Barry.
Second Premium—Bridget Kempsey.
Acc.—Pauline Watson.

Second Division

First Premium—Mary Fitzgerald.
Second Premium—Emma Metcalfe and Adelaide Clark.
Acc.—Elizabeth Brannan.

* Printed as it stands with no corrections of typographical errors.

MYTHOLOGY.

First Division.

First Premium—Emma Barry.
Second Premium—Bridget Kempsey.
Acc.—Amanda Brannan and Georgiana Berry.

Second Division

First Premium—Mary Fitzgerald.
Second Premium—Cornelia Cashen.
Acc.—Emma Metcalfe and Adelaide Clark.

GEOGRAPHY.

First Division.

First Premium—Emma Barry.
Second Premium—Bridget Kempsey.
Acc.—Pauline Watson and Georgiana Berry.

Second Division

First Premium—Mary Fitzgerald.
Second Premium—Emma Metcalfe.
Acc.—Cornelia Cashen and Adelaide Clark.

ARITHMETIC.

First Division.

First Premium—Charlotte Seymour.
Second Premium—Amanda Brannan.
Acc.—Emma Metcalfe and Mary F. Fitzgerald.

Second Division

First Premium—Pauline Watson.
Second Premium—Georgiana Berry.
Acc.—Emma Metcalfe and Mary Fitzgerald.

EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

First Division.

First Premium—Amanda Brannan.
Second Premium—Charlotte Seymour.
Acc.—Mary Fitzgerald.

Second Division

First Premium—Emma Metcalfe.
Acc.—Mary Fitzgerald.

WRITING.

First Premium—Charlotte Seymour.
Second Premium—Bridget Kempsey.
Acc.—Emma Barry.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

First Premium—Amanda Brannan.
Second Premium—Emma Barry.
Acc.—Charlotte Seymour and Bridget Kempsey.

ASTRONOMY.

First Premium—Amanda Brannan.
Second Premium—Emma Barry.
Acc.—Charlotte Seymour and Bridget Kempsey.

FRENCH.

Premium—Emma Barry.
Acc.—Isabell Dye and Bridget Kempsey.

SPANISH.

First Premium—Bridget Kempsey.
Second Premium—Emma Barry.
Acc.—Mary Fitzgerald and Elizabeth Brannan.

ELEMENTARY CLASS

DILIGENCE.

First Division.

Crowns—Frances Sunol and Virginia De Leon.
Acc.—Mary Anne Williams and Louisa Prevost.

Second Division

First Premium—Mary Ann Martin and Luz Moreno.
Acc.—Aurelia Martin.

GRAMMAR.

First Premium—Mary Ann Williams.
Second Premium—Margaret Brannan.
Acc.—Eliza Joice and Eliza Roland.

SPELLING.

Premium—Ida Doughterty.
Acc.—Margaret Brannan.

READING.

First Premium—Emma Joice.
Second Premium—Clara Cronly.
Acc.—Eliza Roland and Mary Ann Leahy.

SACRED HISTORY.

First Premium—Sarah Burnett.
Second Premium—Margaret Brannan.
Acc.—Eliza Roland and Mary Ann Williams.

GEOGRAPHY

First Premium—Sarah Burnett.
Second Premium—Margaret Brannan.
Acc.—Mary Ann Leahy.

ARITHMETIC.

First Premium—Virginia De Leon.
Second Premium—Louise Prevost and Zulima Martin.
Acc.—Margaret Brannan.

EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

First Premium—Eliza Roland.
Second Premium—Emma Joice.
Acc.—Clara Cronly.

WRITING.

First Division.

First Premium—Francesa Ainsa.
Second Premium—Francisca Sunol and Luz Moreno.
Acc.—Virginia De Leon.

Second Division

First Premium—Antonia Sunol.
Second Premium—Josefita Delgado.
Acc.—Zulima Martin and Conception Palomares.

PRIMARY CLASS.

GOOD CONDUCT.

Premium—Elizabeth Murphy.
Acc.—Ida Watson and Augusta Black.

DILIGENCE.

First Division.

First Premium—Ida Watson.
Second Premium—Medora Risley.
Acc.—Augusta Black.

Second Division

Premium—Augusta Findelson.
Acc.—Catharine Sherback and Elizabeth Murphy.

GRAMMAR.

Premium—Medora Risley.
Acc.—Ida Watson.

READING.

Premium—Medora Risley.
Acc.—Augusta Black and Ida Watson.

WRITING.

First Premium—Elodie Talon and Augusta Black.
Acc.—Medora Risley.

SACRED HISTORY.

Premium—Ida Watson.
Acc.—Medora Risley and Henrietta Gardiner.

GEOGRAPHY.

Premium—Medora Risley.
Acc.—Ida Watson and Augusta Black.

CATECHISM.

Premium—Augusta Black.
Acc.—Augusta Findelson and Elizabeth Murphy.

NEEDLE WORK.

Premium—Louise Barric and Ida Watson.

TAPESTRY.

Premium—Clotilde Vantre.
Acc.——Venny Berry.

POLITENESS.

Premium—Ida Watson.
Acc.—Elizabeth Murphy.

REWARDS.

Eliza Meunier, Venny Berry, Clara Hastings and Ann Sherback.

SPANISH CLASSES.

DILIGENCE.

First Division.

First Crowns—Isabel Castro and Isabel Ramirez.

Second Crowns—Lucia Valencia and Dimas Fernandez.

Premiums—Candelaria and Carlota Haro, Francisco Soto, Tomasa Valencia and Guadalupe Castro.

Second Division

First Premium—Hilarita Reed.
Second Premium—Mary Splivalo.
Acc.—Trinidad Soto.

Third Division.

First Premium—Inez Reed.
Second Premium—Teresa Livermore and Alta Gracia Higuera.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

First Division.

First Premium—Isabel Ramirez.
Second Premium—Dimas Fernandez.

Second Division

First Premium—Mary Splivalo.
Acc.—Trinidad Soto.

READING.

First Division.

First Premium—Dimas Fernandez.
Second Premium—Isabel Ramiraz.
Acc.—Isabel Castro.

Second Division.

Premium—Mary Splivalo.
Acc.—Trinidad Soto.

GRAMMAR.

First Division.

First Premium—Isabel Ramiraz.
Second Premium—Candelaria Haro.
Acc.—Carlota Haro.

Second Division

Premium—Mary Splivalo.
Acc.—Hilarita Reed.

EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

First Premium—Isabel Castro.
Second Premium—Isabel Ramiraz.
Acc.—Carlota Haro.

ARITHMETIC.

First Division.

First Premium—Isabel Ramiraz.
Second Premium—Isabel Castro.
Acc.—Francisca Soto.

Second Division.

Premium—Trinidad Soto and Teresa Gubbioti.
Acc.—Hilarita Reed.

GEOGRAPHY.

First Division.

First Premium—Isabel Ramiraz.
Second Premium—Francisca Soto.
Acc.—Dimas Fernandez.

Second Division.

Premium—Hilarita Reed and Encarnacion Soto.
Acc.—Trinidad Soto.

WRITING.

First Division.

First Premium—Francisca Soto.
Second Premium—Dimas Fernandez.
Acc.—Lucia Valencia.

Second Division.

First Premium—Petra Pico.
Second Premium—Josefa Castro and Delfina Alvarado.

PLAIN NEEDLE WORK.

First Premium—Rosalia Palomares.

Second Premium—Encarnacion Sunol and Josephine Nevett.
Acc.—Guadalupe Castro.

FANCY NEEDLE WORK.

First Division.

First Premium—Francisca Ainsa and Guadalupe Castro.

Second Premium—Virginia De Leon.

Acc.—Francisca Sunol and Georgiana Berry.

Second Division.

First Premium—Mary Ann Williams.

Second Premium—Sophie Hanks.

EMBROIDERY.

Premium—Lucia Valencia.

ORDER AND NEATNESS.

First Premium—Rosalie Palomares.

Second Premium—Josephine Nevett.

Acc.—Isabel Castro and Guadalupe Castro.

POLITENESS.

First Division.

First Premium—Isabel Castro.

Second Premium—E. Berry.

Acc.—Carlota Haro and Candelaria Haro.

Second Division.

Premium—Emma Joice.

Acc.—Antonia Sunol and Clara Cronly.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC PIANO.

First Division.

First Premium—Virginia De Leon.

Second Premium—Charlotte Seymour and Georgiana Berry.

Acc.—Adelaide Clark, Josephine Nevett and Francisca Sunol.

Second Division.

Premium—Isabel Dye.

Acc.—Francisca Ainsa and Emma Metcalfe.

Third Division.

Premium—Antonia Sunol.

Acc.—Sophie Hanks and Mary Ann Williams.

VOCAL MUSIC.

First Division.

First Premium—Virginia De Leon.

Second Premium—Charlotte Seymour.

Acc.—Amanda Brannan and Cornelia Cashen.

Second Division.

Premium—Guadalupe Castro.

Acc.—Antonia Sunol.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

First Division.

First Premium—Isabel Castro.

Second Premium—Francisca Sunol.

Acc.—Charlotte Seymour and Guadalupe Castro.

Second Division.

Premium—Lucia Valencia.

Acc.—Tomasa Valencia.

The earliest surviving student on the Alumnae rolls is Mrs. Emma Metcalf Hay of Burlingame, Calif. Next in honor on the lists come Mrs. Laura Hester Phelps, San Francisco, and Mrs. Eugenie Van Houten Ditmars, New York City. Other students of an early period are Mrs. Henrietta Barry Brette, Mrs. Mary Comerford Hill and Mrs. Kate Mahoney Nesfield. No complete record of the first decade is extant. Doubtless there are other survivors not affiliated to the Alumnae Association in 1901, and not in present connection.

Appendix II

A. M. D. G.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES

at the close of the

Fifteenth Annual Session

of the

Academy of Notre Dame

San Jose, June 26, 1866.

La Diamant (Quartette by Czerny)
Performed by
Misses A. O'Brien, F. Cornwall, C. Sharon and L. Stateler.

Fra Diavolo (four pianos by Dacourcelle)
Performed by
Misses A. Landers, C. Regan, M. A. Gordon, M. Harrison, M. McNamara, L. Lightner, M. K. O'Brien, F. Sparks,

Full and Harmonious (Chorus)

Opening Address,
Composed by Miss Kate Mahoney,
Spoken by
Misses Jennie Kibbe, Fayetta Doty, Fanny Lathrop, Elvira Ghirardelli, Isabel Arguello, Amalia Dondé, E. Wallwebber.

Invitation to the Waltz (Duo on 2 pianos by Thalberg.)
Performed by Misses M. Rhodes and L. Hill.

"La Science N'Est Pas Tout."
French Dialogue.
Translated from the English by Miss M. McNamara.

Personages.

Nellie Wood	M. McNamara
Marie Kate	M. K. O'Brien
Lucie	M. Brizzard
Lisa	L. Lightner
Lea	L. Hahn
Marie	M. Harrison
Alice	A. Lander

What Mountains (Vocal Duet, I. Masnadieri)
Sung by Misses M. A. Gordon and L. Lightner.

THE THIRTEEN COLONIES.

Composed by Four Pupils.

PERSONAGES:

Goddess of Liberty.....Sallie Webb
Virginia Annie O'Brien
New Jersey Mary Atchison
Massachusetts Mary White
North Carolina.....Laura Stateler
Maryland Mollie Caldwell
South Carolina.....Zoe Cobb
New York.....L. Hahn
Pennsylvania A. Patterson
Georgia Julia Webber
Connecticut Jennie Warren
Delaware Ella Russell
New Hampshire.....Clara Sharon

Caprice Hongroise (Duo 2 pianos by Ketterer.)
Performed by M. Harrison and M. Rhodes.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

A Drama in One Act; Amplified by a Pupil.

PERSONAGES.

Mrs. Smith.....L. Lightner
Marie Smith, her daughter.....A. Lander
Mrs. Brown.....M. McNamara
Miss Gordon M. Harrison
Miss Sinclair.....C. Regan
Miss Jemima Brown.....L. Hill
Miss Graham.....E. Cole

Lucretia Borgia (Quartette by Fowler)
Performed by Misses Kate Mahoney, E. Cole, B. Thomas and M. Cody.

Come Where the Violets Blow (Vocal Duet)
Sung by Pupils of the Second Class.

URSULA; OR THE CROWN OF TOIL.

A Drama in Three Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Ursula L. Lightner
Knowledge A. Lander
Girlhood M. Harrison
Edith (Girlhood's Sister).....M. K. O'Brien
Memory M. McNamara
Past Carrie Regan
Hope Mary Gordan
Virtue K. Mahoney
Poetry A. Hammer
Music Emma Cole

Appendix II

ACT FIRST.

Scene.

A grove in the valley. Childhood, rapturous over her treasures, flowers, pebbles, curious sea-shells. Ursula, thoughtful with the first awakening of girlhood's deeper dreams, yearns for something higher than aimless wanderings, and Spring's wild blossoms. Fairyland has lost its spell of power. Knowledge wooes her to tread the path that leads her to her mountain bowers. Edith, Childhood's sister, pleads all the tender ties of home—but all in vain. Ursula and Childhood follow knowledge to seek the crystal spring in the mountain's heart.

ACT SECOND.

Childhood, wearied of the steep ascent, Ursula consigns her to the past and treads bravely alone. Memory tempts her with all the charms she has left behind. Hope points to the future, and in the conflicting emotions they excite, she is about to yield, despondent, when Knowledge appears with the sweet assurance, the goal is almost won.

ACT THIRD.

Ursula treads at last the mystic heights. Poetry and Music give her greeting. Virtue, the constant companion of her life, rejoices. Knowledge breathes a warm welcome. Hope's brightest promises fulfilled. Memory's sweet approval. She can look back and smile at dangers past. Knowledge yields her to the guidance of Hope and Virtue, and the victor goes forth from her crowning.

Act First.

The Graces (Bissel).

Performed by Misses E. Laurie, A. Perrin, E. Boone, V. Hughes, E. Ghirardelli, F. Doty, V. Perrin, S. Ward, E. Wright, J. Kibbe, B. Richet, B. Sime.

Act Second.

Fleur D'Orient (Quartette by Czerny)

Performed by Misses L. Snyder, E. Pfister, J. Webber, and F. Livingston.

Act Third.

Concert Galop (Solo Ketterer).
Performed by Miss Alice Lander.

Captain Shepherd's Quickstep (Quartette Graffula).
Performed by Misses A. Lander, M. McNamara, M. K. O'Brien, L. Lightner.

Accompanied by Drum, Cymbals, Triangle, Castanets and Guitar.

Afternoon.

Marche de Bellini (by Czerny).

Performed by Misses F. Hyde, L. Hahn, Zoe Cobb and A. Hahn.

Quidant's Grand Gallop (4 pianos, Quidant)

Performed by Misses M. A. Gordon, L. Hill, M. Harrison, A. Vallejo, A. Lander, S. Webb, M. Rhodes, M. White.

One Gentle Heart—Chorus.

GRADUATION HONORS.

"The Graduate's Dream" (Transcription arranged for seven performers by James R. Laurie, dedicated to Miss Alice Lander).*

Solo—Miss M. A. Gordon.

Duos—Misses M. Harrison, M. McNamara, M. Rhodes, L. Hill, M. K. O'Brien, and L. Lightner.

GOOD CONDUCT CORONATION.

Lucia di Lammermoor (Duo on 2 pianos, Alberti)

Performed by Miss Alice Lander and Miss Mary Agnes Gordon.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE CORONATION

Fly Through the World (Trio from Bohemian Girl.)
Sung by Misses L. Lightner, A. Lander and M. K. O'Brien.

SPRING FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF NOTRE DAME.

Introduction (Poetry) by.....Miss Alice Lander
The Present (Essay).....Miss Carrie Regan
Silence (Essay).....Miss Sallie Webb

EXCELLENCE CORONATION

Homage a Verdi (4 pianos by Duroc)

Performed by Misses L. Lightner, C. Regan, S. Webb, F. Sparks, A. Vallejo, F. Hyde, F. Berg, M. White.

APPLICATION CORONATION

Dimorah (Solo, Hoffmann),
Performed by Miss Mary Agnes Gordon

A Word (Essay) by Miss Mary Kate O'Brien.

Education of the Heart (Essay) by Miss Kate Mahoney

FRENCH SPANISH AND GERMAN DEPARTMENT

'Neath the Greenwood Tree (Vocal Selection)
By Pupils of the Third Class

Peep at the Future (Essay) by Miss Mary Agnes Gordon
The Storm (poetry) by Miss Mary McNamara.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.

Barbier de Seville (Quartette by Czenry)
Performed by Misses M. A. Enright, C. Regan, J. Warren, M. Mocker.

Martha (Duo on 2 pianos, by Alberti)
Performed by Misses C. Regan, M. K. O'Brien and M. McNamara.

Valedictory—Composed and Delivered by Miss Alice Lander.

Bronze Horse (4 pianos by Decourcelle)
Performed by Misses A. Landner, M. McNamara, L. Hill, M. A. Gordon, A. Vallejo, M. Harrison, M. K. O'Brien, M. Rhodes

The Foresters.....Chorus

Le Depart (Quartette by Ledue)
Performed by Miss M. A. Gordon, M. McNamara, A. Lander and M. K. O'Brien.

*Miss Landor was the first student formally graduated.

APPENDIX III

FUNERAL DIRGE FROM NOTRE DAME

Has he fallen, our Country's Ruler?
 Has he fallen, our Country's Chief?
'Mid the gloom of a Nation's mourning,
 And the wail of a Nation's grief.

Has he fallen, our Country's Ruler?
 O hearts that have bled and must bleed.
Has he fallen in the hour of his triumph—
 In the hour of our sorest need?

Has he fallen, whose brave hand guided
 Our ship through the raging waves,
Till the roar of the battle's tempest
 Died low o'er its mound of graves;

Till the clouds from our skies seemed sweeping,
 And the seething billows to cease,
And the light of a happier future
 Dawned bright on the shores of Peace?

Has he fallen, our Country's Chieftain?—
 Ay, patriot souls, to-day,
The heart in his generous bosom,
 Lies cold as the pulseless clay.

Oh! the ban of a Nation hatred,
 And the blight of a Nation's woe,
And the weight of a Nation's vengeance
 On the hand that has laid him low.

On the hand with its ruthless madness,
 On the heart that the base crime nursed,
On the life of the rash assassin,
 Let the lowering tempest burst:

Ay, the wrath of a widowed Nation
 Be poured on the guilty head:—
But shame not the name of the millions,
 With the stain of a crime so dread.

With the blot of so dark a murder,
 With the woe of the hearts that bleed,—
Nay, even the cheek of Treason
 Must blush at so foul a deed.

Droop lower, O sacred banner!
 Droop lower, thy folds to-day:—
For the crimsoning blood of our Chieftain
 Has hidden thy stars away.

Droop lower, O mourning banner!
 Droop low o'er our Country's breast;—
O'er the North, in its widowed glory,
 And the orphaned East and West.

Droop low, o'er the wrongs and the sorrows,
 And the hopes that are passing away;—
Toll drearily, bells, your sad dirges,
 Toll drearily, bells, to-day.

Pour out the deep voice of your tidings,
 O sonorous cannon's deep mouth!
Weep, weep o'er our loss and thy future,
 Thy bitterest tears, O South!

For never a kindlier foeman,
And never a truer chief,
Has passed from a Nation's anguish,
Mid the wails of a Nation's grief.

Weep, North, in thy widowed glory,
For the heart that has loved thee best,
And wail o'er your martyred Father,
O, orphaned East and West!

Wail, wail for the clouds that gather
So dark o'er our stormy way;—
He has fallen, our Country's Ruler,
He has fallen, our Country's Stay.

Notre Dame College,
San Jose, April, 1865.

APPENDIX IV

SAN JOSE IN 1856
(From an old print)

EXPLANATION

Top line—Residence, Levi Goodrich; Nursery of J. B. Bontemps; Residence, Samuel J. Henseley; A. J. Grayson; James F. Kennedy (Stockton Ranch); V. D. Moody; L. Archer.

Lower line—Residence, J. H. Moore; Store, *"Al Buen Gusto"*, Casimir Clauzel; Residence, J. Belden; City Hall; Flower Garden, L. Prevost; Store, *"A la Mariposa"*, L. Auzerais and Brother; Residence, J. C. Cobb.

Left—Residence, D. J. Porter; "Lightstone Block"; Hotel and Millinery, David McLellan; Variety Store, *"Eldorado"*, J. E. Knoche.

Right—Residence, Levi P. Peck; "Clinton House", W. H. Hoy; Residence, James R. Lowe; "San Jose Hotel, Restaurant and Oyster Saloon", Antonio Guerillo.

Lower left—"Academy for Young Ladies, Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame—Rear View".

Lower right—"Academy for Young Ladies, Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame—Front View".

"Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Kuchel and Dresel, in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District Court, of the Northern District of Cal."

"This City is situated in the beautiful & fertile Valley of Santa Clara, about 50 miles South of San Francisco. It contains a population of 3000 persons, engaged chiefly in agricultural & horticultural pursuits.

"This Valley is well supplied with water from Artesian wells, there being no less than 60 within the City, and 120 within a circumference of 6 miles. One of these Wells discharges a Column of water 22 Feet in Height, 7 in. in Thickness, & supplies 3,600 gallons per minute.

"These wells vary in depth from 60 to 300 Ft. & in Temperature from 60 to 69 degrees.

"The Climate is very salubrious, being one of the most desirable places for a residence.

"Within a pleasant ride of 14 miles, are the rich Quicksilver Mines & the celebrated medicinal Soda Springs of New Almaden."

"PUBLISHED BY KUCHEL AND DRESEL
176 Clay St. San Francisco"

"Drawn from Nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel"
"Printed by Britton & Rey S. F."

NOTE—As some discrepancy is evident between the view of *"The Academy for Young Ladies"* as it appears in the enlargement and in the central setting, we take it that the lower views were those of the building *"in prospect"*, evidently of the same character as the insert *"College of Notre Dame Belmont"* in this volume. The portions shown in extension were in reality added only in the early '60's. Very clear on the far right stands the 1852 structure, the *first brick building in the Valley*, built by the *Rich God*. The Peralta orchard with historic *adobe* is visible in the rear. So far as we can judge by perspective, the artist must have located his *stone* on the present railroad tracks of the Southern Pacific, perhaps at the site of the present station". The public spiritedness of the early settlers of San Jose is obvious. Had this increased in proportion to the population increase, "The Garden City" (in accord with the Los Angeles system) might now be a suburb of San Francisco, and *Belmont* would perhaps be *San Jose* instead of "The Port of San Francisco."

APPENDIX V

THE IRIS OF THE YEARS

PRELUDE

Thus came The Vision.

The dove-gray dawn-mists, silvered from the East,
Filled all the span between the purple hills,
Looming athwart the West.
As from the casement of the flesh, my soul
Leaned out in pensive Thought:
Deep silences about me everywhere,
For naught
Moved, lived or spoke.
Sudden the ambient air
Was flushed and flashed with radiance, all the gray
Burst like a garden-glory into bloom,
A splendid iris spanned the reaching gloom
Frost crest to crest.
Then swiftly with the spirit's ear I caught
Soft strains of music, swelling to a strain
Of Triumph, echoing to the every sense
As raptured, tense
With sheer delight I listened eagerly
To the mystic harmony
Chimed by the choirs of the starry spheres,
Beyond the iris-glory and gloom.
There I saw symbolized,
In light and song transcendent visioned there,
The story of our Alma Mater's Years,
The seven Decades woven of Work and Prayer,
In joys and fears,
In toils and tears,
An Ideal realized.
The glorious Arch of Triumph spanning time,
With leap sublime.
From violet to crimson, flame on flame,
Marking the progress proud of Notre Dame,
From that first brave essay,
Unto this blessed day.

FIRST DECADE

1851-1861

How bright the memory of Pioneer Days,
Ere yet the Land had lost its languorous sweet,
Its charm of Romance and the gracious ways
Of Old.
While yet the echoes of the Padres' feet
Lingered amid the noisy brawl for Gold,
Though the brown Missions crumbled, and the tiles
Burned red in summer sunsets over aisles
That knew no more their feet.
When men the green fields tore,
For hidden store,
Trampling the golden poppy for the gold
God formed of earth's black mould.
Days full of hardship for the little band
Who came to lift Christ's Standard in the Land,
And gather its children to Our Lady's feet.
They came in poverty; in pain they toiled.
They came in love, for Love themselves they spent.
Their very memory seems a sacrament,
As fragrant as the fair Castilian rose
That in the little convent garden blows.
In love they came; for Love they labored, bore
The burden and the heat that we have store
Of plenty, paid in coinage of their tears
And toils. In all the beauteous cycle of the years,
No glory can eclipse Our Pioneers.
Close in the wake of brave Loyola's sons,
The gold they sought was grace for human souls,
And thus their story runs,
Nor time, nor space its high impulse controls.

SECOND DECADE

1861-1871

The years of Strife—the years that slowly healed
The gaping wounds of War. This peaceful vale
Beside the Sun-down Sea
Has, too, of grief and woe its tale;
Felt the earth-shaking steeds of War, and sent
Its quota over the leagues of continent.
Bearing the burden of Humanity,
Sharing the strife for Human Liberty,
Striving with might that every Man be free
With face upright to God from Sea to Sea.
And in this quiet convent-close, the days
Rounded their peaceful ways.
And every aching heart that brought its claim,
And every soul that 'neath its burden bent,
At Notre Dame
Found balm of healing for the wounds that rent
The spirit. So the second cycle came,
Filled out its span, and went
Out to Eternity.

THIRD DECADE

1871-1881

The years that forged the Nation—one again
To stand beneath the glorious Red, White, Blue,
Steadfast and loyal, true
To the vowed purpose of our Founders, linked
State unto State in perfect unity,
Facing the yet to be.
And closer bound by leagues of gleaming steel,
Flashed over towering mount and stretching plain,
The iron-steeds of Science, snorting fire,
Leaping from Sea to Sea,
Where erst the prairie schooner's primal keel,
Foundered in gulfs of flowers.
And California by her Golden Gate
Rose up elate
In all her pride of youth and loveliness
With boundless dowers.
To greet each Sister State
And watch the wealth of her broad golden fields
Roll forth to feed a world.
And still within the quiet convent-close
Labor and prayer in fragrant incense rose,
Still every day its glorious harvest yields,
And those brave hearts are strong to soothe and bless
Wherever they find distress.
The old brick walls stretch out from space to space,
To house and shelter all who come to claim
The care of Notre Dame.

FOURTH DECADE

1881-1891

The Old has passed; the New comes to its own.
The Transition is accomplished; old Romance
With all its golden loveliness has flown.
And we are in the flood of surging Time.
Within the quiet convent, too, the change
Comes with the changing Years,
As, one by one, the noble Pioneers
Leave the new-filling ranks; a missing face—
A vacant place—
And a life's eddying current disappears
In the calm depths of that wide mystery
We name Eternity.
And only memory lingers, and the name
Enshrined in Notre Dame.
Brave spirits throng to fill each vacant place,
And so the work of God goes on apace.
And the gray ivied wall beyond the street,
Beyond the traffic-bruit and hurrying feet,
Still marks the limit of the inner life,
From outer strife,
And all beneath the surface is the same
At Notre Dame.

FIFTH DECADE

1891-1901

The decade crowned by Jubilee—Fifty Years
Of prayer and labor blest,
The coronal glory of Our Pioneers,
Gone to eternal rest.
The world-life surges to the convent gate,
And sweeps away.
There life goes on in even tenor, just
The same day after day.
The Fifty Years of Service link the Past
Of golden memory and romance fair
With the insistent Present, and its claim;
And everywhere
Across the mountains, and the stretching plains,
Across the continent, from Sea to Sea,
The faithful children of dear Notre Dame
In grateful loyalty
Rise up and call her blest,
As on her brow they place the golden crown,
With pride and love, the vanished ones look down
And joy to see
Her victory.

SIXTH DECADE

1901-1911

The years roll on; midway the decade breaks
In fear and blight.
And California's golden sun grows cold
With shrouding night.
But with the spirit of their sires of old,
With hearts undaunted and with projects bold,
Her children rise
To build anew, to dare higher emprise,
God and their Duty leading them aright.
And from disaster's gloom bursts glorious light.
And ever the spirit of Our Pioneers,
That trust in God, and hope in human kind,
Checked doubts and fears,
Brought smiles in tears,
Till the old splendor faded in the new.
Still to traditions true,
Meeting with calm and trust each dawning day,
In the olden way,
The forceful, peaceful life at Notre Dame
Went on the same.
And with the reconstruction-spirit grew
To fill each growing claim,
For what was germinal in that small seed,
Planted in toils and tears,
Far back those sixty years,
The glorious heritage of Our Pioneers,
Met every need.

SEVENTH DECADE

1911-1921

The seventh and the last, the crowning flame,
In this the glorious arch of triumph flashed
The seven-fold story of dear Notre Dame.
The Vision showed
In Iris glowed;
The world has reaped the harvest Wrong has sown,
But Freedom, Justice, come unto their own,
In God's own hour
And Notre Dame must do her part in this
The reconstruction of the world, and she
Will do it with the same fidelity
As in the Past.
Her slogan brave along the breeze is blown,
Ora—Labora, yea in this alone
In Faith, in Action, Charity twofold
The love of God and man
Can we work out the mandate of His Will
His Glorious Plan fulfill.
There is a warfield where no blood runs red
But deadlier and dire is the strife,
Upon that field the hosts of death are felled
By spirit-might.
That is the battle of the soul and will
That makes the world and fixes destinies
Of thrones and empires, not the toys of time
But sacred liberties,
Founded on Truth and Right.

She must be foremost in the valiant van
Of the war-host that follows where the Cross
Beacons aloft. Her slogan work and prayer
Prayer fructifying in act; act sanctified
By prayer, the spirit-wide activity
The Self extended to Humanity
In perfect Charity.

Thus did the Vision flash
Nor will it fade
Till bounding time be made
Soundless Eternity.
The Iris focuses to perfect White
Where God is Light.

70th Commencement,
San Jose, California,
June, 1921.

APPENDIX VI

STATISTICS OF THE PROVINCE OF CALIFORNIA

Year of Foundation, 1851

Houses	Religious	Students	Sunday School Pupils
San Jose	7	70 resident Non-resident not recorded	------

Year of Diamond Jubilee, 1926

San Jose-Belmont (Mother-House)	38	170	141
Marysville (1854)	17	192	70
Santa Clara (1864)	22	540	------
San Francisco (1866)	43	1114	123
Alameda (1881)	18	524	------
Redwood City (1885)	8	170	------
Watsonville (1899)	19	320	------
Santa Barbara (1906)	19	586	30
Salinas (1906)	9	185	------
Saratoga (1923)*	9	31	12
Los Angeles (1923)	6	235	185
Visalia (1924)	5	92	50
San Jose (Institute)† (1923)	32	722	151
Parish Schools			
Catholic Girls' Central High School			241
St. Joseph's School			276
St. Mary's School			164
Sacred Heart School			175
St. Leo's School			148
Total—13 Houses	245	4881	762

*Established as Notre Dame Ville 1905.
†Established as O'Connor Institute 1893; as convent for the teachers of the parochial schools 1923.

INDEX

PAGE

Accolti, Rev. Michael, S. J. 53, 87, 109, 207
Alameda, Convent at 210, 214, 232, 243, 289
Albine, Sister Mary 41, 49, 83, 88, 120, 121
Aldegonde, Sister 103, 110, 184
Alemany, Most Rev. Joseph Sadoc (Archbishop of San Francisco) 136, 137, 140, 142, 145, 146, 150, 175, 197
Alencastro, Rt. Rev. Stephen (Bishop of Honolulu) 308
Alenie, Sister Mary 144, 184
Aloyse, Rev. Mère Marie 259, 263
Aloyse of the Cross, Sister 86, 181, 203, 204, 211
Aloysia, Sister Mary 29, 41, 46, 52, 53, 59, 75, 79, 81, 82, 87, 92 98, 108, 109, 144, 149, 164, 183, 186, 209
Alphonse Marie, Sister 105, 108, 184
Alumnae Association, Notre Dame, San Jose 229
Amiens 8, 18, 23, 26, 30
Anna Raphael, Sister 149, 174, 176, 179, 203, 229, 269-277
Aurelie, Sister 159, 181, 208

Barrios Rufino 194, 197
Barry, Patrick, Judge 146
Belmont 160, 291, 292, 293, 294, 299, 307, 311, 312
Berchmans Hall 160
Berchmans Joseph, Sister 246, 289, 290, 292, 306
Bernard, Sister Mary 103, 199
Bernardine, Sister Mary 220, 225, 228, 229, 230, 237, 241 243, 254, 256, 260, 262-268, 304
Blanchet, Most Rev. Francis Norbert (Archbishop of Oregon) 37, 70, 71, 73, 76, 80, 81, 85, 96, 97, 99, 102, 104, 110
Billiart, Blessed Julie (Foundress) ... 1-31, 34, 42, 45, 142, 167, 194, 210, 220 230, 239, 254, 255, 258, 280, 286, 291, 312
Blin de Bourdon Marie Francoise Mère Rev. (Mother St. Joseph) 6, 9, 22, 34, 42, 47, 108, 109
Brennan, Rev. Richard 205
Building, The, 1852 162, 166, 179
Burnett, Hon. Peter 100, 121, 142, 176
Burney, Captain 69, 70

California 9, 21, 24, 25, 29, 30, 32, 34, 51, 66, 67, 101, 106, 119, 129 130, 135, 138, 145, 150, 162, 171, 175, 177, 178, 180 183, 186, 195, 206, 227, 228, 256, 257, 260, 294, 311
Cantwell, Rt. Rev. J. J. (Bishop of Los Angeles) 308
Carrera, President (Guatemala) 187, 188, 194
Catherine, Sister 144, 148, 160
Catherine, Sister Mary .. 29, 41, 47, 75, 76, 85, 120, 121, 130, 135, 137, 138, 140 146, 153, 155, 156, 166, 170, 171, 196, 197, 202, 231, 301
Catholic Columbian Exhibit (1893) 228
Catholic Ladder, The 110
Centenary of the Order 286
Charter College of Notre Dame 177
Columbia River, The 38, 43, 64, 66, 67, 69, 70, 90, 96, 136

PAGE

Commencement ("Exhibition Day," "Distribution") ...89, 91, 162, 166, 167
172, 174, 175, 229, 253, 293, 296
Compiègne 7, 8, 26
Conaty, Rt. Rev. Thomas (Bishop of Los Angeles) 237, 238, 240, 241
Cornelia, Sister Mary.....24, 25, 29, 41, 45, 46, 60, 76, 78, 98, 107, 120
123, 130, 137, 160, 180, 181, 185, 195, 196
199, 202, 208, 209, 211, 214, 217-225, 303
Cornelian Society, The.....219, 229
Constantine, Rev. Mère.....38, 41, 50, 65, 96
Convent, The First (1851).....159, 251, 312
Cuvilly 3, 4, 5, 7, 23

Demers, Rt. Rev. Modeste (Bishop of Vancouver Island) 91, 96, 98
De Smet, Rev. Peter, S. J.....37, 38, 40, 43, 53, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63, 65
66, 67, 68, 70, 71, 73, 78, 83, 98, 101, 110
Devos, Rev. Peter, S. J.....82, 92, 93, 111, 176
Diamond Jubilee of Notre Dame in California.....9, 11, 146, 183, 185
195, 196, 302, 307-317
Donatille, Sister Mary.....144

Elizabeth, Sister Mary.....149, 185, 205
Euphrasia Mary, Sister.....182

"Foundation Madonna, The".....63
Francesca Sister 103, 108, 111, 165, 184

Gibbons, His Eminence Cardinal.....175
Gleeson, Rev. William.....210, 212, 213
Golden Jubilee—Sister Mary Cornelia (1886).....217-219
On the Pacific Coast (1894).....229
In California (1901).....229
Sister Mary Bernardine.....220, 267
Santa Clara Convent (1914).....210
Mission Dolores Convent, San Francisco.....246
Gold-Rush to California, The.....119
Gonzaga, Sister Mary.....182, 216
Guatemala 187, 189, 192, 193, 194
Reception at.....190
Expulsion from 196

Hanna, Most Rev. Edward J. (Archbishop of
San Francisco) 281, 286, 290, 303

Ignace, Rev. Mère.....38, 73
Indefatigable, The.....43, 44, 49, 52, 63, 68, 72, 75, 92

Joseph S. H., Sister.....185, 206
Julia, Sister Mary.....185
Julienne, Rev. Mère Marie.....284, 285, 286, 288, 289

Kell, Thos. Bernard.....140
Keller, Mrs. John.....201
Kenna, Rev. Robert E., S. J.....210, 221

Langlois, Rev. Anthony.....86, 79, 137
Lawrence, Sister.....103, 106, 183

PAGE

Leo XIII, Pope....43, 44
Lima....60, 61, 63, 66, 76, 94, 173
Lincoln Abraham (Assassination of)....177-179
Los Angeles, Convent at....232
Louise des Seraphins, Sister....198, 260
Louise Sister (Cincinnati)....37, 95, 179, 219
Lourdes Grotto (San Jose)....173
Loyola, Sister..41, 44, 45, 46, 66, 67, 76, 80, 84, 87, 89, 92, 95, 97, 101, 105, 109 123, 130, 135-138, 142-146, 155, 156, 162, 163, 168, 173, 179, 181

Marguerite du S. S., Sister....198
Marie du S. C. Sister....146, 166, 182, 185, 211
Mary de Sales, Sister....185, 208
Mary of St. Albert, Sister....182
Mary of St. George, Sister....181
Mary of St. Theresa, Sister....182
Marshall, W. I. (Historian, Acquisition of Oregon)....113, 114
Marysville, Convent at....199-201, 289
McLaughlin, Edward....232
McLoughlin, Dr. John....70, 72, 105, 110, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127
McSweeny, Rev. Thomas Ambrose....205
Mission Dolores....87, 181, 202, 244
Montgomery, Rt. Rev. George (Bishop of Los Angeles), (Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco)....235
Murphy, Bernard....148, 149
Murphy, Martin....140, 150
Moreland, Mrs. Margaret S....236
Moreland Notre Dame Academy, Watsonville....233-237

Namur....11, 28, 29, 30, 34, 38, 39, 47, 50, 51, 56, 75, 87, 95, 96, 102 144, 172, 181, 183, 185, 187, 201, 215, 216, 239, 255
Nobili, Rev. John S. J....142, 143, 169, 171
Norbertine, Sister....41, 48, 61, 76, 87, 108
Notre Dame "Academy"....151, 161, 172, 174, 251

Odelie, Sister....159
O'Connell, Rt. Rev. Eugene (Bishop of Grass Valley)....148, 200
O'Connor, Notre Dame Institute....232, 233, 294
O'Connor, Mrs. M. P....176, 232
O'Hara, Dr. Edwin (History of Oregon)..100, 110, 113, 114, 121, 125, 129
Oregon....9,10, 15, 21, 37, 40, 43, 47, 52, 54, 61, 63, 66, 70, 73, 84 86, 89, 99, 101, 107, 113, 118, 119, 121, 122, 125, 126 127, 129, 130, 137, 138, 143, 145, 150, 165, 169
City....105, 107, 117, 118, 119, 121, 122, 123, 128, 129, 130, 131
Convent at....105, 107, 113, 117, 123
School Bill....126
Land Fraud....123
City Claim....124
Donation Land Bill....124

Pacific Coast....34, 41, 303
Petaluma, Convent at....182, 216
Peralta, Don Luis....153, 156, 157, 171
Prendegast, Very Rev. John, V. G....202, 218
Prevost, Louise (Mrs. John Auzerais)....166, 199

PAGE

Philippine, Sister Mary....188, 198

Quarterly Notre Dame....147, 156, 167

Ralston, William....297, 298, 299, 312
Redwood City, Convent at....214, 215
Renilde, Sister....103, 105, 107, 115
Riordan, Most Rev. P. W. (Archbishop of San Francisco)...175, 210, 213
214, 216, 229, 252, 265, 273, 282, 283, 295
Ryland, Hon. Caius Tacitus....142, 172, 176, 177

San Francisco....86, 87, 136, 140, 144, 146, 148, 149, 153, 169, 193, 196
200, 229, 232, 243, 244, 246, 251, 259, 289, 297, 301
Convent at....201-206, 244-246
San Jose....48, 67, 87, 129, 130, 135, 139, 140, 141, 145, 146, 150, 152, 154, 165
168, 174, 175, 180, 183, 195, 201, 207, 209, 226, 229, 230, 232, 236
254, 257, 259, 260, 263, 286, 290, 292, 294, 297, 301, 302, 308, 312
College of Notre Dame....143, 151, 156, 295, 308
St. Joseph's School....151, 152, 161, 172, 306
St. Paul's, Oregon....10, 38, 69, 73, 93, 96, 99, 106, 119, 121, 135
Sacred Heart (Montmarte)....261
Salinas, Convent at....232, 237-239, 260
Santa Barbara, Convent at....239-241, 282
Santa Clara....139, 140, 173, 269, 272
Santa Clara, *Convent at*....207-210
College....142, 143, 156, 166, 207, 210
Mission of....139, 140, 169, 232, 301
Saratoga....174, 232, 241, 242, 260, 261, 294
Schumann-Heink, Madame....250
Sexey, Mrs. Jane....201
Statistics of The Congregation, 1925....Appendix VI
Sunday Schools....254
Suñol, Don Jose....142

Tabernacle Society....228
Taylor Bayard, Descriptions of Santa Clara Valley....139, 141
Townsend, John....155

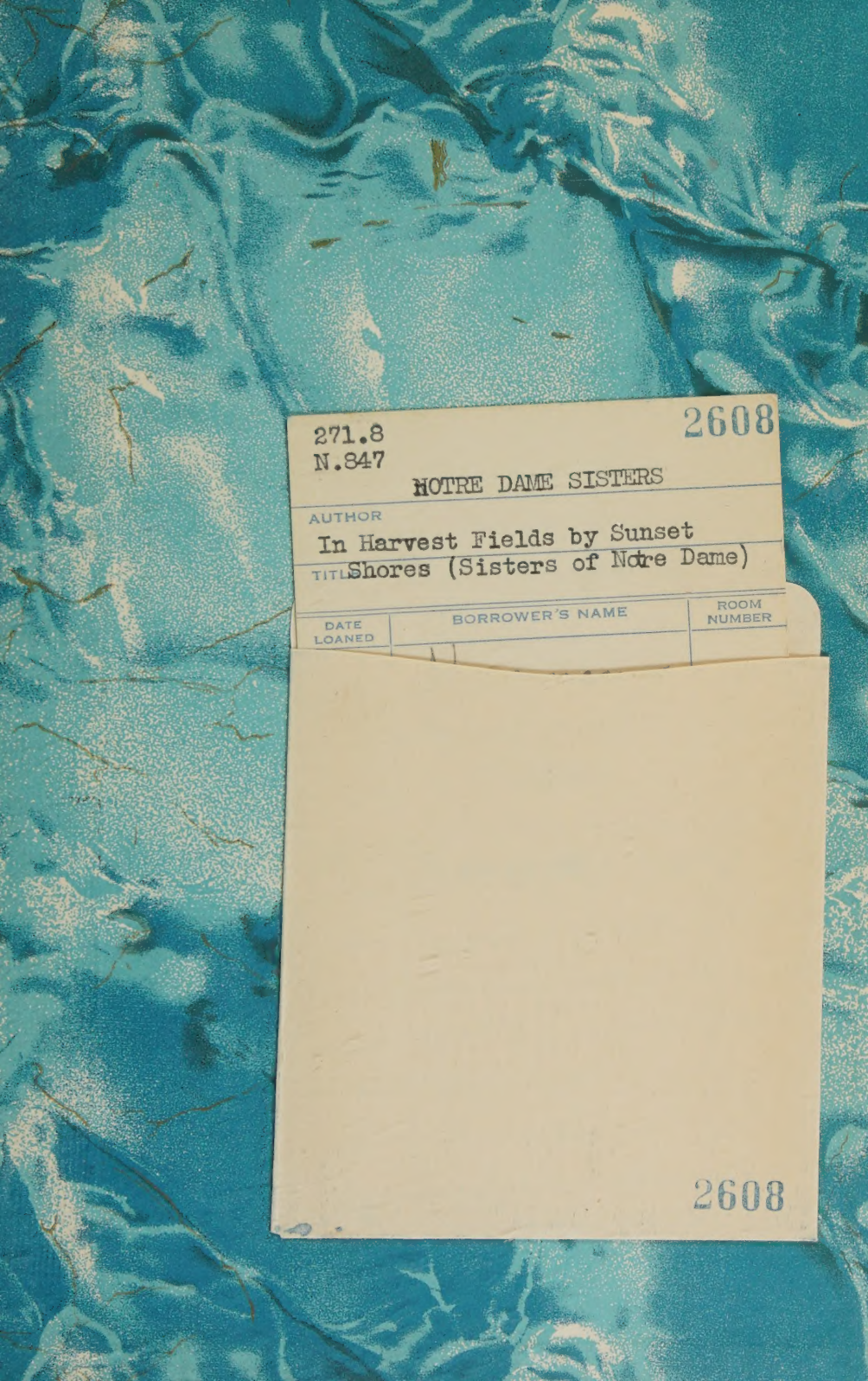
Valparaiso....49, 55, 58, 60, 63, 66
Victoria, Sister....182
Visalia, Convent at....232, 290
Vow to the Immaculate Heart of Mary....65

Walker, W. E....282
Ward, John B....144, 145
Watsonville, Convent at, Cf. Moreland Notre Dame....232-237
White, Charles....130, 142
Whitman, Marcus....115
Myth....101, 114
Massacre....113
Willamette..37, 69, 73, 75, 81, 89, 90, 96, 106, 107, 114, 120, 122, 123, 135, 142
World-War....284, 286, 288

Xavier, Sister Mary....203, 205, 206, 207

Zabala, Mrs. Pedro....238




271.8
N.847
2608
NOTRE DAME SISTERS
AUTHOR
In Harvest Fields by Sunset
TITLE Shores (Sisters of Notre Dame)
DATE LOANED
BORROWER'S NAME
ROOM NUMBER
2608